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THE

# VICTORIAN REVIEW.

EDITED BY H. MORTIMER FRANKLYN.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I. Agricultural Distress in England. By EDWARD DICEY (London)	169
II. The Farmers and Protection. By JAMES SMITH.	182
III. Notes from a Journal of Exploration in Western Australia. By ALEX. FORREST, F.R.G.S.	196
IV. Primary Instruction in Victoria. By the Rev. JAMES L. HEGARTY	205
V. The Bible in State Schools. By the Rev. ALEX. GOSMAN	220
VI. The Plébiscite in Defence. By ARTHUR LLOYD WINDSOR.	228
VII. Civilisation without Delusion: A Reply. By the Right Rev. The BISHOP OF MELBOURNE	242
VIII. Edmond About. By DAVID BLAIR	260
IX. The Melbourne Cup for 1879	269
X. Berryism: Its Rise and Progress: A Reply. By JOHN LAMONT Dow, M.L.A.	283
XI. The Reform Question. By W. JARDINE SMITH.	299
XII. The Victorian Railways and their Management. By THE EDITOR	311
XIII. A Bad Bargain (Second Part). By R. E. FRANCILLON (London)	321

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No. II.—DECEMBER 1, 1879.

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*AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS IN ENGLAND.*

MOST persons familiar with long sicknesses know too well what a consultation means. When all the ordinary remedies have failed, when the patient and his friends are clamorous that something should be done—they know not what—to arrest the progress of the malady, when the loss of strength becomes chronic and the pain permanent, a consultation is always suggested by the faculty. Little comes of it. The doctors meet, discuss the case, take their fees, and then announce in more or less stereotyped phrase that there is nothing particular to be done except to trust to the recuperative powers of nature. This I should say is the well-nigh universal experience of those who have had to do with medical consultations. Yet, notwithstanding this, whenever a malady grows serious, the sufferers, if they can afford the cost, are never content—and never will be content to the end of time—till they have had a consultation on their case. After all, something may come of it; in the multitude of counsellors there is—or is supposed to be—wisdom; a fresh consultation may reveal some hitherto undiscovered cause of disease; a new remedy may be suggested by the collective experience of the faculty. At any rate, to have a consultation is to try something, and to try something is better than to lie still and witness the life-strength ebb away slowly and surely.

An appreciation of this instinct of suffering humanity which furnishes consultations with their reason of living, has induced Her Majesty's Ministers to propose the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the subject of agricultural distress. To paraphrase the Czar Nicholas' famous saying to Sir Hamilton Seymour about Turkey, the farmer may be described as the sick man of England. If the decline of the agricultural interest is not to become mortal, something must be done to arrest the malady. So a Royal Commission has been appointed, consisting of a number of eminently respectable gentlemen, who, after due deliberation, will doubtless give utterance to the foregone conclusion, that British agriculture is in a bad way for lack of nutrition in the shape of profit, and that the restoration of health by a revival of lucrative trade must be left to the operation of the laws of supply and demand. However, for the moment, the expedient has served its turn, and the growing discontent amidst the agricultural classes has been allayed by the announcement that their distress is to form the subject of a searching and authoritative examination. But though, as may be gathered from my previous remarks, I regard the Royal Commission as a mere subterfuge to divert the attention of a suffering interest from dwelling on its grievances, I think the appointment of this body marks a very important era in our economical development. For the first time, the English public are being brought face to face with the hard fact that the trade of agriculture in Great Britain, as exercised under existing conditions, is an unprofitable one, and one therefore doomed, if these conditions continue, to ultimate extinction. When this fact, as I hold it to be, is clearly made manifest, very important consequences must inevitably follow, not only economically and politically, but still more, socially. The whole subject is far too wide to be discussed in one, or indeed in many, articles. All I propose to do now is to point out some of the main causes which has led to the decline of agriculture in England, and some of the consequences which this decline, unless promptly arrested, is certain to entail.

In the remarks I have to offer I must not be understood as arguing in favour of protection. I am a free-trader by conviction, but having made it my rule to see—or at any rate to try and see—facts as they are, I cannot disguise from myself that free trade is not the universal panacea which it is represented as being by the orthodox code of English liberalism. The theory of unrestricted competition is a very simple and a very sound one. It is for

the good of mankind that all articles of consumption should\* be produced as cheaply as possible. This end can best be effected by allowing each district to supply the articles it is best fitted to produce by its conditions of population, soil, climate, and so forth. What these articles may be in each instance, can be most effectively determined by open competition. Therefore, free trade is a benefit to mankind. *Quod erat demonstrandum.* Now, if mankind and nations were convertible terms, the advantage of free trade would be of universal application. But, as a matter of fact, things which may be good for mankind, considered as a collection of nations, are not of necessity good for each individual nation. Mr. Cobden had an instinctive perception of this truth, and his peace-at-any-price policy which his disciples are apt to treat as the amiable weakness of a man of genius, was in reality the logical sequence of his free-trade propaganda. If ever the universe becomes a "federation of mankind," free trade will be recognised as a necessity of existence. Whether there is any prospect of such a consummation is a matter of abstract speculation. For the present, and probably for ages to come, we have practically to deal with mankind as composed of a series of distinct communities with conflicting interests, ambitions, and requirements. Given such a condition of things, and it is only by a perversion of language that free trade can be described as a boon to everybody, everywhere, and at all seasons. The more hard-headed of the Manchester party—men such as Mr. Charles Villiers and Mr. Roebuck—who did not share the Cobdenian creed of an universal brotherhood and a league of peace, advocated the introduction of free trade, not because they thought it would benefit the world at large, but because they believed it would advantage England. In 1840, as indeed at any other time in our history, English politicians, as a body, cared little about abstract principles. The reason why the Liberals took up the advocacy of free trade was that the plea justified their demand for the repeal of the corn laws.

The belief on which the free-traders acted was founded on reason, and has been justified by the event. To a great manufacturing country, such as England, the essential condition of prosperity is to have a large working-class population and a constant supply of food at low and steady prices. The Anti-Corn Law League preached the doctrine that the best way to obtain a permanent supply of cheap food was to throw open the markets of England to all the corn-growing countries of the world. It was, however, obvious

enough that if free trade was to work this result, it must be at the cost—or at any rate at the risk—of the home agriculturist. Unless the British farmer can sell his produce as cheaply as it can be imported from abroad, it follows necessarily that he must be driven out of his own markets; and therefore the obstinate resistance offered by the agricultural interest to the repeal of the Corn Laws, however self-interested, was by no means so short-sighted as it was till lately the fashion to assert. It so happened, however, that the forebodings of those who foretold that the abolition of protection must prove detrimental to the farmer were not realised at first, and indeed seemed to be absolutely contradicted by the evidence of facts. Free trade and cheap food gave an immense development to the manufacturing interests of England; a long era of prosperity commenced, and the farmers shared with the rest of the community in the general increase of wealth. Then, too, during the first quarter of a century which followed the repeal of the Corn Laws, our farmers still enjoyed an appreciable advantage, owing to their proximity to the English markets. It was only as railroads spread over the face of the globe, as freights became low through the force of competition, and as the telegraph brought the corn districts of Eastern Europe and Western America into instantaneous communication with Mark-lane, that the trade of importing breadstuffs into England became a large and a profitable one. Thus, for many years after the repeal of the corn laws, the farmers gained more by their share in the general increased prosperity of the kingdom than they lost by any depreciation of their own individual industry. Moreover, during the years in question, a combination of circumstances gave an accidental and fictitious value to the land. Never were so many fortunes made as in the period between 1840 and 1870; never were there so many new families floated into opulence. Now, in accordance with the instincts of British nature, the almost universal desire of our *nouveaux riches* was to acquire social position. To do this it was essential to have a place in county society, and this could only be done by becoming a land-owner. Thus, whenever an estate came into the market, it was eagerly competed for; and land which barely yielded a net return of two per cent. as an investment, commanded a steady sale at prices out of all proportion to its actual value. All interests connected with the land profited by this artificial demand for real estate; and agriculturists as a class were, to say the least, no worse off than they were in the days of protection. Free trade was pronounced by its

enthusiastic partisans to be an invention which benefited everybody without injuring anybody; and it became a cardinal tenet of the orthodox Liberal creed that protection had been proved to be detrimental even to the very interests it purported to favour.

Yet it is obvious to any intelligence capable of realising the fact, that two and two make four, that if the result of free trade is to keep down the price of bread when the harvest is bad in England, it must follow that the farmer is deprived thereby of the power of recouping himself for the deficiency of his crop by raising the price of his produce. We have now had a long succession of bad harvests, and yet the price of bread remains substantially unaltered. The explanation is that our markets have been deluged with foreign corn, and that therefore the British grower has been unable to sell at an advance. In other words, unrestricted competition has given the British workman cheap bread by forcing the British farmer to sell corn at cheap prices. What the country gains the farmer loses. There is no disputing this conclusion. As things are, farming—in as far as it is identical with corn growing—is not a trade which can be carried on at a profit. In the halcyon days which followed the repeal of the corn laws, a vast amount of land was converted from grazing into corn land. Now, however, corn land is almost unsaleable. To reconvert it into pasture is an expensive process, and requires an outlay which no tenant is likely to incur. Besides this, farmers are dismal as to the future. No doubt they can still raise stock to advantage, and can make a fair profit by pasturage. But already American meat is beginning to compete with home-grown meat in our own markets, and a very little improvement in the means of transport might enable the foreign grazier to undersell his British competitor as successfully as the foreign corn grower has undersold the British farmer.

Contemporaneously with the decline in the returns of agriculture as a trade, there has been a large and permanent increase in the cost of production. If, as was the case with the present writer, you were born and bred in an English country village, it is impossible you should not rejoice at the improved condition of the agricultural labourer. The old system of semi-serfage, of insufficient wages eked out by eleemosynary doles, is fast dying away. There were good points, as I should be the last to dispute, in the old-world relations between the peasant, the squire, and the parson. But the evil outweighed the good. The agricultural labourer of to-day is becoming more and more a workman, like any other, who gives his

labour where he can get the most for it, and who has no special relations with his employer except that of earning and receiving wages. This tendency of farm labour to assimilate itself to the modern type of service has been greatly accelerated by our social industrial development. Railroads have brought town and country close together. The farm hand no longer clings to his parish as a limpet to his rock. The more energetic drift into the manufacturing countries, those who stay behind are aware, and take advantage of the increased value of their labour. The agricultural union movement, initiated by Mr. Arch, proved a failure in itself. But the agitation to which it gave rise led to a permanent increase in the rate of wages. Within the last twenty years the wages of an ordinary farm labourer have risen not far short of fifty per cent. Nor is there any prospect of the wage-rate falling materially. The spread of education—especially since Mr. Forster's Act was passed—has given the agricultural labourer higher and more numerous wants. His standard of existence has been raised, and unless he can obtain wages as a farm hand sufficient to gratify his new requirements, he leaves his parish, if not his country. In consequence, farmers can now only obtain labour at a largely-increased wage, and as the new generation of school-board taught country children grows up to manhood, they will infallibly demand higher wages and fewer hours of work. It is folly to complain of this. Hodge has as good a right as any other man to sell his labour to the highest bidder. But it is equally foolish to deny the patent fact that the cost of the material and intellectual improvement in the labourer's status comes out of the farmer's pocket. With a declining profit and an increasing expenditure, the farmer is compelled to pay less for the land he cultivates. Thus everywhere there is a demand for reduced rentals; farms cannot be let, or, if let, have to be leased at a smaller rental; and at the very moment when the landed gentry are suffering from losses in their financial investments, as well as from general extravagance of living, they are confronted with a permanent diminution of the rentals from which their main income was derived.

The natural result of such a state of things would be an outcry for the restoration of protective duties; and undoubtedly, if the agricultural interest could have its own way, we should see the corn laws re-established. But the country at large, and especially the working classes, have so direct an interest in keeping down the price of bread, that a cry for protection would have no chance of

success for the time being, a fact of which the farmers are perfectly well aware. Whether an ultimate return to protection in England is such an utter impossibility as the Cobden Club imagines, is a point on which, personally, I have very grave doubts. I have never believed myself that the economic advantages of free trade have been, or can be, realised by the masses, who know nothing of political economy. Our artisans are free-traders, because to their minds free trade means cheap bread and high wages. If, however, as now seems not unlikely, the depression in trade should continue, there will infallibly be an agitation in favour of protection to British manufactures. Already we have an outcry for reciprocity, which is only a modified form of protection, and if once the artisans of the North get it into their heads, with or without reason, that their wages are kept down owing to English goods being undersold by foreign manufactures in our own markets, they will call out for protection. A common dislike to foreign competition might easily bring about a coalition between the manufacturing and the agricultural interests, and against such a coalition—given, our present electorate—the enlightened supporters of free trade would be absolutely powerless. Still any contingency of this kind belongs to the domain of hypothetical speculation. For the present, free trade is popular with the masses, and while this remains the case any attempt to restore protection to British agriculture is utterly out of the question. We may take it, therefore, as a matter of certainty that, for the present, the agricultural interest will continue to be exposed to the operation of the causes which have brought about its present distress.

If this is so, other remedies must perforce be found. If a trader loses custom which made the profit of his business, his first idea is to recover the custom at any cost; but when he finds this is out of the question, he does not abandon his business till he has tried whether he cannot still make a profit by reducing expenditure and curtailing the staff of his establishment. A similar mental process is at present working a radical change in the point of view from which agriculture is regarded in England. In the ordinary British mind there is an innate tendency to regard any established system as forming part of the order of the universe, and nowhere is this tendency so marked as in our agricultural districts. Thus, it is only very slowly that a dim perception is penetrating the bucolic intellect that the trade of agriculture is conducted in England under very abnormal and artificial conditions. By our English

system, neither the tiller nor the owner of the land has any direct immediate interest in the profit made upon the land. The well-nigh universal usage is, that the landlord lets out his land on lease to a farmer, who agrees to pay so much per acre. The tenant cultivates the soil by hired day-labour, and after he has paid his rent and the wages of his labourers, is entitled to the whole profit derived from the land, whether it be great or small. If he loses by the speculation, he has no claim upon the landlord for any remission of the rent; if he makes an unexpected profit, his landlord is none the richer. No other important trade was ever conducted on similar principles. In England, no doubt, the abuses of the system are tempered by the good sense and good feeling of the landowning class. To evict a good tenant because a better one could be found, or to raise rents arbitrarily, are offences against the social code of English country life which are very rarely committed. Still, the system is a bad one in itself. The tenant has no fixity of tenure, and in consequence no motive for laying out money in improvements which would yield no immediate return. The landlord, on the other hand, has little interest in incurring any large outlay with a view to increase the productiveness of his land, as he can derive no benefit from such an outlay, except by raising the rent, and this public opinion precludes his doing, save in a very modified degree. Moreover, of late years the landed gentry, as a class, have lived fully up to their means, and also, in consequence of our system of primogeniture, have had to mortgage their estates in order to make provision for their younger children. In consequence, money has been scarce for purposes of agricultural improvements; and as, under our present land tenure, a *Crédit Foncier* is an impossibility in England, British agriculturists do not possess the facilities for loaning money on easy terms possessed by their fellows in other countries. Of course, the state of things above described does not apply in anything like the same degree to estates farmed by their owners. But the class of small proprietors has rapidly diminished during the last half century. The demand for land has been so great, that small owners could not afford the luxury of keeping their own estates. The yeomen have been sold up or bought out; and year after year more and more of the soil of England has passed into the hands of large proprietors, who in their turn have leased out their estates to tenant farmers. Thus year by year the actual, and still more the relative, proportion of land farmed by its owners, has grown smaller and smaller. This gradual accumulation of

landed estate within a comparatively few hands is the result of natural causes, and I do not see how it is to be stopped, so long as these causes continue to act. Any revolutionary measure for the subdivision of property or the compulsory eviction of the present proprietary is utterly out of harmony with our national ideas and instincts. Freedom of purchase is a principle far more strongly implanted in the British breast than freedom of trade; and while the sale of land remains free the rich proprietor will always outbid the needy one in the open market. Moreover, apart from the general power of wealth, the laws of England favour the large landowner at the cost of the petty proprietor. The complexity of our titles, the absence of any compulsory registration of mortgages, the costliness of the law, tend to make the expenses incidental to all purchase of land tell much more heavily on the purchasers of small lots, than of large. No doubt an alteration of our land laws, the establishment of a Court of Registry, at which all titles and all mortgages must of necessity be entered and remain open to inspection, an enactment that a short period of undisputed possession should constitute an inalienable title, and an abolition of the custom under which land, in default of any other testamentary disposition, goes as a matter of right to the eldest son, would do much to facilitate the acquirement of real estate by purchasers of limited means. These, or analogous measures, are reforms which find great favour with theorists. They would, in my judgment, be changes for the good. But I should doubt their being carried through in any reasonable time. The truth is, that the country solicitors who, in consequence of their electoral influence, possess a power in Parliament out of all proportion to their actual importance—are naturally averse to any change which would deprive them of a most lucrative part of their practice. The class of persons who are precluded from purchasing land by the costliness of the process, and who have therefore a strong interest in the reform of our land tenure laws, are a very small and uninfluential body; and the landed gentry as a rule view with reluctance any proposal to facilitate or cheapen the transfer of land.

In this reluctance there lies, if I am not mistaken, the key of the whole difficulty. It may seem at first sight extraordinary that country gentlemen, who are by no means wanting in intelligence, should oppose any reform which, by making their property more easily negotiable, must of necessity increase its saleable value. The plain truth is, however, that the possession of landed estate is—or

at any rate has hitherto been—valued in England quite as much for its social as for its pecuniary advantages. The squirearchy still form a caste apart, the value of initiation into which is enhanced by the difficulty of access. If once land becomes with us a mere article of barter and sale, possessing, in common with stocks or shares, no value whatever except that represented by its pecuniary return, the landed gentry, as we know them, will cease to exist. I, for one, should be sorry not to do them justice. There has never, I believe, been a privileged caste with so many merits and so few defects. Still they do undoubtedly represent privilege, and are therefore not free from the pride of power and jealousy of competition engendered by all privilege. Upon any ordinary view of what constitutes human felicity, I know of no lot in life which offers more reasonable happiness than that of an English country gentleman. By virtue of his position he is a man of authority and influence amongst his neighbours. He belongs to the governing class; his life is spent amidst pursuits, occupations and amusements which are congenial to his tastes. He has nothing to do with the sordid details of farming as a trade. The farmer takes all the trouble and well-nigh all the risk of tilling his fields off his hands. He has no dealings with the labourers on his estate except as a kindly protector and patron, a part in which he seldom is wanting. The whole arrangements of country life, social, clerical, political and sporting, are devised so as to suit his convenience. Of course his lot has its troubles, corporate as well as private. But all I contend is, that it would be impossible to find a body of men who, from their own point of view, enjoy so much of what makes life enjoyable as the squires of England. The best proof of my contention is found in the fact that so soon as any man in our country, native or foreigner, makes money in any trade or profession, his first employment of his newly-won wealth is to buy land, and thus to qualify himself, or if not himself, his sons, to enter the ranks of squiredom.

Now, to anyone who is acquainted with English country life from experience, and not from books alone, and who has ever thought upon the subject at all, it is obvious that the whole institution of squirearchy rests upon the system under which the squire retains the full ownership of the land, and yet has nothing to do with the cultivation of the soil as a trade. In other words, if there were no tenant farmers there could be no squires. In default of tenants ready to pay rent for the privilege of tilling the land by

hired labour, the landowners must either till their own lands on their own account, or let them out in small lots to peasants, who would cultivate the fields for and by themselves. In either case our country gentlemen would forego the advantages and pleasures of their present position as the owners and not the tillers of the soil. We may take it, therefore, for granted that the landowners as a body will make great sacrifices before they consent to any fundamental alteration in the system under which they derive their incomes. Everywhere we hear of landlords making large rebates of rent of their own accord, and if the present crisis can be tided over by any temporary sacrifice of income, the difficulty will right itself.

I have, however, explained that, in my opinion, the existing distress is due to permanent causes, and if this is so, it cannot be removed by any passing palliation. Our landowners, in the great majority of instances, are not in a position to submit to any permanent, and still more to any increasing diminution of their rental. Something may be done by personal retrenchment; but no individual economy can enable a whole class to live upon an unremunerative investment; and yet this is the task at present set before the landowners of England. Sooner or later the performance of this task must become an impossibility; and if the present depression lasts, the landlords must remodel their whole system of dealing with their estates. Under the existing system an estate has to support out of the profits of its cultivation not only the landowner and the labourer, but the farmer, who acts as middle man between the two. Now, it is obvious that the services of the farmer, however convenient to the proprietor, are not essential to the cultivation of the soil. If, therefore, agricultural returns fall off permanently to such a degree that the margin of profit is not sufficient to provide an adequate income for the owners of the land, the luxury of tenant farmers will have to be dispensed with. If a shopkeeper's whole livelihood depends upon his takings, and he finds that these takings only pay the wages of his shopman, he either sells the business for what he can get, or acts as his own shopman. So it must be with the landlord upon the hypothesis on which I am arguing. It is possible, and even probable, that in the first instance the squires may attempt to farm their own estates by the aid of bailiffs, under their personal supervision. The experiment, if tried, is not likely to prove successful. In the first place, country gentlemen, as a body, are not fitted by education, tempera-

ment, or character to carry on with advantage a business such as farming, which, to be profitable at all, requires minute attention, economy in petty details, and strict exaction of his full tael of work from the farm labourer. Both his positive and his negative qualities must make a good squire a bad farmer. Then again, I doubt extremely—though on this point I speak with hesitation—whether the system of large estates and high farming which must prevail if our landlords farm their own fields, is calculated to get the largest yield out of the soil. The conditions of our soil, climate, and population are such, in my opinion, that the most profitable system of cultivating the land would be to portion it out in a number of small farms, not too large to be cultivated in the main by the farmer and his family. No doubt the whole experience of the last half-century is opposed to this theory. But then, as I have shown, the agriculture of England has been carried on throughout that period under artificial conditions. Just in the same way, it has been found profitable in Scotland to convert whole districts into moors. But if, owing to any decline in the general wealth of the country, or any alteration in national customs, sportsmen should cease to be forthcoming prepared to outbid each other for the privilege of shooting grouse, Scotch moors would soon cease to exist. If then—as I anticipate—we are about to witness the end of the period during which the land of England has commanded an artificial value, and has been administered with a view to social and political influence rather than to pecuniary profit, we have no reason to suppose that the system of land tenure at present existing will prove hereafter to be in accordance with the laws which determine the conditions of any normal trade. If ever land is bought or sold, hired or let, simply in obedience to the trade maxim of buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market, small properties will, I am convinced, be found to command relatively a higher price than large ones. What I mean is, that if you have an estate of 200 acres to sell, you will get a larger price by selling it in 20 lots of 10 acres than in one single lot. This is the case in many of our agricultural districts at the present day, but public feeling against subdividing an estate is so strong that somehow or other small lots seldom come into the open market. In like fashion, a tenant who rents no more land than he can till himself can afford to pay a higher rental per acre than a tenant who has a holding which he can only cultivate by hired labour.

Thus, if I have made my meaning clear, I hold that the following results must ensue within a more or less limited period from the existing agricultural distress, supposing it to remain permanent. Land in England will lose its accidental value, and will be dealt with like any other article of commerce, in accordance with the turn of the market. If, as I hold, land can be caused to yield the largest profit by doing away with tenant farmers, and substituting for them either petty proprietors or tenants with small self-tilled holdings, this process of substitution will infallibly be carried out, no matter how distasteful it may be to the present owners of the soil. It would take me far beyond my present limits to discuss the contingent consequences of such a change. All I wish to point out is that the decline of British agriculture threatens to undermine the conditions on which the fabric of English county society is based. To anybody who realises the extent to which the landed interest is still the prominent one in England, not only socially but politically, the importance of such an economical revolution as that I have indicated will be easily apparent. However, I would warn my readers, even if they accept my premises, not to be too confident as to the too rapid realisation of my conclusions. It is almost impossible to overrate the *vis inertiae* of the conservative instincts which regulate all English affairs. The accomplishment of any fundamental change in the constitution of our society must be a work of time, and very long time also. Still, if I may hazard a prediction, it is that the historian of the future will date the decline of the squirearchy in England from the day when land ceased to be capable of cultivation at such a profit as to provide for the employment of a tenant farmer as an intermediary between the owner and tiller of the soil. If the Agricultural Commission discharge their work honestly, they will, I think, declare that that day, if not come, is very near at hand.

EDWARD DICEY.

### THE FARMERS AND PROTECTION.

AMONG the French physiocrats of the last century, who deserve to be held in honourable remembrance as the precursors of Adam Smith and of the later political economists, Dr. Quesnay occupies the foremost place, as well in point of time as on account of the rare enlightenment of his views and the lucidity with which he presented them to the public. These views were admirably formulated in his "*Maximes Générales du Gouvernement Economique d'un Royaume Agricole*;" and I cannot do better than translate them as an appropriate text for what follows. The propositions he lays down are seven in number:—

1. That the sovereign and nation should never lose sight of the fact that the earth is the unique source of riches, and that it is agriculture which multiplies them.

2. That property in real estate and portable wealth should be assured to those who are the legitimate possessors of them; because security of property is the essential foundation of the economic order of society.

3. That an economic government should only occupy itself in favouring a reproductive expenditure and commerce in raw materials, and that it should avoid all sterile expenditure.

4. That a nation which has an extensive territory to cultivate, and facilities for carrying on a large commerce in raw materials, should be careful not to stimulate the employment of capital and labour in manufactures, and in the production of articles of luxury, to the prejudice of agriculture; because, before all things, a country should be well peopled by prosperous cultivators.

5. That no obstruction should be offered to an external commerce in raw materials; because, as is the outflow, such is the reproduction.

6. That people should not allow themselves to be deceived by apparent advantages in connection with a reciprocal foreign com-

merce, by judging of it simply according to the balance of coin received or paid away, without examining the more or less of profit which results from the interchange of commodities; for it often happens that the nation which receives the most money is a loser by the transaction; and that this loss is prejudicial to the distribution and reproduction of its revenues.

7. That the most perfect freedom of trade should be maintained; for the surest, the most exact, and the most profitable police of commerce, both to the nation and to the State, consists in unrestricted liberty of competition.\*

These are axiomatic truths; and as such, they are incontrovertible; and Gournay, one of the Doctor's disciples, condensed them into the famous maxim, *Laissez faire, laissez passer*, which has since made the tour of the world. Agriculture, especially under certain conditions of society, and in a country of considerable extent, endowed with a fertile soil and a benignant climate, is at once the most natural, the most beneficent, and the most profitable industry a young community can pursue; because it is one in which the "gratuitous utilities of nature" co-operate so largely with human labour. Man cannot create wealth any more than he can create ideas. Nature, or—to drop the synonym—the Creator of the visible world, is the producer of everything which possesses, or is capable of receiving, an economic value. We plough the soil, we deposit certain seeds in the furrow, we turn over the brown earth, and we leave the process of germination, growth and fructification to the kindly influences of moisture, light and heat. All the chemists in the world would be impotent to fabricate a single grain of wheat, or an ounce of flesh meat; but in the laboratory of nature, the formation of the one and the multiplication of the other is proceeding with unresting activity and marvellous regularity. As an adjunct to the work, the labour of the husbandman is indispensable; but the part he plays is a very subordinate one; and in order to estimate, with some degree of accuracy, the transcendent importance of the "gratuitous utilities" spoken of above, we have only to compare the quantity and value of a field of wheat, in an average harvest, with the quantity and value of the seed-corn used in sowing it. The difference would represent the sum total of Nature's contribution to the farmer's gains. And so with all other branches of husbandry: cattle-breeding, grazing, wool-producing, vine and olive culture, fruit-growing, gardening, poultry-keeping and dairying. Nature fur-

\*" *Les Physiocrates*," Tome 1, p. 81 *et seq.*

nishes most of the capital, in the productive elements of the soil and the vitalising constituents of the atmosphere; and nature performs the greatest share of the work besides. And hence, where large areas of virgin soil can be obtained for next to nothing, as in these colonies and in the western regions of the United States and Canada, human industry has the opportunity afforded it of entering into partnership with the most magnificent of capitalists, who never asks for a dividend, never suspends her labour, and who demands only that the cultivator of the ground shall not impoverish it, shall not abuse her splendid bounty, and shall not squander her capital while enjoying its usufruct. Survey it in what light we will, the earth is, as Dr. Quesnay says, "the unique source of riches," the purveyor of our food, clothing and fuel; of the timber, clay and stone with which we build our habitations; of the iron out of which we fashion the implements of tillage, in the first instance, and our machinery as civilisation advances, in the second; and of the innumerable raw materials which we work up in our manufactures, or employ in the ornamental arts of life.

What, then, is the duty of the State towards agriculture in a country like our own, for example? Clearly to remove every impediment to its successful practice. Such obstacles would consist, in a newly-settled country, of the want of piers, jetties and other appliances for the landing of the implements, stock and stores which a husbandman would require to procure from abroad, before commencing operations; and then, of the absence of roads and bridges between the principal port and the districts most eligible for cultivation. In process of time, as this extended, he would require an outlet for his surplus produce; for the fertility of the soil is so great, that centuries elapse in what are called "young countries" before population overtakes the means of subsistence; and we see this strikingly exemplified in the United States, where, although there are now something like forty-five millions of people, the overplus of production, available for export, is yearly assuming dimensions of increasing magnitude.

It is, therefore, to the densely-populated countries of the old world that the Australian farmer and meat-grower must look for a remunerative market for his produce. But he finds himself called upon to compete, in these, with corn grown by the miserably-paid peasants of southern Russia, and with the abundant harvests of the rich prairie lands of the North American continent, as well as with the large yields—in favourable years—which are attained by high

farming in Great Britain. Under these circumstances, it becomes of vital importance to the Australian husbandman that he should pursue his occupation surrounded by the most favourable conditions. And a wise, a liberal, and a patriotic Government would take care to exempt from taxation his machinery, his implements, his carts, wagons, harness and saddlery, his tarpaulins, ropes and chains, his dairy utensils, and everything auxiliary to the successful prosecution of his business. It would act in the spirit of Burke's famous maxim, that the plough is the first creditor of every State; and although it would not violate the principles of equity and justice by taxing other classes for the benefit of the farmers, it would take the most scrupulous care, on the other hand, that the farmers should not be subjected to oppressive imposts for the advantage of other classes. But what has been the policy, or, rather, the impolicy, of successive Governments in the colony of Victoria? Under pretence of "protecting native industry," they have laid intolerable burdens upon the very industries which have the strongest and most indefeasible titles to be called "native," namely, agriculture and mining. These have actually been placed under serious economic disabilities. They have been treated as occupations to be discouraged and repressed by the State. Farmers and miners might well have exclaimed, in the language of Shylock, "You take my life, when you do take the means whereby I live;" for when a Government levies imposts upon the productive agencies of industry—as upon implements and machinery, for example—instead of upon its secured results, it strikes at the very root of productive labour, and, to employ a homely and forcible expression current in the rural districts of the mother country, it "eats the calf in the cow's belly." Such a system of taxation is worthy of the worst periods of the dark ages. It is indefensible in theory, and cruel in practice. The farmer and the miner should be allowed to purchase the materials of their respective occupations in the cheapest market, and to sell their produce in the dearest. When each has earned his income, it is then for the Legislature to decide what percentage of it should be contributed to the general revenue in return for the protection they both enjoy, and as their fair quota towards the cost of administering public affairs. All taxation should be imposed for State purposes, and not for those of private gain, or class advantage. Directly you extort from one section, or from every section of the community, a sum of money, under cover of a legal enactment, for the purpose of fostering some particular industry, you commit an act of spoliation,

you are guilty of doing a flagrant injustice; and, therefore, you defeat the very object for which, according to Hume, society is instituted.\* At the same time, you do violence to the fundamental principles of a democratic polity; because this assumes that all men are equal in the eyes of the law. Now, this equality ceases to exist wherever a privileged class is created—wherever the many are taxed for the aggrandisement of the few. And this is the state of things under Protection, which introduces a new and more ignoble form of feudalism, and fastens a body of pensioners upon the public, who have all the vices, and none of the redeeming virtues, of an aristocracy. A manufacturing plutocracy, established by Act of Parliament, and supported by the pennies and twopences wrung from the hard earnings of tens of thousands of working people, who pay the tribute exacted from them through the hands of the shop-keeper, who is obliged to charge an enhanced price upon every protected article that passes through his hands, is surely the most cowardly and contemptible form of organised brigandage which a professedly brave and intelligent people is capable of submitting to. But it is sometimes urged by the defenders of so obviously iniquitous and repulsive a system, "Protection does not raise the price of commodities." Then what is the use of it? If the local manufacturer can sell his products on the same terms as the importer, protective duties are superfluous. Driven from that position, the enemies of freedom fall back upon the assertion that these duties have the effect of excluding foreign competition and of securing the home market to the home producer. But they do nothing of the sort. The tariff of 1871 and that of 1879 were expressly framed on the assumption that imports would continue to come in, and that the revenue would largely benefit by the increased duties imposed upon them. In fact, every Protectionist must find himself involved in a maze of inconsistencies directly he endeavours to justify the hopelessly absurd and illogical principles he has espoused.

Sometimes the glaring injustice of this kind of class legislation is attempted to be palliated on the ground that it is essential to the

\* "Man, born in a family, is compelled to maintain society from necessity, from natural inclination and from habit. The same creature, in his farther progress, is engaged to establish political society, in order to administer justice, without which there can be no peace among men, nor safety, nor mutual intercourse. We are, therefore, to look upon the vast apparatus of our government as having ultimately no other object or purpose but the distribution of justice."—*Of the Origin of Government*.

"It is perfect folly to talk of any other ultimatum in government than perfect justice to the fair claims of the subject."—SYDNEY SMITH.

welfare of a community that there should be a diversity of industrial occupations. The fact is indisputable; for the laws of sociological development appear to be identical with those which govern the evolution of vegetable and animal life; and the latter is seen to mark its progress by the federative grouping of cells, the differentiation of organs and functions, and the division of labour; of which the human structure is the highest and best exemplification. And a society may be said to have reached its highest stage of development, so soon as its organisation is most complex, the division of labour most minute, and the distribution of function most complete. For as, in the human organism, to employ the admirable words of Paul, "the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body," so, in an ideally perfect commonwealth, every one of its constituent parts, closely articulated, and inextricably interlinked with all other parts of the frame, would fulfil its functions in harmony with, and interdependent upon, the rest of the structure. But in the one case, as in the other, the growth must be healthy, normal and natural. In communities, men's inclinations and interests prompt them to institute such industries as the circumstances of the time, and the conditions of society, appear to indicate as necessary and profitable. The phases of industrial evolution follow what appears to be a universal law. First the nomadic hunter; then the flock-owner, utilising the natural herbage of extensive and unappropriated pastures; then the farmer and grazier, who require and employ the services of the shop-keeper, the village handicraftsman, and the merchant; and then, as the community becomes consolidated, and many other occupations favour the aggregation of people in a few centres, manufactures arise, and find a profitable market for their products. But in every instance, the origin and expansion of these must be left to the operation of natural laws. To apply an artificial stimulus to either, is proved by the voice of history, and is shown by the analogies of science, to be the most disastrous of errors: especially when the task is undertaken by governments. It is, in the first place, an usurpation of power. The duties of the State are very simple;\* and they are generally so inefficiently performed, that one is amazed at the intrusion of the

\* "That which the people require at the hands of their government is, protection for their persons, their earnings, and their inheritances; good, accessible, cheap, and speedy justice, for settling private disputes, and for bringing offenders to punishment: together with an adequate public force, for ensuring execution of the laws, and for keeping off external enemies."—*The Essentials of Parliamentary Reform*. By George Grote.

Executive or the Legislature into spheres of effort lying so distinctly outside of its legitimate and badly-discharged functions. "What," asked Sydney Smith, "is the object of all government? The object of all government is roast mutton, potatoes, claret, a stout constable, an honest justice, a clear highway, a free chapel." From the very nature of things, a government is incompetent to decide what occupations individuals or classes ought to adopt and pursue; and it has no business to do so, if it could. To be qualified for the task, would demand the exercise of faculties approaching to omniscience; and to discharge it adequately, would involve the assumption of more than despotic authority. In no country, and at no period of the world, has the government of a free people undertaken the direction of its industries, without occasioning enormous mischief, if not conducting the country to appalling disasters. "Liberty," as Sir James Mackintosh has observed, "is the object of all government." But that liberty is infringed the moment a government interferes with the right of every man to sell his labour, or the produce of his toil, to whomsoever he thinks proper. And this is what is done by the pernicious fiscal system in force in this colony. One of our farmers, for example, wishes to exchange 400 bushels of wheat for a labour-saving machine, manufactured by Mr. Howard, of Bedford; and the grain is shipped to England, with instructions to apply the proceeds of it to the object indicated. But when the machine arrives in Hobson's Bay, the government steps in and demands £25 from the importer through whom it has been indented. When the former asks why this duty, fine, or penalty is imposed, he is told that it is "for the protection of native industry." When he remarks that his own business is, in the highest and best sense of the word "a native industry," he is informed that the government is bent upon affording an artificial stimulus to certain manufactures carried on in the metropolis; and that this must be done at his expense and at that of the miners, and of the community generally. To this he strenuously demurs, on the ground that it is inequitable, unjust, and contrary to the foundation principle of democratic institutions, which imply the government of the whole people, by the whole people, in the interests of the whole people. The only reply to this is that "might is right," and that the majority of the consumers, being unorganised, must submit to any fiscal burdens which may be imposed upon them by an organised minority, composed of the privileged classes, closely combined together for the spoliation of

the rest of their fellow-subjects. Happily the farmers of this colony have not neglected to profit by the lesson thus taught them, and their descent into the political arena as agitators, for the repeal of the oppressive burdens under which they now suffer, is one of the most hopeful and encouraging signs of the times.

But the fiscal grievance is not the only one which the agriculturists have to complain of. Protection, besides enhancing the cost of production and the price of the means of subsistence to the farmer, inflicts a serious injury upon him, in two important particulars. It tends to deprive him of both the capital and the labour which are indispensable to the successful prosecution of his calling. In a new country, perhaps, even more than in an old one, the gregarious instinct is very strong among men and women. A populous city, with its bustle, its sights and sounds, its places of amusement, its periodical festivities, and its opportunities for social intercourse and enjoyment, is more attractive than the rural village, the farmer's homestead, or the squatter's station, to the wage-earning as to most other classes. But when the State, in its unwisdom and indiscretion, subsidises certain urban industries, and thus enables the privileged employers to arrest the outflow of population from the town to the country, the tiller of the soil finds himself placed in a very painful predicament. He is actually compelled by the Legislature to pay taxes for the support of the very manufacturers who are diverting from him the supply of labour, of which he stands in such urgent need. Thus, he is doubly wronged.

In the next place, he is necessarily a borrower; especially if he has taken up a block of wild land, and has to clear, fence and cultivate a portion of it; besides providing himself with some sort of home, with seed, and the necessary implements; and with a sufficiency of stores to last him until the coming of the harvest which may, however, prove a failure. Well, as a borrower, he finds himself to a certain extent forestalled by the protected manufacturer, who, with the right conferred upon him by the State, of taxing the community, and with a quasi-monopoly of the local market assured to him by Act of Parliament, is in a much better position to obtain the financial assistance he may stand in need of, than the unfortunate farmer, who pays tribute to him like the rest of the people. The commercial status of the man who is authorised by the Legislature to exact an additional profit on the sale of every article he fabricates is obviously superior to that of the man who is one of the victims of that exaction, altogether irrespective of the disadvantages which

are natural to the calling of the latter, such as the precariousness of his returns, and the many months during which he has to wait for the maturity of his crops. Indeed, the conditions under which agriculture is pursued in a country where labour is scarce and dear; where the meteorological phenomena of the climate are insufficiently understood, and where the risks from fire and drought are exceedingly serious, are such that the farmer is entitled to every consideration at the hands of the Legislature, and should be as lightly taxed as possible, especially during the arduous struggles of his earlier years. But to levy imposts upon him for the avowed purpose of enabling urban industries to compete with him for capital and labour, is to add insult to injury, outrage to oppression.

And it is worthy of remark that the protection guaranteed to the privileged classes is illusory, in the main. The State says to them, "We will enable you to tack an additional charge of (let us say) 25 per cent. upon the price of the articles you manufacture, by raising that of imported commodities of a similar character to the extent of 30 per cent. by the imposition of Customs duties." And the State fulfils its promise. But the principle of protection having been once established, every kind of handicraft insists upon participating in its alleged advantages; and the result is that A, B, C, and D, who fabricate articles, or produce the raw material, which E works up in his factory, having succeeded in obtaining the like measure of protection that he enjoys, raise the price of their commodities *pro tanto*, and E makes the discovery, in the long run, that the cost of production is augmented to a degree exceeding the enhanced price which protection enables him to charge to the consumer. And hence, in the United States, for example, English manufacturers of cotton, woollen and linen fabrics, of iron, steel, glass and hardware, find it practicable to pay customs duties ranging from 30 to 100 per cent. *ad valorem*, and to undersell American manufacturers at their own doors. Between 1871 and 1876 inclusive, the United States imported European manufactures of the following kinds and values:—

				Average Duty.
Cotton Goods	...	169,000,000 dollars	...	35 to 75 per cent.
Flax Goods	...	109,300,000 "	...	35 "
Iron and Steelware	...	223,600,000 "	...	35 to 80 "
Tinware	...	90,500,000 "	...	15 to 35 "
Silk Goods	...	180,700,000 "	...	60 "
Woollen Goods	...	272,000,000 "	...	45 to 88 "
<hr/>				
Total	...	1,045,100,000 dollars.		

In these articles alone we find America importing upwards of £200,000,000 worth in the short space of six years, four of which were years of severe commercial depression; and yet the whole of the commodities enumerated are those in the manufacture of which she excels, and for the supply of which she would be almost, if not altogether, independent of the foreigner, *were it not for protection*; for this increases the cost of production so enormously as to place the local manufacturer at a great disadvantage, in comparison with his rivals in a free-trade country like England. Not only so, but a protective tariff operates in a direction hostile to inventive and mechanical progress. As a case in point, take the following extract from a letter addressed by the President of the Agricultural Engineers' Association of England to M. Jules Ferry, President of the French Tariff Commission, who had invited the writer to state his views on the tariff question. He says:—

“From personal observation in America, and other sources of information, I am persuaded that far greater progress would have been made in America in tillage implements and other machines under free trade than has taken place under their protective system.

“America, beyond all other countries, is adapted for the steam-plough, but with prohibitive duties—40 per cent.—the steam-plough is all but unknown in America, although some thousands are in use in Great Britain. It has never answered the purpose of any firm, or of other English manufacturers, to go to the expense of introducing steam-ploughs into America. I have little doubt that, if we had had open ports in that country, not only would hundreds of steam-ploughs have been imported, but long ere this great establishments for their manufacture would have sprung up in America itself. In support of this position I may adduce the following instance:—About twenty years ago Mr. W. A. Wood sent his representative, Mr. Cranstone, to England, to introduce the mowing machine. After persevering for a year or two at considerable loss, he had almost come to the determination to abandon any further attempts, but was persuaded by myself, amongst others, to persevere. As soon as the prejudices of the English farmers against the new machine had been broken down, English agricultural engineers began to take up the manufacture and improvement of the mowing machine. An extensive trade in mowers, employing a large number of English workmen, was soon the result, and this the direct consequence of Mr. Wood having been tempted to England by the fact of our ports being freely open to him. And what I have written of the mowing machine holds good of the reaping machine. But for the operation of free trade in England it would probably have been years before the introduction of efficient labour-saving machines of this kind, and many years more without the important manufacture they have become.

“For most varieties of agricultural machinery a great part of the world sends to England for supplies, and English manufacturers, in extending their business and introducing new inventions, have always an eye to those countries in which they are not hampered by import duties.”

And this is fully confirmed by the report presented to the Governor of Iowa, on the agricultural implements exhibited in the Paris Exhibition of 1878, drawn up by the Hon. W. R. Smith, the special commissioner for that State, who frankly stated that the

great bulk of the implements and machinery of British manufacture were superior in variety, finish, economy, and general excellence to those displayed by the American exhibitors; and the reason of this superiority is thus explained:—

“The British agriculturist is not only highly favoured in being supplied with agricultural implements of the most improved patterns of British manufacture, but through their system of competition open to all the world, have the choice of the very best, in their own or any other country, while American agriculturists are restricted, and deprived of the same privilege, through our persistent policy of ‘national protection,’ so-called, which, when reduced to its last analysis, seems only to mean a combination of those manufacturers interested in procuring through legislation ‘special privileges,’ and which, by a curious perversion of language, we are wont to call a ‘tariff for the protection of home interests.’ But, by it, these manufacturers are enabled to keep from the use of the American farmer everything of foreign manufacture in the line of implements of husbandry, and frequently other articles of prime necessity for family use. Prohibitory laws, or a tariff, which amounts to the same thing, may be a very nice and profitable arrangement for these few interested forty-per-cent. gentlemen; but, on the other hand, it is understood to mean the exaction of a large tribute from an immense majority of the American people, which in many instances amounts to an intolerable burden, and more especially when considered in connection with the immense and constantly increasing agricultural interests of the Great West.”

To this let us add the opinions expressed on the subject by Mr. James Howard, of the Britannia Ironworks, Bedford, whose ploughs, threshing machines, and portable engines, enjoy a well-deserved reputation throughout the length and breadth of the empire. His words will be found to be worthy of the serious attention of the Farmers’ Unions in the colony. He said:—

“I have always considered; whatever may be the policy of a country in respect of duties on machinery in general, that implements used in the production of food for the people should be regarded exceptionally, and not be subjected to duties which may discourage the extension of their use or the introduction of the best inventions from other countries, inasmuch as the increase in the production of the soil, consequent upon the use of improved agricultural machinery, is a direct gain to national wealth. In England we have had a very instructive example upon the wisdom of the state not imposing duties upon agricultural machinery. It is true that in consequence of free imports, the English makers have been subjected to a keen competition from the United States in harvesting machinery, but the effect of this competition has had a very bracing influence on English manufacturers, and has enabled them to meet American manufacturers in the other markets of the world upon much more equal terms than would have been the case had American machinery been excluded from the country by a hostile tariff. Our markets being open to American manufacturers has induced them to establish depots for the sale of their machinery in this country, and English makers have thereby had from year to year the best specimens of American products brought under their immediate observation.”

But there is yet one other aspect of the question which is entitled to consideration. It has been shown above that “protection to native industry” disables the manufacturers of the United States from competing upon equal terms with the foreigner in the markets

of America; but when the rivals meet face to face in the other markets of the world, the American exporter is in a still worse position. And in order to substantiate this statement, we will compare the exports of manufactured goods from the United States in the year 1860, when there was a comparatively moderate tariff in force, with those of 1872, when American industry was protected up to the hilt:—

ARTICLES.	Exports, 1860.	Duty, 1860, p. c.	Exports, 1872.	Average ad val. duty, per cent., 1872.
Books, maps, paper, and stationery ... ..	\$564,066	8	\$465,153	25
Candles ... ..	760,528	15	341,210	26
Clothing ... ..	525,175	24	427,799	53
Copper and brass manufactures	1,664,122	15	517,193	45
Cotton manufactures ... ..	10,934,796	19	2,304,330	47
Manufactures of iron ... ..	5,514,288	24	2,720,671	48
Boots and shoes ... ..	782,525	24	502,689	35
Household furniture and manufactures of wood ... ..	3,782,219	24	2,697,883	35
Gunpowder .. ...	467,772	15	100,214	58
Paints and varnish ... ..	223,809	15	191,615	57
Printing presses and type ... ..	157,124	15	128,714	35
Manufactures of wool... ..	389,512	19 & 24	249,103	68
Total ... ..	\$25,765,936	Av. 18 $\frac{1}{2}$	\$10,646,574	Av. 44 $\frac{1}{2}$

Now it is important to bear in mind that between 1860 and 1872, the population of the United States had risen from 30,000,000 to 40,000,000, or 33 $\frac{1}{3}$  per cent.; and yet the exports of the manufactured articles enumerated above had diminished 60 per cent. Measured *per capita* of the population, the exports of American manufactures in 1872 were not merely considerably less than they were in 1860, but also far below those of any year in the previous decade.

Let us contrast the foregoing figures with those supplied by the statistics of the mother country, in relation to the exports of the same articles, during the same period:—

	1860.		1872.
Books, paper and stationery ...	£1,262,833	...	£2,422,424
Candles ... ..	281,923	...	222,491
Copper and brass manufactures	2,249,529	...	2,186,417
Cotton manufactures ... ..	42,141,505	...	63,466,729
Iron manufactures ... ..	13,689,648	...	35,996,167
Boots and shoes ... ..	1,406,984	...	2,071,689
Furniture ... ..	224,543	...	314,062
Gunpowder ... ..	353,101	...	485,434
Paints and varnish ... ..	617,366	...	1,108,161
Woollen manufactures ... ..	12,158,710	...	32,383,273
Total	£74,386,142		£140,656,847

We have omitted "clothing" and "printing presses," because these are not given separately in the English returns; but both would be most likely to show an increase. It results from the above tables that while, under protection, the exports of the articles of manufacture thus specified, declined to the extent of 60 per cent. in the United States between 1860 and 1872, they increased nearly 100 per cent. in the mother-country during the same period. Do not facts like these involve the severest condemnation of the principles of protection, as they likewise constitute an unanswerable argument in favour of those of free trade?

Altogether apart, then, from the powerful arguments against Protection, which are furnished by the fact that it is a wholly unjustifiable restriction imposed upon individual freedom; that it is a direct violation of a natural law; and that it is diametrically opposed to the great principle of human brotherhood; it is open to the sternest condemnation, on the ground that it diminishes the efficiency of human labour. It does this in two ways, which cannot be better described than in the language of the *Oxford Cobden Prize Essay* for 1878:\* "(1) By destroying foreign trade, and so depriving the home workman of the power of exchanging his surplus products"—as in the case of the Victorian farmer; and "(2) By rendering useless the special facilities of production possessed by certain places, or, in other words, forbidding the workman to avail himself of the free gifts of nature. In these two ways Protection diminishes the aggregate wealth of communities, inasmuch as it weakens the efficiency of work by creating fresh obstacles to be surmounted." By misdirecting capital and labour, Protection leads to the waste of both. It diverts them from more productive into less productive channels. And, finally, it contains within it that element of injustice which nothing can extenuate or excuse. All the great political movements of a popular character, in modern times, have been in the nature of a revolt of the great mass of society against the privileges of a dominant class or order. The Reformation was a rebellion against a system of sacerdotal privilege; the French Revolution was a bloody protest against courtly and feudal privilege; the English Reform Bill was a heavy blow dealt to the privileges of the British aristocracy; the repeal of the Corn Laws was a victory achieved over the privileges of the landed interest; and the abolition of slavery was the defeat of the privileges enjoyed

\* "Facts and Fallacies of Modern Protection." By B. R. Wise London: Trübner and Co.

by men who had previously possessed a property in human beings. Now it is the reproach and opprobrium of Protection, that is re-establishes privileged classes in nominally free societies; and that, in the language of Mr. John Bright, "it has upon it the taint of the great wrong of slavery. It does not steal the labourer; but it steals his labour. It is by force of law diminished in value. This can only exist in a free country from the ignorance of its people. Happily," he adds, "the fraud is too transparent to live long."

JAMES SMITH.

*NOTES FROM A JOURNAL OF EXPLORATION IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA.*

A FRESH expedition to explore the unknown country lying between the settled districts of Western Australia and Cambridge Gulf, having been resolved upon by some of the leading colonists of Western Australia, a party was formed early in 1879, the command of which was given to me. It consisted, besides myself, of my brother, Matthew Forrest, Mr. James Carey, surveyor, Mr. Fenton Hill, naturalist, Messrs. John Campbell, Arthur Hicks, and — White, with Pierre and Dower, two aboriginals. Our starting-point was the township of Roeburne, on Nichol Bay, where the trigonometrical survey conducted by my brother, the Deputy Surveyor-General, leaves off. We had twenty-six horses, and a supply of provisions and ammunition to last us six months.

We left the De Grey River on the 25th February, taking a N.E. direction, and camped the first day at Condon, in good grassy country. For several days the journey lay through worthless spinifex country; but on the 7th March we came upon open grassy plains, in view of the sea, extending inland as far as the eye could reach. For pastoral purposes this locality is admirably adapted, although water is scarce, excepting after rain. The plains are treeless, and a dead level for many miles. On the 13th we came to a small creek full of water, where we rested, there being splendid feed for the horses. The previous day we encountered four blacks on the plain, who seemed very much frightened at our appearance, having probably never seen white men before. My intention was to make from this point a flying trip inland, if the country would allow of it, but after travelling about fifteen miles, through not very promising territory, and the weather being exceedingly warm, I decided on returning to the camp. In the interval, Mr. White had been down to the coast, and found that Cape Joubert bore N.  $345^{\circ}$  from the point at which he struck it.

Continuing our route northward, almost parallel with the shore, we found still the same fine grassy plains, with the exception of one

mangrove swamp. On the 17th we had a fine view of Lagrange Bay, which will, some day, form the outlet for this important district. The natives here were numerous, and seemed at first bent on mischief, but they made no movement. We reached the old Roebuck Bay Station on the 20th, and found all traces of its previous occupation quite obliterated. Between these two points the country is fairly grassed, but densely covered with thicket in parts. Abundance of water is to be found in the rocky ravines that run down to the sea. I must mention that the mosquitoes of this region appear to be of a special genus, and are a dreadful plague. They are of a peculiar gray colour, with a most piercing and pungent sting. To sleep at nights was out of the question with these tormentors, and the want of refreshing sleep was a serious evil for the party.

Still going northward through good pastoral country, we came to boggy ground, covered with water, and the grass 10 feet high in parts. Then followed a stretch of high land, splendidly grassed and timbered, excellently fitted for cattle stations. On the 24th I saw, for the first time in my life, the palm-tree growing. These trees are always held to give a sure sign of water. The country was still fine, but of rather variable character; and the water was so scarce in parts that I often earnestly wished I had camels instead of horses for the expedition.

By the 9th of April the party had reached Beagle Bay, where we found three pearl vessels anchored; but in spite of all we could do to attract notice, the seamen did not appear to discern us. The natives were numerous here, and most of them could speak a little broken English. We encamped at the large springs from which the Lacepede Islands are supplied, which I named after Sir Harry St. George Ord, our excellent Governor, who has taken so deep an interest in the expedition. Although I was not the first white man to find these springs, I can still claim to be the first European who has ever made the overland journey from the De Grey River to Beagle Bay.

Next day some natives came bringing fish, which we found very acceptable. Three of the crews of the pearl vessels rowed over, and on consulting with them I found that I could charter a vessel for £10 to take me over to the Lacepede Islands. I sailed early next morning, and at noon reached the islands, where I was most kindly and hospitably received by Mr. Wynne. But as no relieving vessel had been at the islands for two months, the stock of provisions was

rather scanty. I stayed with Mr. Wynne the whole of the following day, being Sunday. I was sorry to find that the large workings of the two companies on the islands had been abandoned, as not proving profitable. On Monday morning I bade good-bye to Mr. Wynne, and returned to the party at Beagle Bay. We remained here for some days to refresh; and the natives, who were numerous, came to invite us to witness a corroboree. We went accordingly, and witnessed a very strange specimen of the aboriginal dance.

Starting again on the 21st, we traversed a fine country for several days, and on the 5th May came upon the banks of a large lake, broad and deep, which I named Lake Louisa, after Lady Leake, wife of Sir Luke Leake, Speaker of the House of Assembly. There were prodigious quantities of game, chiefly wild duck, on this fine sheet of water, but the birds were shy and kept mostly in the middle of the lake. Rounding it for some distance, and then striking northward, we next day came upon a broad river, which I afterwards found to be a tributary of the Fitzroy, and which I named the Fraser River, in honour of the Hon. M. Fraser, Commissioner of Crown Lands. On the 8th May we struck the Fitzroy, a magnificent river, 4 chains wide, running strongly, and with splendidly-grassed banks. This noble stream is the main artery and outlet of a most beautiful extent of territory, suitable in the highest degree for pastoral purposes. Following it up towards the head waters for several days, we fell in with various tribes of the natives, who are here very numerous. I was able to observe their manners and customs, and note their characteristics. They are, for the most part, a race of tall and well-made men, quite equal in appearance to any of the southern tribes, and physically superior to most of them. They were perfectly naked, and I observed that the adult males were all circumcised, and had the two front teeth knocked out. These marks of initiation are universal amongst the natives of the northern parts of the continent. It was evident that they had never seen any white men before; and of their women we never could get a sight at all. We offered them some of our damper and tinned provisions, but in no case could any one of them be induced to accept the food. On one occasion we came upon a single family in a narrow pass in the ranges, consisting of a man and woman and two children. They all appeared greatly alarmed, and the woman scudded away into the bush and hid herself. The tribes along the Fitzroy are excellent fishers, and they have a very ingenious method of catching their prey. They

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will build a series of dams across a stream, leaving a sluice open in each, and then, while one man whips the pools, another takes the fish in grass nets as they make, in their fright, for the sluices. They are cannibals, although we did not actually detect them at any time in the act of feeding on human flesh.

On the 18th May the party crossed the Fitzroy, swimming the horses, and making a raft of four empty watercans for our clothes, arms, provisions, &c. Next day we saw large ranges running E. by N., which I named the Ord Ranges, and the highest point I named Mount Goldsworthy, after the Hon. the Colonial Secretary. Ten days of toilsome marching in very rough country brought us into sandstone ranges, with very high cliffs. These form the dividing ranges between the Glenelg, Prince Regent, and Fitzroy rivers. A fine stream flows through them, almost completely walled in on both sides, and empties itself into the Fitzroy. This stream I named the Margaret River, in honour of my sister-in-law, Mrs. John Forrest. On the 1st June we recrossed the Fitzroy, and next day left it, having followed the course of this magnificent river for 240 miles. It is the longest river in Western Australia, its banks being splendidly grassed for at least a breadth of 20 miles. I roughly calculate that there are here four millions of acres of excellent pastoral land, capable of carrying at least a million and a-half of sheep, which is more than there are in Western Australia altogether. The country along its banks is seamed with creeks and gullies, all of which we found running. The water supply of this region appears to be both abundant and constant. The high dividing range whence the Fitzroy takes its source lay about 10 miles to the N.N.W. of the furthest point we were able to reach. We had followed it from lat.  $18^{\circ} 30'$  to lat.  $17^{\circ} 42'$ ; and as the high table-land at its head was walled in by cliffs at least 2000 feet high, we were unable to advance any further.

Leaving the Fitzroy, we continued our journey N.W. through a rocky country, finely grassed, with beautiful slopes, and frequent running streams. Our progress was slow, for the country was very difficult. On the 17th we found ourselves at the foot of a lofty perpendicular range, extending for an unknown distance. The scenery here was amazingly beautiful. It is impossible to describe the loveliness of the gorges, covered with a luxuriant growth of tall trees and a tangle of exquisitely-coloured creepers, with waterfalls and streams of crystal purity flowing down them. I felt as if I had found my way into an earthly paradise. Climbing a height, I saw

Secure Bay; but all further progress was abruptly stopped by the high range falling suddenly into an arm of the sea, which forms, in fact, a noble inland sea of itself. What was to be done? Could it be possible to find a passage through this great mountain wall? In vain I sought in all directions, and with incredible fatigue, to find such an outlet. At length, to my great delight, I found a narrow, very difficult, and barely accessible passage. So overjoyed was I at the discovery that I fired off my revolver to celebrate the event. When the party had got through the pass, we admitted to one another that the feat was so difficult that any future explorers coming this way would hardly credit that we had accomplished it at all. But we were well repaid for our trouble. Around the inland sea there was the grandest scenery imaginable, and a superb waterfall fell over the steep face of the cliffs. We followed the gorge through the ranges, and found ourselves at last utterly entangled and unable to proceed further. We had spent a fortnight in making roads, and had lost ten of our horses. Resolving to test the matter to the last point, I walked ten miles over ranges which the horses could not traverse, and found that it was utterly impracticable to get through to the Glenelg. In addition to this, troubles were coming thick upon the party. My brother was sun-struck, and suffered a good deal. Our horses were knocking up. The health of the party was giving way. Altogether it was our wisest plan to get, as speedily as possible, back again over the range. Whilst here we met a tribe of blacks couched in the tall grass, and armed with long spears. I fired my revolver, at which they seemed greatly alarmed, but they did not offer to molest us. The whole of this country is useless for Europeans, the high range falling into the inland sea forming the utmost boundary of the practicable territory to the northward.

After much trouble in finding an available route to return on, we at length discovered a pass; and keeping about twenty miles south of our outward track, we reached a fine stretch of country, well grassed and watered. On the 26th June we struck the Fitzroy once more at Station 110. Here the question was debated whether the party should return to Beagle Bay, or explore eastward to the boundary of the colony. The latter course was decided on, although our provisions were becoming so scanty, that on the 1st July we were obliged, for the first time, to kill one of the horses and cook the flesh. We had now only thirteen horses left, with provision (on short allowance) for fifty days. Following up the

eastern branch of the Fitzroy, we came upon splendid grassy plains, with clear running streams at every mile, some of the finest territory in Western Australia. This extends to the boundary of the colony, which we crossed in lat.  $16^{\circ} 50'$ . I calculate that the extent of available pasture land in this portion of the colony is not less than a million acres. It lies only 120 miles north from the De Grey Station.

We came here upon a large river running from the westward, which we followed up for some miles. As far as the eye could reach the grassy plains extended on each side. I named it the Ord River.

Further progress was stopped by the sickness of the party, and the shortness of our provisions. Pierre and Dower, the natives, were very weak and could hardly travel. We were compelled, in order to eke out our supplies, to have recourse to horseflesh, until at length some of us began to like it.

From the boundary of the colony we bore north-east, crossing Sturt's Creek in lat.  $16^{\circ} 30'$ , and the Victoria at its junction with the Wickham—which river we reached, after a toilsome journey, on the 15th August. The Wickham is a noble river, ten chains wide, with long, deep reaches, and a very strong current. We traced it down for some miles, until where the country opens out into far-extending grassy plains. The banks are thickly covered with acacias and palms.

On the 18th we reached the Victoria, passing through splendid country all the way. We crossed it with great trouble, swimming our horses, and with our clothes packed on our backs. Then the terrible calamity fell upon us of not being able to find any water ahead. Several of the party were very bad indeed. I knew that we were due south of Port Darwin, but had no chart to show the direction of the telegraph line, to reach which was now our only chance of rescue from perishing in the desert. The 21st August was my brother John's birthday; but we had not in the camp a single drop of water with which to celebrate it. We were in dreadful case. For some days I had been going on ahead, searching for water, and returning to camp at night with the sad tidings that I was unable to find any. Our horses were reduced to nine, as we had been obliged to slaughter some of them for food. What was to be done? Only a single chance of escape was left us—that I should reach the telegraph line, and obtain water and provisions for the party in time to save them from perishing. We were then about 100 miles from the line, as I judged,

With Hicks as my companion I started for the line, with our water-drums filled, and a small quantity of flour. My directions to the party were that they were to remain at the camp, and to search for water, until we returned. To the credit of the men, I must say that they bore their dreadful sufferings most manfully. The weather was fearfully hot. The country we were crossing was level plains for miles, parched and waterless. The heat dried up the water in the drums. We began to suffer agonies of thirst. For forty hours not a drop of water had passed our lips. I thought we must have perished, but we still continued to struggle on by day and night for bare life. Our tongues swelled in our mouths, and our senses began to reel. We managed to shoot a hawk, and cutting his throat, sucked his blood, but it did not afford us any relief. We could no longer speak to one another. We tried to gain some relief from the torture by sucking a stone, but the salivary glands refused to work, and the stones dropped from our mouths as dry as when they were put in. To heighten the horror of our situation, our horses knocked up, and we were obliged to lead them. Still we toiled on, as I judged from my bearings that the line was now not far ahead. After a walk of about two miles, we struck the line. We both fell on our knees and thanked God for our escape from death. Had we succumbed on this terrible journey, the whole party must have perished in the desert. Following the line up for three miles, we came upon an iron tank full of water. Men and horses rushed to it to drink. I thought the horses would never have enough. They drank each, I should judge, fully fifteen gallons. As for ourselves, a full gallon each did not satisfy the eager craving for the precious fluid. We returned to the tank again and again, as if, like the horses, we never could have enough. We supped at night on a little damper and a piece of an owl, which we had luckily shot and roasted.

Our worst sufferings were now ended, for, following up the telegraph line, we found abundance of water in tanks and pools, and managed to shoot a wild turkey now and then, and once a kangaroo. But when we reached Roper Creek, on the 4th September, and had pitched camp, I was preparing to make a fire, but found, to my horror, that the matches were useless, nor could I contrive to make a blaze with my ammunition, as the cartridges also failed. We were obliged to banquet as best we could on a piece of raw kangaroo. On resuming our journey the poor horses gave out, and would go no further. We were therefore

compelled to leave them and walk on. After going some little distance, we were delighted to come upon a mob of horses and some tents. It was Mr. Wood's party repairing the line. He welcomed us with the greatest kindness, and, with abundance of everything within our reach, we speedily forgot our trials and recovered our strength. Here we received news from home, and sent telegraphic messages to Perth, announcing our safe arrival.

Next day we started on the return journey to our party, with a sufficient store of provisions. Camping at night, I was lighting a fire when I heard a strange shrill whistle in the long grass, and the rustle of some animal coming towards us. Jumping up, we saw a large snake fully ten feet long, which we at once despatched with our revolvers, and then amused ourselves by skinning, roasting, and eating him for supper.

On the 8th, we met seven waggons from Daly Waters Station, which supplied us with a stock of provisions, of which we made a *cache* for the return journey. On the 11th, to my great surprise, we fell in with the party, who had started to follow up our tracks. We had been absent fourteen days, and had travelled 400 miles. I need not say that the men were overjoyed at their relief and rescue. Having well refreshed ourselves we went back to the last camp, and next day the whole resumed our journey, reaching Roper Creek at nightfall. Here we saw the extraordinary sight of millions of large bats flitting over our heads. The *cache* of provisions was found on the 14th, and the brandy was greatly relished by the men, none of them having tasted any for six months. On the 18th we reached Mr. Wood's camp, and the next day were at the Katherine telegraph station, where Mr. and Mrs. Murray showed us every kindness. Here I received a message of congratulation from His Excellency the Governor. On the 23rd we came upon Dr. Brown's sheep station on the Katherine River, the only one in the Northern Territory. On the 28th we passed Pine Creek, a small gold-fields township, where the precious metal is found in large quantities, both in the alluvial drift and the quartz; and on the 1st October we were at Yam Creek, where we were heartily received by Mr. Knight, the warden.

Of our warm reception at Palmerston and our return to Perth it is not needful to recount the details.

Thus ended an exploring journey which has been the means of discovering the watershed of the Fitzroy and other large rivers, and an available pastoral country of not less than 20,000,000 of

acres in extent. It is well grassed and abundantly watered, and large areas of it would be suitable for the cultivation of sugar, coffee, and rice. A very extensive territory has been added to the explored portion of the map of Western Australia. Further exploration to the northward, beyond the mountainous district which stopped our progress, may be made with safety when the valley of the Fitzroy shall have been taken up and settled. It was, taken altogether, an extremely laborious and hazardous expedition; tasking to the utmost the energies of the party. Most of them have suffered severely in health. My brother had an attack of sun-stroke, which nearly prostrated him. The poor natives were very much reduced. There were times when I felt as if the last chance of escape had been taken away from us. Yet we toiled on, walking nearly the whole distance from the Fitzroy, and living on the scantiest rations requisite to support life. The whole party did their duty manfully and well. The native tribes we met never once attempted to molest us. So, with thanks and gratitude for our preservation, I conclude these notes of a journey which has added a new pastoral kingdom to the dominion of Australia.

ALEXANDER FORREST.

### PRIMARY INSTRUCTION IN VICTORIA.

NOTWITHSTANDING that we are sneered at for arguing on this great question from first principles, and from the teachings of eminent authorities—nothwithstanding that imbecility has been held up as our most distinctive characteristic, and motives the most selfish and sordid have been set forth as our only stimulus—we have still the boldness to face the would-be withering scowl of the modest apologist of secularism, to despise the threats he so confides in, and to raise the voice of quiet reason against that storm of declamation with which he hopes to outroar his adversaries.

There is a choice specimen of secularist logic in the palmary argument from facts. One would expect secularists to advance some argument to justify on its merits the system they admire, but their contention generally comes to this—You Catholics and Protestants are all very wicked and unmanageable, and the Education Act is the result of your wicked folly.

There seems to be a curious application of facts in the logic of the upholders of the present system. The Education Act is a fact, its working is a fact, its influence is a fact—therefore, the Act is to be idolised, its working admired, its influence is benignly sanctifying: to change any of these is nothing less than sacrilege. Let us take a parallel case. The Imperial laws of Rome were a *fact*, and *therefore* beyond amendment, much less condemnation! The penal code in Ireland was a fact, and no Englishman should dream of repealing it! This is the logic of facts as applied by secularists. But these facts, thus made arguments, are facts existent and patent. We are treated, however, to facts of another kind, simply untruths. We are told that the Catholics were twelve years ago offered precisely what they now demand, and that they refused the boon. This is simply a misstatement. The recommendation made by a Royal Commission to Government was not an offer to Catholics, hence there was no offer at all. And the recommendation of the

Royal Commission was made in these words (Report, page 22):—"With respect to non-vested, including denominational schools, we beg leave to recommend, *with a view to afford time for the establishment of public schools adequate to the wants of the population, that they be subsidised for a period of five years, commencing on the 1st day of January, 1868.*" On page 23, the object of the recommendation is more explicitly declared—" *The aid thus given should be withdrawn from any registered school after the end of the year during which a public school had been proclaimed within a limited distance, and at any time for any breach of the regulations.* We are of opinion that this grant to registered schools should be regarded as only a *temporary* provision, and that the policy of *discouraging*, of *gradually diminishing*, and of *finally abolishing* all State aid to primary instruction, except to public schools, or by means of other machinery under the control of the central authority, should be distinctly announced by the Legislature, and resolutely acted upon." The gentleman who can concoct from these words of the report of the Royal Commission an *offer* identical with the demands of Catholics may fairly claim "some *slight* allowance" "for rhetorical exaggeration." He qualifies his work very mildly indeed, when, instead of a shorter term, he applies to it the euphonious expression *rhetorical exaggeration*.

Another fact, viz., the national system in Ireland, is alleged against Catholics—I shall deal with it further on.

The Catholic Church in Victoria has been the opponent not of education but of the mis-called education which expressly excludes religion. The Catholic Church has all to gain by the advance of knowledge, nothing to lose. As all truth, whether discovered by reason or made known by revelation, comes from the same Eternal source, she, who claims to be His organ among men, can have no fear of His contradicting Himself, and hence she can have no fear of true philosophy, or of any revelations that science can make to the world, running counter to her teachings.

The Catholic Church adjusts her teachings on education to her beliefs on the nature and end of man, and hence there are systems of public instruction which meet with her condemnation because they do not aim at the full development of man's nature, and instead of aiding they impede man in his struggle to attain his end. And one of these systems is that at present established in this colony. Man is not simply an intellectual being. The human soul is the subject of more than an intellect. It has a will, and in this

will resides the principle of man's conduct. To leave the will, with the multitude of its good and evil tendencies, untaught or untrained; to supply the understanding with no principles, ever present, ever applicable, for the guidance of the working, active, practical faculty, to allow him to grow up in ignorance of the means, and untrained to those practices by which he may obtain grace from on high; is to leave man less than half educated.

As beings responsible to God for the morality of our acts, an abstract knowledge of the meaning of words, of the result of arithmetical calculations, of the arbitrary signs of written language, can scarcely be sufficient for us; for in themselves these are only means to acquire further knowledge, and supply no guide as to the selection of that knowledge and its practical application to our moral conduct. Thus, a purely secular instruction is defective because it ignores man's real nature. It assumes that he has an intellect alone, and consoles itself with the delusion that given a modicum of power to the intellect all will go well.

It further ignores man's end. All those who believe in the immortality of the human soul, and in a future retribution, regard the end of man's creation as beyond and above this present life. Success or failure in the attainment of eternal happiness must be, in their opinion, a much more important matter than the attainment or non-attainment of merely temporal prosperity. Hence the education that leaves to chance, and to a very poor chance, the eternal well-being of the rising generation, while it devotes itself exclusively to the securing of a slight knowledge of temporal things, is based upon an unchristian appreciation of the dignity and importance of man's destiny. This is precisely what a system of education purely secular does, and hence, says the Catholic Church, it is to be condemned. If education mean anything, it must mean the fitting and equipping of the child in such a way that he will be best helped to fulfil those duties that he will in after-life be called upon to discharge, viz., his duties to his fellow-man and his duties to his God. To barely supply him with the means of coming to the knowledge of those duties, and leave entirely to chance the application of these means, is only to send him adrift in a good ship, but without chart or compass. I say, leave the application to chance, and a poor chance. This is the teaching of the Government.

Parents may, in general, be credited with a desire to provide secular instruction for their children, and in an age and country not remarkable for its preference of spiritual over temporal advantages,

the parents of Victorian children may be fairly believed to be no less solicitous for the secular instruction of their offspring than for their religious teaching; yet the State considers it necessary to make the former compulsory, while that which is less likely to be attended to is left entirely free. Is not this leaving it to a poor chance, even on the State's principle?

A system of purely secular instruction is dangerous to Christian faith and morals, and we conclude hence 'tis not in its proper place in a Christian country, nor is it the proper thing for a Christian people. The mind of the child is to be formed mainly in school. There principally, the influence, steady and continuous, that is to shape his ideas and his conduct, acts upon him. He comes to the natural conclusion that what he is there taught is worth learning, what he is not taught there, he may safely leave unlearned. Hence the difficulty of getting children to acquire, even at the hands of parents who are willing to teach, the knowledge of any subject not in the school curriculum. In the case of children attending secular schools this is especially true of religious subjects, for, unfortunately, children will not freely devote themselves to religious knowledge, of whose importance they have little appreciation, and which, by its exclusion from their school teaching, they are negatively taught to disregard. The secular system, by its severe exclusion of the truths of Christianity, predisposes the mind of the child to despise those truths. It offers no resistance to the tendency to unbelief in matters of religion, which is such a natural consequence of human pride of reason. And taking human nature as it is, and especially as we find it in countries like this, where the traditions and restraints of older communities exist only in diminished vigour, we must acknowledge that its tendencies are to unbelief and to laxity of morals.

There are so many forms of Christianity and infidelity, that unless the young mind be grounded in the principles of some one Christian creed, and be taught to attach himself to its teachings, he will, most likely, reject them all, and either ignore religion altogether, or forge out for himself a form of belief after the plan his own ignorance and his own inclinations may supply. Has ever such a thing existed *in concreto* as undenominational Christianity? Have we ever known, or heard, or read of, its creed, its exponents, its authority, its results? If we reduce Christianity to the low level of common universal beliefs, we will reduce it to pure naturalism or rationalism, which is as distinct from Christianity as was the teaching of the pagan philosophers. And how many

practical followers did those venerable sages attach to their schools? How far were the masses influenced by their ethical teachings? When Christianity ceases to find expression in definite teaching in organised societies, it must cease to have that living influence on the human mind and heart which it was destined to exercise. A State religion, or absolute irreligion, is the natural complement of State secular education, and surely there is no guarantee that a State religion will be a Christian religion.

This State religion was among the happy results Mr. Stephen anticipated when he introduced the present Education Act. "I trust," said he, "they (the children) will be able to abandon the forms and traditions of their particular denominations to pull together in every good work; that they will be able to pull together in all the essentials of religion, and possibly to agree to some common form of worship." The State was not therefore to rest content with State schools, but it was hoped that State churches would be built in time after the regulation design. This is the tendency of the State system, according to its author. The colony is to have a common form of worship, on the broadest basis, such as will suit all—Catholics, Protestants, Jews, Pagans, Theists, Deists, Atheists—and this form of worship would include "all the essentials of religion," as Mr. Stephen accepts the words. Could anything show more clearly the unchristianising influence of this gentleman's production? He not only, however, sketched the result of the battle, but he pointed to the first successful skirmish. The Catholic Church being the most prominent and active opponent of the existence and the influence of the system, Mr. Stephen predicted as a first great achievement that this system would "rive in twain the great Catholic body." I suppose he thought that Catholicism being disposed of, the rest would be little trouble. Perhaps he was right. But he has not yet beaten the first column of the Christians. Whether he has succeeded better with the others I fear I cannot answer so satisfactorily.

As to moral training, we can only expect a State training, and the State code of morality is the common and statute law, having as sanction the pains and penalties therein prescribed. This system of morals leaves untouched the whole secret and spiritual life of man. Thoughts and words and deeds, that are not legislated against, are right enough for State morality. The rod in school and the prison afterwards are the only sanctions the child must know. In a country such as ours, with the all but tropically early develop-

ment of sexual passion, and an ultra-democratic disregard for parental authority, what is to be the consequence to the morals of our boys and girls who are taught the one rule—"keep clear of the prison if you can?" If religion—Christian religion—grow not in the soul with the development of the body, the result must be disastrous. Unless the child be taught to regard the Eye that sees all, the Ear that hears all, to have recourse to the Hand that sustains all, what is human weakness to expect from the violence of human passion? As yet, we have not experience of the full results of the secular system in confirmation of these gloomy expectations. And the reason is, that as yet we have in Victoria homes about which cluster the memories and traditions of another state of things; as yet, we have in our State schools teachers whose training has been in non-secular schools, or at least in a non-secular country; there are in the schools many pupils who were in them when religion was not proscribed by law;—but when the present parents and teachers shall have passed away—when, I may add, the present generation of politicians, who do not openly avow themselves Pagans or Mormons, shall have given place to the products of State secular instruction—may we expect to fare better than America, where twenty years ago the New York press was forced to raise its voice against the most glaring vice in the common schools. The commissioners appointed women of questionable chastity to give instruction. Over and over again the secular press has declaimed against immoralities that are rampant in those schools. 'Tis enough to make one shudder to think of introducing the fair soul of a child into such pernicious institutions. Only a few days ago I read in the *San Francisco Bulletin* the statement, not made by a correspondent or contributor, but on the responsibility of the paper itself, that no boy of ten years old attending the common schools in that city was without practical acquaintance with every vice that children of that age could indulge in. The girls *escape oftener*. *Escape oftener!* Can any parent contemplate without a shudder the system from whose destructive influences his girl's purity—to him the most priceless of gems—only *escapes*, and *escapes oftener* than *never*? Human nature is not different in Victoria to what it is in America; our circumstances are strikingly similar, and hence we may look forward to the same results from the same cause—secular State education.

This evil is pointed out to Catholics by an authority to which every one bearing the name of Catholic is bound to submit. The late

Pope declared that the secular system is incapable of the approval of Catholics. This teaching of the Holy See touches every member of the church, and the Catholic who wantonly disregards this teaching does not act as a true-hearted Catholic. The conduct of such a "shaky" Catholic can no more be taken as an index of Catholic feeling than could the treachery of deserters be made a criterion of the spirit of an army. This Catholic conscience is founded on the laws of God and nature, that oblige the parent to promote the spiritual and temporal welfare of his child, and on his belief that in things spiritual or intimately therewith connected, he is bound to regard the church as the mouthpiece of God Himself. From reason, experience and authority, he learns that the State system is full of danger to his child's soul, and hence he condemns it, he objects to being obliged to sustain the schools of which he cannot freely and securely avail himself for his child's education, and demands what he pays dearly for, an opportunity of educating his child according to his own religious principles.

If, then, Catholics are asked, as they have been asked, Why do you differ from your neighbours? Why do you object to these schools? They can answer, in the first place, that no one has any right to ask—why? because the question supposes the right of the interrogator to demand an account of the conscientious views of his neighbours before admitting them to equal advantages. But in reality the best as well as the most obvious answer is—*because we are Catholics*. Our convictions regarding this system of public instruction are part and parcel of our religious belief, our attitude regarding it is part and parcel of our religious practice. If our views be not appreciated, if our conduct be not admired, are we to be told, while no public evil arises from our religion, that we must think and act differently, or pay a penalty in expending double money to educate our children?

The press constantly ignores the universality of Catholic teaching. There is not one law on education for the priest and another for the layman. He who approves of the present system can no longer be regarded as a sincere Catholic. The State says to us, "You cannot be Catholics except at extra cost, because your views as such are not approved by the Parliament of Victoria." Is this the spirit of the Constitution? There is no argument against this statement of Catholic conviction to be deduced from the fact that in country places, where the means of the Catholic population do not permit them to

sustain a Catholic school, Catholic parents send their children to State establishments. They can do so only under compulsion. The compulsion is exercised by the clauses of the Act itself, and besides, the alternative for the Catholic child must in most cases be absolute ignorance. No Catholic can, without sin, send his child to a State school where the child can be taught at a Catholic school. The time may come when circumstances would arise under which a Catholic parent should refuse at any sacrifice to send his child to a State school, namely, when the danger to the child's faith and morals would be so perfectly undoubted, so imminent, that the child's salvation would inevitably be proximately imperilled. At present, as I before remarked, we have not pure practical secularism in all its hideous deformities and in its shocking results; but the system, once allowed to take root in the country, cannot fail to bring about such a state of things as—if the moral sense of the community do not grow to a pagan dulness—will prevent any parent entrusting his child to the influences of the State schools. It is in the knowledge of everyone that stronger moral safeguards are more requisite in large than in small centres of population, hence often in agricultural country districts the *positive* harm, though always serious, is not so great as in towns and cities.

Neither can any difference be shown between the action of Catholics in Victoria and that of their Irish co-religionists. The Irish schools are not either theoretically or practically like the State schools of Victoria. The Irish national system is practically denominational as to managers, teachers, and pupils. Not a Catholic child attends the national schools where the teachers are all Protestant, and in schools conducted by a mixed staff (*i.e.* some Protestants and some Catholics) not two per cent. of the number on the rolls of the national schools are found in attendance. At these latter schools (mixed staff) only 8503 Catholics are enrolled, that is, not one per cent. of the Catholic children taught under the system. The almost exact counterpart of the Victorian State school, however, is found in the Irish model schools, and the Irish people, in obedience to the Holy See, treat them as the Catholics of Victoria treat the State schools. In the ordinary national schools the manager, mostly the parish priest or Protestant clergyman, appoints the teacher, the teachers give religious instruction, and thus, though the system is not all that a Catholic people desire, and have a right to receive, it is sufficiently in harmony with Catholic

views to be accepted under protest. The crowds of children who flock to the schools of the Christian Brothers, to the convents, where they are founded, and even to private schools, show how the Irish people distinguish between the advantages of the religious and of the Government schools.

We may now consider by what right the State has undertaken the task of educating the people, and by its enactment has closed the many roads to learning that lay open to the youth of the colony.

To the parent belongs the right, as to him pertains the duty, of educating his child. The absence of ability or of inclination to teach on the part of parents, is the only explanation of the school's existence. The schoolmaster, in other words, is the deputy and representative of the parent. In Victoria, the Government sets itself up as the principal of a large teaching establishment, and says to the parent,—“I'll supply your child with education, and you must pay dearly whether he take it or not, and, moreover, it shall be of the kind that will please me (*i.e.*, the Minister of Public Instruction for the time being), and if you wish it to get an essential element, viz., religion, into it, you must pay for your fancy. Meantime the private schools must fail, before the free clause of this Education Act, and you must send your child to our school under pain of fine or imprisonment.” There seems to be a tone of ruthless brute force about this true exposition of the plan of the State; such an overruling of the parent's right that one is driven to inquire for the pressing necessity that ought to underlie it. We get for answer, that ignorance is the root of crime. As a wise Government we must eradicate crime, and hence we must supply the place of ignorance by knowledge. This is very well. For much as we may doubt the power of the three R's in the war of the spirit against the flesh, yet we grant that knowledge may be a check on crime. The action of the State, however, as it is in this matter necessarily inquisitorial, and affects the liberty of the parent, ought not to go beyond providing against ignorance. Once that ignorance, which it holds so largely responsible for crime, is put on the way to being expelled, the right of the State ceases, and its action ought to cease in consequence. Its warrant is exhausted when it has provided for or required the instruction of each child within its territory.

Mr. Mill distinguishes between a Government providing education and one taking the education of the youth of the country entirely into its own hands. And he says, “That the whole or any large

part of the education of the people should be in State hands, I go as far as any one else in deprecating." Again he says, "An education established and controlled by the State should only exist, if it exist at all, as one of many competing experiments for the purpose of example and stimulus, to keep the others up to a certain standard of excellence." It happened, however, that Mr. Stephen thought "rival schools" would not suit his plan.

In another place the same Mr. Mill says, "A general State education is a mere contrivance for moulding people to be exactly like one another . . . and according as it is efficient and successful it leads to a tyranny over the mind and by consequence over the body also."

The Government then, by decreeing not only that children shall be taught, but also that they shall be taught only after the fashion of secularists or pagans, encroaches without necessity on the domain of the family, and so interferes with the liberty of the people. And after all, by whom and in whose interest is this law sustained? The whole question seems to be one of contradictions. The history of the passing of the law was known to most Victorians, but perhaps 'tis forgotten. The education measure was made a government question, and we know how the governmental quality of a measure affects its chances of passing. The secular system had never been demanded by the people. When Mr. Duffy's Government was defeated and was replaced by that of Mr. Francis, the new Government felt bound, as a matter of consistency, to introduce an Education Act. One reading the debate that took place in 1872, must, I think, be struck with the absence of argument in the speeches made in favour of the measure. One would expect to find most convincing proof of pressing necessity, that the children were badly taught, that the expenditure was ruinously extravagant, that the matter of public instruction was being forced upon the Legislature, that no objection to the secular system was raised by any considerable section of the community, and lastly, that there was no other practicable way to success than by excluding from the schools the teachings of Christianity as they are formulated by the churches. However, none of these points will be found urged with anything like solid logic. It may be said, therefore, and if I mistake not, it has been said by an ex-statesman, Mr. Higinbotham, who is scarcely to be counted among Catholic apologists, that the Education Act became law because of party objects and exigencies.

The people of Victoria are, theoretically at least, Christian. We have no practical knowledge of a Christian body unnamed, undenominational; where, then, is the distinction between the people and the denominations? The indifferent and the anti-Christian remain with the Jews, after the Christian denominations are subtracted from the sum of the people. The Jews are not secularists, and hence the secularists, for the furtherance of whose religion this system is alone suited, have what they wish for, and the majority of the people, under the influence of rhetorical effusions in the press and on the platform, are made to pay the fabulous cost of this monstrous abortion.

Does the Government, does the press, believe that the people approve of this system? I can answer the question in the negative on the showing of politicians and press writers. What is the stock argument or reply to our demands? This: If you get what you demand, the other denominations will seek a like concession. What does this answer prove, but that the Government and press are quite aware that the other denominations are dissatisfied with the instruction provided in State schools. If the denominations be satisfied with the present system, in what would their position be altered by the granting of Catholic demands? What motive could urge them to fall out with the State system; to establish their own schools; to take upon themselves all the anxiety and labour and cost that the result system will impose upon those individuals or bodies who adopt it. The denominations must, in the opinion of popular deluders, be very much dissatisfied indeed, if they be ready to face all the difficulties that must arise. This is the teaching of the Government and the press, and in order to escape the natural inference that the system is unacceptable they have recourse to an unwarranted and insulting distinction, which places the members of Christian denominations on one side, and the people on the other; that is, the majority do not profess or believe in any special form of Christianity, and are, therefore, religious waifs and strays, or they are hypocrites in professing their adherence to their distinctive denominational creeds. I believe that the favour shown to the present system arises largely from a blind hatred of Catholicism. Those who are actuated by this charitable feeling would do well to recall the pithy remark of Dean Macartney, that they were fighting against Christianity through hatred of Popery. They prefer rather to be at war with Christ than at peace with the Pope. They might also study with profit Dr. Tocqueville's account of the spread of Catho-

licism in the United States. He attributes the rapid advance of Catholicism to large numbers, waking up to the fact that they are without a creed, and who find in Catholic teaching the only consistent and satisfactory form of Christian belief, these at once attach themselves to the Catholic Church.

Owing to the secularizing influences so active in the United States, the Church loses many children, but she gains more than she loses by the accession of converts. Such will be the result in Victoria, if the present secularism is allowed to last. Let Non-Popery zealots look to it. The duty of Catholics is, however, to secure at present the faith of the weak, and trust to Providence for the future.

Non-Catholics, in brief, either would seek what ought to be, and we trust shall be, given to Catholics, or they would not. If the former, then the secularists, politicians and journalists are flaunting before the world the popularity of a law which the people condemn; if the latter, then why make this answer as an answer to Catholics? Dr. Moorhouse proposes a plan of common religious instruction for Protestant children attending State schools. Whatever we may think of the efficiency of such instruction, we do believe that the adoption of the plan by the Government would firmly attach the Protestant denominations to the State system, and greatly diminish the probability of their seeking such a change as the Catholics demand.

A large amount of "spicy" writing and vehement declamation has been expended on this question, while it is not, I think, at all a subject for rhetoric or poetry, but for sober thought and guarded language. The report of the commission that sat in 1866 declares that religious instruction is the more important part of education. Pope Pius IX., in his letter to the Archbishop of Fribourg, says—"An education which is not only occupied with nothing but the science of natural things, but which still more withdraws itself from the truths revealed by God, inevitably falls under the yoke of the spirit of error and falsehood, and an education which pretends to form the minds and hearts of young people, of a nature so tender and susceptible of being turned to evil, and to form them without the aid of Christian doctrine and morality, must of necessity produce a race delivered over without bridle to bad passions and to the pride of reason; and the generations thus brought up cannot but prepare for the family and the State the greatest calamities." He calls such a system *detestable*, and further on declares—"In those

(elementary) schools religious doctrine ought to have the first place in everything which concerns either instruction or training." Comparing the decision of the Royal Commissioners, who had not a Catholic among them, with the Papal declaration, can we doubt that all, Catholics and non-Catholics, were agreed as to the necessity of religious instruction? Who, then, urged the Government to secularism? It could not have been any popular preference for secularism, unless we suppose a transformation more surprising than that of a pantomime. Party exigencies, party objects, and hatred of Catholicism gave rise to the novelty, and the rapid expenditure of immense sums created, as it were, a vested interest consideration for the new system. This seems to be the resolution of the question! There was no great defect in the former system, which could not have been supplied. The colony had its full proportion of children under instruction, and these children attended school with a regularity really astonishing under the circumstances. The system of payment by results was suggested. There was no necessity for the State to insist upon any more than the teaching of secular subjects, leaving to the parents the mode and place of teaching. John Stuart Mill limits thus the power or right of the State. Curiously enough, Mr. Stephen endorsed the same principle shortly before the introduction of the Act. Mr. Kerferd's only objection, or perhaps, to be more accurate, his strongest objection to the result system, was its expensiveness. And at that time Mr. Kerferd objected to the result system because the education of a child under it would cost something over two pounds per annum. What ought he to say to the present one, under which the *lesser half* of education costs the State about £3 13s. 11d. per child per year, and under which, in addition, millions are swallowed up in the erection of palatial schools? The secularists, pretending to aim at economy, hit upon the most wild extravagance. "*Mentita est iniquitas sibi.*"

The following testimonies against the policy of the secular system will, I think, add something of force to what I have already written:—

M. Guizot, who certainly was not a friend of Catholicism, and yet, in speaking of religious instruction as he did in France in 1833, must have had only Catholic religious training in his mind, said to the Chamber of Deputies:—"It is necessary that the general atmosphere of a school be religious; education is here our concern rather than instruction. Religious instruction mixes with the

whole body of instruction, with all the acts of the master and of the children. Gentlemen, remember a fact which has never shone out so evidently as in our time. Intellectual development, when united with moral and religious development, is excellent; but intellectual development alone, separated from a moral and religious one, becomes the source of pride, insubordination, egoism, and, by consequence, of danger to society."

M. Cousin, who says he writes from Berlin, and not from Rome, and as a philosopher who had been misunderstood, and persecuted by the clergy, says:—"Education must be moral and religious if it is desired to make it useful to the people and society." . . . "Christianity must be the basis of the people's education." . . . "You, sir" (he addresses the Minister of Public Instruction in France), "are too enlightened, too much of a statesman, to fancy that we can have true popular instruction without morality, or popular morality without religion, or religion without a form of worship."

M. Ernoul, chairman of the committee on primary instruction in France, said in 1872:—"Ought education to be religious? Even to propose the question seriously would be to despair of our civilisation and of the future of our country. Instruction cannot be separated from education, nor can there be education without morals and religion."

I do not enter into details regarding the efforts that may be made, with less or more ill-success, to supplement the system of secular by an extrinsic religious teaching. If the State propose to supply education, it is unjust in furnishing only the less important part of it. This system, in its full development, may be expected to offer insuperable obstacles to even the small success which reason and experience demonstrate to be within the reach of ministers and Sunday-school teachers, in the religious training of youths from whose everyday work religion is excluded. Secular day schools, and empty or useless Sunday schools, are to one another in the relation of cause and effect.

The Government is asked by Catholics to pay precisely for the secular teaching it deems so necessary, and for nothing more. Either the actual cost of teaching may be defrayed by the State, or a certain sum per head for every child educated up to standard. Catholics do not ask for any sum to be placed at the disposal of the Church. No demand is made for payment for religious instruction.

The equitable settlement of Catholic claims will convince the Catholic that his religion is not a ban in Victoria, as in days gone by

it was in England and in Ireland; it will show him that his religion is not on a worse footing than that of the secularist. He will feel that he enjoys that only liberty worth having, the liberty of doing what he wishes, the way he wishes, as long as that liberty does not interfere with the public weal. Moreover, until these demands be acceded to, every political issue put before the country must fail of obtaining a fair judgment from a people, one-fourth of whom are forced by conscience to vote on what must be to them *the greatest of great questions*. As long as the Catholic demand remains unheeded, there will be a fruitful seed of religious acrimony, as undesirable as injurious to the best interests of the country.

Faith, philosophy, fact and sound policy demonstrate that, in Emperor William's words, religious instruction of youth is the *price of security*, security of Christian morals, Christian liberty, and Christian civilisation. The question is asked: Is this country to remain Christian? The Catholics answer: Yes, for us at least; others may answer as they please.

JAMES L. HEGARTY.

### *THE BIBLE IN STATE SCHOOLS.*

How to maintain our Education Act in its integrity, and at the same time give the children attending the State schools something more than a barely secular education, is one of the great social problems of the day. There is, on the one hand, a very large majority determined to uphold our present system. The Act, for no better reasons apparently than those that regulate partialities in general; has become the pet of the people; and no one, unless possessed of splendid courage, dares utter in public a single word against it. On the other hand, there is a growing and deepening conviction in the minds of those whose learning and patriotism give weight and value to their opinions, that our present educational system is not only defective, but positively injurious to the highest welfare of the people. And this conclusion is not an inference from the dogmatic position taken up by mere theorists, that a system of education which does not systematically inculcate moral duty and a reverence for the Supreme Being, cannot be beneficial to the community; but it is the result of a process of thought on the actual state of morals and religion amongst us. The question, therefore, before us, is how to fill up the square hole of popular secularism, with the round peg of religious instruction. The solution seems as hopeless as squaring the circle, or reaching the North Pole; nevertheless, it appears to me that the difficulties are more seeming than real. I shall endeavour, therefore, in the present article, to point out, if not the solution of the difficulty, the direction in which I imagine the solution is to be sought.

Our first duty, then, is to ascertain clearly and distinctly what is meant by the phrase "religious instruction." Do they, who say that religious teaching should be included in the regular lessons of the day-school, mean the same thing as those who affirm that, in the divided state of public opinion on religious subjects, it is simply impossible to have it in State schools? It is important to inquire

whether the thing demanded by some is exactly the thing which in the opinion of others cannot be granted without destroying both the national and secular character of the Act. The phrase "religious instruction" is, it must be admitted by all, a very vague and indefinite one; and hence the necessity of clear-thinking and definition when we have to grapple with the subject of which this phrase is the verbal expression. Religious instruction, in its widest sense, must include all that is necessary to bind the soul of man to the infinite Spirit; and out of this vital relationship, as the prime condition of religious life, to foster and strengthen all those moral and spiritual virtues whose perfection is the highest end of our existence. Religious instruction, therefore, to be complete, must include careful training in the rites and ceremonies of religious worship, as well as the explanation of religious doctrines and the inculcation of religious duties. Now, if this is what is meant by religious instruction in State schools, many and cogent reasons could be advanced to show that it was not possible to impart such instruction, and even if possible, it would not be desirable. Religion, in so far as it deals with the spiritual life and the conscience, cannot be taught in public schools supported by the State, and notwithstanding occasional murmurs of disapproval, the principle which underlies this belief may be said to be accepted by the age. The best thing the State can do for religion is to let it alone.

But it might still be asked, Is this what everyone means by the phrase religious instruction? Without presuming to answer for everyone, this much is evident, that many of those who advocate the use of the Bible as a class-book in our educational system ask no more than this, that the children of the colony should be made familiar with its historic facts and its moral lessons; and they ask this, not so much on religious grounds properly so-called, as on national, and even secular grounds; and in the interests of a sound and wholesome education. They argue in this fashion in support of their position. Systems of theology are founded on the Bible, but it is not asked, by them at least, that the children attending the State schools should be indoctrinated into any system of theology. The rites and ceremonies of religion as practised by both Jews and Christians, lie very close to the sacred writings, but it is not proposed to put the Bible into our children's hands as a manual of devotion. They contend that the historical facts of the Bible are the common property of mankind; that its moral lessons, whether existing in the form of precept or illustrated in the lives of men, are

of universal application; that the language in which these facts and moral lessons are set forth is so simple and pure, and beautiful, that the very reading of the Bible in our State schools, would do much to correct vulgarities of speech, and create a taste for purity of expression; and that, so deeply has the purely literary spirit of the Bible modified and influenced our national life and history, that the Bible should, for these reasons, if for no higher ones, be included in our school system of elementary instruction. This demand is made on the ground of utility, and the additional plea is sometimes urged that it is not inconsistent with a true and rational secularism. The exclusion of the Bible is, however, vindicated on the ground of the secular character of the present Act, which the country, it is said, is resolutely determined to uphold. It may now, therefore, be worth while carefully to look at some of the arguments advanced in support of the position, that the introduction of the Bible into our State schools would be inconsistent with the secular character of the Education Act.

These arguments fall naturally into two classes, namely—first, those that are drawn from the religious side of the question, and secondly, those that belong to the political aspect of the subject. Under the religious objections there is (1) this complaint, that instruction in Bible facts and morals simply would not be worth the name of religious training. We are told in well-rounded periods, that a mutilated Bible is worse than no Bible at all; and that if we cannot trust the whole book in the hands of the State teachers, it would be far better to take it out of their hands altogether. But a moment's reflection must convince any one that such an objection is of very little weight indeed. The foundation of a building must carry the walls, and the walls the roof. Are we to abandon our purpose of building because the contractor for the foundation cannot carry up the walls or complete the building? A little knowledge is not a dangerous thing when it is the seed of future increase; and we are not justified in despising the facts of Scripture history, because it is not considered necessary in elementary instruction to point out the doctrinal inferences which the classification of the facts demands. Would it not be a fine thing in itself, and of incalculable value to the youth of this colony, to have the minds of the rising race filled with Bible imagery and with Bible facts? On the principle that a little food is better than none, the facts and morals of the Bible are better than no religious instruction at all. If the Bible is the tree

of knowledge as well as the tree of life, it is better to pluck the fruit nearest our hand than to refuse to eat of it, because we cannot reach the topmost branches. The churches would have plenty to do, no doubt, in the matter of religious instruction, even if the Bible should be taught in our schools as a class-book of ancient history and of practical morals; but no religious teacher surely would be foolish enough to say that the solid basis of scripture facts, well and truly laid in the day-school, would be a hindrance rather than a help to the work of the Sunday-schools and the higher religious education of the children.

(2.) One of the most common and deeply-rooted objections to the use of the Bible in State schools is that which springs from the fact that, by making it a class-book, you destroy all reverence for it in the minds of the young, and even create in some cases a dislike to it that would be a positive injustice and injury to such persons for the remainder of their lives. It would not help our argument to under-estimate or despise the force of this objection. It springs from the deepest and noblest part of our nature; and it loses nothing of its tenacity when the religious sentiment is strongly under the influence of superstition. To make a sacred thing like the Bible common or familiar; to see it kicking about the school-room, or laughed at by a number of irreverent children, is very objectionable to some minds, and positively repulsive to others. But the strength of this objection rests, I am persuaded, upon a defective and mistaken knowledge of what that old book is. It is a collection of historical documents, as well as a repository of religious doctrines. It is a book of poetry as well of devotion. It is beyond all doubt a week-day book, as well as a book for sacred seasons. It may lie on the desk of the merchant, or the bench of the workman, as well as in our church pews, or be our only guide in the exercises of private devotion. Jesus Christ, the founder of Christianity, was, first of all, a secular character. He taught in the street, on the margin of the lake, and the grassy hill-side, as well as within the sacred precincts of the temple. So the Bible has a secular side as well as a sacred one; and the attempt to preserve the sacred at the expense of the secular is as foolish as if one were to attempt to save the sacredness of the altar by removing the common earth or rock on which it stands:—or as if he should endeavour to preserve the sanctity of the Sabbath by separating it from the other days of the week, of which the day of rest is the pearl and crown. But, after

all, the question becomes one of simple fact. Do those who read the Bible in the day-school when they are children, entertain a dislike to it when they become older? Without denying that such instances may be found, I am compelled to believe, on the solid basis of fact, and the ordinary laws that regulate human experience, that an early acquaintance with the Bible, instead of engendering undue familiarity or contempt, lays the foundation of an intelligent appreciation of it, and a reverence which becomes deeper with increasing years. Do we not love those things with the tenderest affection that have entwined themselves round our young hearts? He is a miserable specimen of human nature who has no respect for his old teacher, even when the *argumentum ad hominem* is by no means the least vivid of his school recollections. A boy's youthful temper over his Morell, his horrid sums, or his apparently meaningless Euclid, seldom hardens into chronic dislike; and even, although, his Bible lessons should raise a flutter of impatience in his youthful bosom, it would be very foolish, for such reasons alone, to remove the Bible from the day-school altogether. The application of the same reasoning would remove it from the Sunday-school as well; and we should soon be completely under the influence of this superstitious dogma, that sacred things are not for common eyes. If we allow ourselves to be instructed by nature in such matters, we will have no apprehensions about preserving the sacredness of the Bible. The highest kind of reverence rests upon knowledge; and the better and wider the Bible is known the more intelligently will it be appreciated and honoured.

(3.) The last objection under this head requiring to be looked at is that which asserts that it is not the duty of the State to interfere or meddle with religion at all. The secular power rests, it is argued, upon force, but conscience will not yield to compulsion. To compel anyone to become religious by force is not only wrong in itself, but inconsistent and practically impossible. To teach the Bible in State schools is an attempt to teach religion by force, and as this is the very essence of persecution, it ought to be resisted by all who believe in the grand principles of religious liberty. I am proud to acknowledge that all my sympathies and associations and convictions are with those who hold and who advocate such principles. Liberty of conscience and of worship, when rightly understood and applied, is the only safeguard against the dangers of ecclesiasticism, to which we are still exposed on every hand. If

the use of the Bible in State schools is inconsistent with religious freedom, I shall cease to complain that it has been excluded from our educational institutions. Without discussing theoretically the true functions of the secular power, or its relations to religion and conscience, it must be obvious to everyone that if it is right for the State to assume the responsibility of educating the youth of this colony, it would be inconsistent to forbid the State the use of the best available means and instruments for that purpose. By all but universal consent, it is acknowledged that the Bible is the very best book you can put into the hands of children. Why, then, is it excluded by the State from its schools? The answer is this, because it is not the proper work of the State to teach religion. But to teach Bible history, and enforce morality by illustrations drawn from the Bible, is not religious instruction in the proper sense of that phrase. The fallacy, therefore, lies in not clearly distinguishing things which differ. The Bible is a secular book, as well as a sacred one, and it can be taught from largely without coming by a long way within the domain of conscience, or of religious dogmas. Who has any right to be offended with the story of Joseph in Egypt, or the conquest of Palestine by Joshua? The parable of the Good Samaritan has an important moral lesson for all time; and while the Government should exclude the element of force from its educational sphere as much as possible, it would not be justified in weakening its own appliances by an over sensitiveness in dealings with the adherents of any religion whose creed is not consistent with the common principles of humanity. The introduction of the Bible into our State schools would, therefore, be no violation of the principles of religious liberty, while its exclusion is a cruel wrong to the children attending our State schools. Long ago, the ecclesiastical authorities burned the Bible, and did all they could to prevent its circulation amongst the common people. History repeats itself. The opposition to the Bible in State schools is partly made by those who are afraid to trust this book in the hands of the secular power, to be used for secular purposes. Let it be liberated, then, from such bonds, and let it go out into the world as a history amongst histories, as poetry amongst poems, as morals amongst the ethical teachings of mankind, as a book amongst books: it will fight its own battles and win its own victories by the force of its life and splendour of its genius.

The objections that spring directly from the political sphere are neither so numerous nor so formidable as those we have just

considered. The exclusion of the Bible from State schools is vindicated by our public men mainly as a political necessity. It is generally admitted that if the state of public opinion were less divided than it is, the introduction of the Bible into our schools might be effected, not only without difficulty, but with considerable advantage to all classes. It is said, again and again, that the secularism of the present system was forced upon Parliament by the divided state of religious opinion amongst the churches at the time the Act was passed. It is also very extensively believed that these differences are as numerous and perplexing as ever. Besides, it is affirmed that as the Catholics are demanding a separate grant for their own school, and are thus seeking to undermine our national system at its strongest point, it would be dangerous and impolitic in the extreme to amend the law in any way, at present, that would be likely to increase its foes, or divide its friends. It is said also that the Constitutional question is just now before the country, and no other question, however important in itself, should be allowed to complicate the decision of the country at the next general election. All of which arguments I acknowledge to have considerable force in them; but I do not intend to discuss them here. I have only one word to say: namely, to protest against our educational system being made a question of party politics at all. Into this arena it should never have been dragged. It was perhaps inevitable, but nevertheless it is very unfortunate, for the baneful influences of such degradation are already beginning to manifest themselves on every hand. It is the theory of our Constitution that judges and magistrates are not influenced in their decisions by public clamour or political partisanship. The professors and lecturers at our University are not supposed to be either the friends or the foes of the Ministry of the day. They are expected to do their duty in the lofty position to which they have been raised with candour and impartiality. So also should our education system be far removed from the wrangling and contentions of popular politics. It is a kind of profanation to turn the school-ground into a battle-field of political warfare. A truly national system of education is almost impossible, unless we all agree to sink our differences, and our sectarian prejudices, and unite on the broad basis of a common citizenship. It may be difficult to understand what that basis is, and give expression to it in the form of law; but it is not impossible.

Our present Act contains the germ of this fuller and more comprehensive system. To administer it with fairness and

efficiency; to save it from the extravagances of its political friends, and the direct attacks of its political foes; fearlessly to maintain its real secular character without excluding the secular elements in religious history; and to penetrate the whole with a pure and lofty morality, require administrative ability of a very high order;—but to complete the superstructure on the foundation already laid, to raise our educational system above party, and make it truly national, to increase to the utmost extent its efficiency, and to give it a deep hold upon the grateful affections of the whole people, demand the highest order of statesmanship. It will be a happy day for Victoria when there will be no lack of such talents amongst her legislators.

A. GOSMAN.

### *THE PLÉBISCITE IN DEFENCE.*

IN pleading for a measure of organic reform, such as that which the Liberals of Victoria propose to apply to the Constitution, it falls within the argument to show that they do not contemplate any very serious violence to the traditions, the instincts, and the current habits of thought of the race to which they belong. Victorians are still Englishmen, and the knowledge that a Liberal in Victoria is not by any means so far in advance of a Liberal in Middlesex as he is sometimes represented to be, should help to modify the suspicion that is entertained of his designs. If he had been a Parisian of the Commune, he could not have been accused in a stronger language of holding doctrines more subversive of the institutions of society; nor could the Government which he has placed in office have been more bitterly assailed if they had decreed, in the spirit of Jack Cade, to hang every man who could write his name, and to make it felony to drink small beer. And why has all this feculent abuse been showered upon him? Simply, because he has been driven to the conclusion that the presence of a second chamber of the Legislature, which represents the propertied class exclusively, and which, through the veto given to it by the Constitution, has been able to throw out measure after measure affecting that class, is inimical to the interests of the bulk of the community. This is his offence; yet, if there is anything revolutionary and non-English in his conduct, all I can say is his countrymen at home are equally liable to the imputation. The House of Lords has come into collision on more than one signal occasion during the last fifty years with the House of Commons and the nation; and whenever it has done so, I do not find that its venerable history or the grandeur of its associations have saved it from criticism as sharp, incisive, and threatening as anything that has been said of the Victorian Upper House. I do not refer to the violent language that was addressed to it by violent men during the

agitation of surpassing violence in which the Reform Bill of 1832 was carried. Macaulay will hardly be considered a violent man, and the Irish Church Bill of 1833 was anything but a measure designed to affect the *prestige* of the English peerage. The Lords nevertheless kept it long in suspense before they would agree to it, and in a letter to Hannah Moore, what are the reflections of Macaulay on their obstructiveness? "It is enough to make the most strenuous royalist lean a little to republicanism . . . though, after all, what is it to me if these fools of Lords are resolved to perish and to drag down the King to perish with them in the ruins which they themselves have made?" In 1835 another piece of legislation on an Irish grievance, namely, the Irish Tithe Bill, was sent to the House of Lords, and was so mutilated that the Commons would have nothing more to do with it. Macaulay notices the event for the benefit of another correspondent, in these few significant words, "The Lords are rendering the only great service I ever expected them to surrender to the nation—that is to say, in hastening the day of reckoning." Three years pass, and the omens thicken. "I am quite certain," he writes in a letter from India, "that in a few years the House of Lords must go after old Sarum and Gutton. What is now occurring, is mere skirmishing and manœuvring between two general actions. It seems to be of little consequence to the final result how these operations turn out. When the grand battle comes to be fought, I have no doubt about the event."\* If we take the opinions of men of more extreme views, we get language more extreme still. With what candour the House of Lords is being told of its faults every time that it gives an opportunity, and how greedily every opportunity is seized upon, is known to every student of current political literature. "The House of Lords," predicts Mr. Frederick Harrison in the *Fortnightly Review* (1866), "is one of the many causes of the deadlock which seems destined to be the ignoble end of Parliamentary Government." Goldwin Smith, in the same periodical, opens his mouth yet more boldly: "The citadel of class government is the House of Lords; directly, by its legislative veto, and indirectly by its political and social influence, the House of Lords prevents the public good from being the paramount object of legislation. It is an institution which has long outlived its use, and has for centuries been an incubus upon the nation;" and he proceeds to enlarge upon its selfishness and obstructiveness by giving a list of the liberal measures it has rejected or opposed, such

\* "Life and Letters," vol. I., pp. 301, 440; vol. II., p. 57.

as Catholic emancipation, the abolition of tests, the abolition of the slave trade, the Irish Church Bill, the Irish Land Bill, the ballot, the abolition of purchase in the army, and so on; exactly in the style of Mr. Francis when from his place in the Victorian Assembly, he formally declared that "legislation will be impracticable as long as the Council continues to deal with measures of public policy on the assumption that it represents only one class of the community," and backed up his declaration by enumerating the Mining on Private Property Bill, the bill for amending the land law, and bills to amend the law relating to fencing and impounding, among the measures in question. (*Hansard*, September, 1873.)

But it may be said, that the *Fortnightly Reviewers* of the type referred to are visionaries and theorists—men who go to work to build up and pull down constitutions in the spirit of French *philosophes* of the eighteenth century, rather than of practical work-a-day English politicians of the nineteenth. I suppose the remark will hardly apply to the writers in the daily newspapers, who, from the very nature of their training and business, have neither time nor encouragement to indulge in airy speculations. In 1869 the Lords rejected the Abolition of University Tests Bills, and what did the newspapers say of the circumstance? The *Spectator* saw in it "another proof that it is simply impossible for the nation to get along with the Upper House as that House is at present constituted. Change there must be, if the machine is to go on at all." The *Economist* admonishes them still more forcibly of the abuse of their power, and gives several reasons why they will not be "let down" so easily as they were in 1832: "The democratic movement of to-day is in the hands of men with democratic sympathies, whereas that of 1832 was ruled by men of aristocratic sympathies, and, therefore, this time is more dangerous to the peers than 1832." In 1871 the Lords, in spite of the warning, treated the Abolition of Purchase in the Army Bill as they had treated the Abolition of Tests Bill; and the same papers take up the parable once more. Says the *Economist*: "The Lords are playing the game of those who hate hereditary rank as no one else can play it. Large repeated majorities in the Lower House must rule. If they throw out the bill again, it will be sent up in a month or two just as it is, and then it must be either rejected again or—*more peers made*. To expect two Houses to govern on equal terms is like trying to govern a university by two concurrent assemblies, one of undergraduates, the other of heads of houses." The *Spectator* sees

nothing for it but the same remedy—"the plan suggested in 1832"—(*a creation of peers*): "If the scenes of the last fortnight were to recur frequently, English statesmen and English electors will have to face a question almost as great as that which was decided in 1688. The veto of the Lords may prove as incompatible with self-government as the veto of the Crown; and, like it, may be laid by as an instrument of government inconsistent with the necessities of the age." The *Scotsman* adds:—"As it is necessary when two men ride on horseback one must ride behind, the question comes, whether in this case precedence shall be taken by a majority in the House of Lords or by the Queen's Ministers and the House of Commons. The question is, whether the House of Lords shall be allowed simply to veto the plans of the other authorities and powers without contributing to the progress of the admittedly necessary work." "Will the nation stand it?" exclaims the *Manchester Examiner*; "will constituencies look calmly on while the labours of their representatives are nullified by a vote of the hereditary Chamber?" "There can be no mistake about the character of the crisis," continues the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* in the same strain; "the moment any power or any order in England assumes the air of a despot, its end is near. The country was willing that the Lords should retain a share of political power; but they claim a monopoly. It is simply intolerable that all useful legislation should be paralysed by the obstructiveness of the Upper House." The *Daily News* is even ready with a radical remedy for the evil: "Nothing probably would be more really useful than to decide that any conclusion which a certain majority of the House of Commons (say three-fifths or two-thirds) should come to deliberately and repeatedly, should be passed, notwithstanding the House of Lords, and as it were, over their heads.\* It may be said that we have already such a means; that *new peers could be created by the Crown of the requisite opinions*. What is wanted is a simple well-known easy mode of superseding the Lords in specified cases."

I could go on multiplying opinions to the same effect, but I do not know that there is any necessity. They are the

\* It is an instructive comment upon the present attitude of the Conservatives, that a Conservative Ex-Chief Secretary, Mr. M'Pherson, as late as June, 1874, recommended the same summary process:—"In the case of a measure submitted to the people at a general election, and approved by an absolute majority of the Assembly, I would remove the power of veto from the Council. I would send the measure up to that House as law." And yet Mr. M'Pherson, I suppose, now unites with his friends in opposing the *plebiscite*.

opinions of English representative men and English representative organs, and I have quoted them for the purpose of showing that in no sense are they less extravagant or less extravagantly put forward than those which have been uttered under the same circumstances and on the same side of the question among ourselves. The parallelism is, to the observant mind, a very curious and instructive one. It puts in a very interesting light, the element of contemporaneousness which characterises the progress and development of institutions and ideas—the same problems concurring simultaneously in communities as wide as the poles asunder, organised on a different social basis, and having nothing in common but the common character of the race. Of course, the key to the movement is the presence of the common abuse against which it is directed, and the consequent impulse to get rid of it. In almost every English-speaking society under English rule, where there is a second Chamber having the same powers as the House of Lords, there is a feeling of irritation and discontent with it. So marked is this feeling, that it is quite possible to philosophise upon it, and to say that it represents the second stage in the progress of the democratic sentiment, the first having been reached when the influence of the Crown on the government of the country was reduced to its minimum by the accession of a young and inexperienced female sovereign. The veto of the Crown being practically abolished, the work that remains for political reformers is either to abolish the veto enjoyed by the second branch in the Legislature, or to bring it into harmony with the maxim, that authority cannot be divided, that it must rest somewhere, and that it cannot rest with two bodies who claim to be co-ordinate, and one of which claims at the same time to be a check upon the other. The age is a rationalistic one. Men are getting logical; that is to say, they are bringing the logical sense to bear upon their institutions as well as upon their creeds. Three persons can no longer co-exist, “united yet divided,” in either the political or the religious firmament. When two authorities are up, as Shakespeare puts it, confusion must come in. We may mumble the old formula of King, Lords, and Commons, but we are unitarians at heart; and I think I have shown that a Liberal in Victoria does no more than follow the example of Liberals in Middlesex when he makes the confession, and that the confession ought not to be charged to him for a crime unless what is flat blasphemy in him is to be ruled as only choleric in them.

De Tocqueville, writing to a friend in London in 1835, lets drop the following observation:—"They say the Reform Bill has completely altered the spirit of the British Constitution. Formerly the actual government resided in the House of Lords; the Commons followed in the wake of the high aristocracy. This is all to be changed. The Commons are to govern; the Lords may take part in public affairs." As I have shown, subsequent events have not altogether justified the remark; but no doubt the spirit in which it was conceived was correct enough, namely, that every change which multiplies the number of people who are entitled to have a voice in the management of their affairs weakens *pro tanto* the effective resistance that can be offered them by an opposing body.

It is on this principle that the *plébiscite* is recommended as a remedy against the obstructiveness of the Upper House in Victoria. Its advocates propose to give the people more frequent opportunities of interfering in the act of making their laws, and, at the same time, to furnish them with a very simple means of overriding the opposition of those who would prevent their laws from being made. The bill is not yet passed, and therefore it is impossible to say what shape the *plébiscite* will take; but whatever it is, it will make the people practically the umpire in any quarrel that may take place between the two Houses over a measure of legislation, by causing the measure to be remitted for their Yes or No. Of course, this is an innovation upon the existing system, and it is not surprising that the Conservatives are found to condemn it in the strongest language, and to predict the most disastrous consequences, just as they have predicted the downfall of England every time a liberal idea managed, after a hard struggle, to find its way into the statute-book. When the Reform Bill of 1867 was carried, for example, and still more signally, when the ballot was made law, the same people raised the cry that the House of Commons would be overrun with working men, whose business it would be to proclaim Mr. Bright the first president of the new republic of Great Britain. Yet, what has happened? Only a single working men's candidate has ever been able to get the *entrée* into Westminster, and his presence there has not prevented a Conservative Government from holding office to the exclusion of the Liberal party, and from bringing the *personnel* of the Crown more prominently on the public stage than it has been brought since Pitt used to go on his knees, by the bedside of his sovereign, to read his

despatches to him. The prophets of woe always come out from their hiding places upon these occasions, because prophecy is a very easy substitute for argument, and it is far less trouble to frighten people than to convince them. They seem to have had a fine time of it, for example, when the first Reform Bill was being discussed in the House of Commons, that is to say, if we may judge from the retorts of men like Macaulay, who does very little more than laugh at them in reply.\* But a serious reply is not difficult. Before the people will abuse the *plébiscite*, it must be their interest to do so; and to say that it will always be their interest to do so, is to say that they will never be able to distinguish between a bad law and a good one, or that they will always prefer bad laws to good. Men never carry out their principles in full. They are always more liberal than their institutions; just, as Emerson remarks, they are always better than their creeds. In England, the Crown has the power to veto bills and to dismiss Ministers, but the power is not used; because the reflection is always present that if it were used once, the good sense of the nation would abolish it immediately. In the same way, if the people had the right of saying yes! or no! to any bill that may be submitted to them by the two Houses of the Legislature, in accordance with the new Constitution, I am entitled to conclude that they would never desire to exercise that right in excess of the constitutional limits. Indeed, it is very characteristic of the temper which the objectors bring to the discussion, that while they pretend to foresee that the *plébiscite* will be abused in this way, they urge in the very same breath that the people will be too apathetic to make use of it at all. Throughout, the repugnance to the *plébiscite* is based on the assumption that it is to become part and parcel of the ordinary machinery of the State; whereas its exceptional character is specially stated, and it can be employed only in extraordinary emergencies. But it is replied that an unscrupulous Government will find a means of forcing the Council to appeal to the electors, by sending it up extreme measures that it will not consent to pass of its own accord. The idea still is, that extreme measures will always be popular, and that the electors will be as unscrupulous as the Government. Of course the contingency is possible; but the question we have to consider is,

\* "We have had described for us the future borough members as so many Marats and Santerres, low, fierce, and desperate men, who will try to turn the monarchy into a republic—mere agitators without honour, without sense, without education."—"Speeches," p. 34.

is it probable? John Stuart Mill remarks, "all the three governing powers in the Constitution can make the machine come to a standstill;" but do they? And if they do not, what prevents them but the consciousness that it is their interest not to do it? The laws of a community at any particular time represent the public opinion of that community. They are the transcript of the public conscience, and cannot be otherwise. If the public conscience is depraved, the laws will be bad. Before the objectors to the *plébiscite* can persuade me that the next Victorian generation will pass laws for confiscating their neighbours' property, and repudiating the national debt, they must first convince me that it is the tendency in modern societies to grow wicked and more stupid, and to encourage disorganisation for disorganisation's sake. Their task is rendered all the more difficult in the present case, because I am dealing with a society of which every member is being educated by the national school-master at the national expense.

There are two kinds of objections which most changes from the old paths have to encounter, the one sentimental and the other rationalistic. Of the former kind is the argument, that the *plébiscite* is not to be found in the British Constitution, and is alien to it. When I am reminded that this or that proposal is not in harmony with the theory of the Constitution, my natural impulse is to ask whether the Constitution is itself in harmony with the character and wants of the people for whom it is provided. A Constitution that gives an unchallengeable veto to a House that represents a small class in society: strikes me as an anomaly more glaring than any remedy that could be provided for it. Such a Constitution is framed on the principle that the weakest power in the community ought to be the preponderant power in the government, and I need not stop to point out how such a principle is completely at variance with the democratic idea, namely, that political power is the property of the many, and not of the few. As a matter of course the *plébiscite* is new to the British Constitution; but I should like to inquire of its opponents, how many things that were new to the British Constitution fifty years ago, are not incorporated in it to-day, and how many more will not be engrafted upon it the day after to-morrow? No one can look into a current history of the time without feeling that the notion of finality must be excluded from the consideration of politics, that Constitutions are merely means to an end to be valued only as they accommodate themselves to the aims of society, and that the British Constitution in particular is in

a state of flux from which no one can say in what form it will emerge next.

It does not strengthen their place in the argument very much, that the objectors to the *plébiscite* on English constitutional grounds should have brought forward a scheme of reform of their own which does even still greater violence to what they seem to like to call "the old modes of procedure." I allude to the project for the concurrent dissolution of both Houses, and the taking of the joint vote of both, in case the first process should fail to settle the difference between them. Now the *plébiscite* is really nothing more than an extension of the representative idea. It proceeds on the theory that the representative is the agent of whom the elector is the principal; and it is carried out every time that an appeal is made to the electors. On the other hand, the dissolution of both Houses is opposed to the theory of their constitutional relations. According to that theory, the Upper Chamber cannot by an adverse vote dissolve the Lower; and the reason is obvious. A measure cannot come before the Upper Chamber unless it has been passed by a majority in the Lower; and it follows, therefore, that the power given to the Upper Chamber to dissolve the Lower, is nothing less than the power to affirm that a Government which commands the support of the representatives of the people does not enjoy the confidence of the people themselves. The joint-vote project offends in the same way; whenever a vote is carried against the majority of the Assembly by the union of the minority in that body with the majority of the Council, it would be defiance of the principle that the majority in the Assembly represents the popular majority outside. I look upon the double dissolution proposal as utterly unscientific and unmanageable. It would not necessarily settle a dispute between the Chambers, because the Chambers might be returned by their respective constituents to carry on the conflict. So satisfied am I of the danger of this contingency, that I would be willing to avert it by consenting to have the Assembly alone dissolved, if there was no other way out of the difficulty. The Upper House might possibly refuse to abide by the verdict of public opinion if it were unfavourable; but, at any rate, it would not be able to point to a public opinion of its own to justify it. The advantage of the *plébiscite* as compared with the scheme referred to, is that it produces the maximum of effect with the minimum of disturbance. It leaves us to work our existing machinery as it is, while it can be fitted on to it, and brought into action the moment that machinery comes to a deadlock.

When it is objected that the *plébiscite* is not to be found in the British Constitution, the objectors overlook the fact that the British Constitution, nevertheless, is furnished with an expedient that does exactly what the *plébiscite* is intended to do. It has in the power given to the leaders of the House of Commons to swamp opposition in the House of Lords by the creation of peers, what has been called a safety valve. "This is a safety valve of the truest kind," says Bagehot; "for it enables the popular will to carry within the Constitution desires and conceptions which one branch of the Constitution dislikes and resists." I venture to disagree with Bagehot in his estimate of the merits of the expedient. The creation of peers may have been a useful weapon, but I am satisfied its usefulness is past and gone. It is a weapon that is utterly uncongenial to the spirit of the age, which is rather in favour of abolishing the peerage than of increasing the number of peers. When Mr. Gladstone carried his bill for the abolition of purchase in the army by recommending the Queen to issue the Royal warrant instead of to create peers, he was really paying obeisance to this spirit—the spirit of a more advanced democratic generation that has lost its reverence for "the old modes of procedure." At the same time, it is very clear from history that the creation of peers has been a useful and effective instrument of the Constitution in its day. It will have been seen that it is mentioned, in the references which I have made elsewhere to the opinions of Macaulay and of still later authorities, with becoming gravity and respect, as a practical means of solving a deadlock.\* Every time a collision has threatened between the two chambers, its presence has had a mollifying effect. It has been a living force therefore, and what I desire to point out is, that we have nothing to correspond with it in our own political system. Our Constitution accordingly is not the British Constitution. It is defective in a certain particular in which the British Constitution is most efficient, and which is in fact a source of its efficiency.

The most weighty objection to the proposal to constitute the people the referee in case of a Parliamentary deadlock that I have met with, has come to us from England. A writer in the London

\* As significant of the confidence placed in it by the public, it may be mentioned that on the first rejection of Lord Gray's Reform Bill by the House of Lords in 1832, the Common Council of the City of London met and solemnly resolved that "they who have advised His Majesty to put a negative on the proposal of Ministers to create peers, have proved themselves enemies of the sovereign, and have put in imminent hazard the stability of the throne, and the tranquillity of the country."

*Spectator* insists that "Parliament cannot be made to play a secondary part without ceasing to be Parliament. There must be no power above Parliament, that is, no power actually exercised by living persons. If the *plébiscite* becomes law, people will be perpetually looking forward to a time when, instead of having to choose representatives to manage their affairs for them, they will be called upon to manage their affairs for themselves. It is impossible that this attitude of mind should not in time bring about a very much lower estimate of parliamentary government than exists in England." Now, I can quite enter into the feeling which dictated these sentiments. The reverence for Parliament as an institution, emanating from the people, indeed, but removed from their ken by a wide and impassable social gulf, is natural enough in a community which is debarred from all access to Parliament save once in seven years. In England, Parliament has always been a class institution. In practice, it has never represented the nation, but only a small and property-qualified section of it. To the English mind, therefore, the proposal to bring the vote of the nation to bear upon its proceedings, even in exceptional cases, has an undignified and even paradoxical sound. An Englishman—that is, say, an Englishman of the type for whom the *Spectator* writes—has no objection to call in the aid of the Sovereign to make the two Houses workable, but he revolts against the notion of a popular *referendum*. The Queen is a living person, and becomes a power above Parliament when she consents to create peers for the purpose of expediting the making of law; but the *Spectator* sees no indignity in allowing the Queen to interfere. The authority and the reputation of Parliament only suffer when, in place of appealing to the Queen, we appeal to the people.†

It is scarcely necessary to say that this distinction can find no sympathy in a democracy where manhood suffrage prevails, and every adult male is an elector, and has the right of choosing his own representative. Between the representative and the elector there is no such social distance intervening as there is in an

† Even in England this feeling is rapidly yielding to a broader and more liberal view of the relations of the people to Parliament. We are perpetually having examples of even Conservative statesmen exhibiting a readiness, and occasionally an anxiety, to take the public into their confidence. They justify themselves in letters to the press exactly as they justify themselves in their parliamentary speeches, and apparently without the slightest apprehension that they "debase the nature of their seats" by doing so. Only a fortnight ago we learned that Lord Salisbury replied to the Duke of Argyll in this way. And what is this but movement in a plebiscitary direction?

aristocratic country. The representative is necessarily chosen from the people, and he is distinguished neither by superior talents, a higher average of culture, or a greater business ability. It may be a misfortune that it is so, but so it is; and as long as it is so the governing body of which he is a unit will be surrounded with no special glamour in the eyes of the governed. All that they will require of him is that he shall conform to the rules which parliamentary procedure has designed for his good behaviour and take his instructions from them for the rest.

The anti-plebiscitists say that this is to reduce him to a mere delegate, and that his constituents cannot probably know so much about law-making or about the drift and consequences of a law as he does. "How can a man who follows the plough understand a question of finance," is the question which is most in their mouths. But is it not clear as noonday that the question strikes at the root, not of the *plébiscite* only, but of representative government itself? How many of Earl Beaconsfield's enfranchised lodgers, to whom he will shortly appeal, know anything of the designs of Russia in Asia, or of the destiny of Turkey in Europe? The truth is, such questions are based upon ideas and not upon realities. In theory every voter is supposed to have an intelligent reason for giving his vote; but in practice not one man in a dozen realises the full consequences of his act. Parliamentary government is a case of follow-the-leader. One man overtops the crowd, and the crowd follow with sheep-like docility. If the people had the right of saying yes! or no! to a law to-morrow, they would do exactly as they do when they are called upon to choose the lawmaker, namely, be guided by the aggregate opinion of their party. Whether the aggregate opinion of their party shall be sound or unsound will depend upon how it has been educated. In these days the means of political education cover the earth. Parliament and the Press are the two great educators. To my mind, in arguing on behalf of the *plébiscite*, the importance of the Press as a new factor in the modern political system has not had sufficient weight given to it. All that the *Spectator* apprehends from the action of the *plébiscite*, upon the authority and independence of Parliament, has already been brought about by the Press. The representative has been overshadowed by the Genius of publicity that presides over him in the reporters' gallery. The presence of the Press in Parliament has made people feel, in the words of the *Spectator*, that there is a power greater than Parliament, and which really overshadows it. It has brought

his constituents into the House to sit beside the representative, to watch his deliberations, and to check his votes. What the *plébiscite* will do will only be to give them the opportunity of voting with him in the minority or in the majority on certain set occasions. The reasoning of the *Spectator* about the undivided authority and the awful sanctity of Parliament, applies to the Parliaments of our forefathers, which constituted literally the sole organ of the people, and in which alone the will of a section of the people was embodied; but it is not applicable to the popular assemblies which represent the entire male population in a country, and which transact all their legislation in the newspapers, and only put it into legal form under the guidance of the Speaker. I admit there is nothing in Mill's works to indicate that he would be in favour of the *referendum* to the people, even in the restricted shape proposed by the Liberal party in Victoria; but there is a passage in his writings, which, nevertheless, seems to me to put the case for the *referendum* in a nutshell. "The newspapers and the railroads," he says, "are solving the problem of bringing the democracy of England to vote like that of Athens, simultaneously in one *agora*."\* The same idea recurs in another form in his "Representative Government." "The newspaper accustoms the people not only to judge of particular facts, but to understand, and apply, and to feel practically the value of principles." Under the action of this new educational agent, a change must inevitably take place in the relations of the representative and his constituents, or, in other words, in the attitude of mind which the people bring to the estimation of their institutions, and of Parliament among their number. They will get over that pedantic reverence for the institution which obtains among less cultivated populaces, and which sacrifices the end to the means.

I will not prolong the discussion for the sake of answering the objection that the *plébiscite* was used or abused by Napoleon to consolidate Imperialism, and that it is more French than English. It is more Swiss than French, and more republican than imperial. But apart from this, its character will always be determined by the character of the people who employ it. "A government will be as rascally as the people like it to be," is one of De Tocqueville's happiest generalisations. A community which has been demoralised by centuries of serfdom, and still further demoralised by the shock of suddenly acquired liberty—swaying between liberty and license,

\* "Dissertations and Discussions," vol. i, p. 19.

and tossed about from one tyrant to another, from the tyranny of the despot to the tyranny of the mob, is not qualified to handle the instruments of the Constitution so well as a people who have been for generations reared in the unexciting enjoyment of a sober-suited freedom that has broadened slowly down from precedent to precedent. If the *plébiscite* is condemned because Napoleon had recourse to it, I do not see how the ballot is to escape judgment on the same ground.

In conclusion, I cannot help remarking that one effect of the Reform agitation in Victoria has been to extort the acknowledgment from the Conservatives, that reform is needed. This is a decided advance upon the position assumed by the party ten or a dozen years ago, during the first deadlock. Nor do I blame them for the change. It is a change in which I for one participate. Ten years ago there was no evidence to show that the first deadlock would not have been the last, and that the lessons conveyed on that occasion would not be useful for all time to both parties. Everybody might reasonably have hoped that both parties would have seen the necessity for forbearance and concession, if the Constitution was to be preserved intact. The Upper House, especially, might have been expected to lay the warning to heart, because in England, and all over the world, the rights of Upper Houses have been much in question. I do not say that the Upper House has always been the aggressor, when it rejected the successive bills of the Lower. But resistance may be as blameworthy as attack, and what has lost the Upper House so many of its former friends, and made reform of the Constitution necessary, and the *plébiscite* popular, is that it did not know when to give over resisting in time.

ARTHUR LLOYD WINDSOR.

*CIVILISATION WITHOUT DELUSION:  
A REPLY.*

IN attempting an answer to the paper of Mr. Marcus Clarke, entitled "Civilisation without Delusion," I am met by several inconvenient peculiarities of treatment. First, the author has not stated his positions in any logical order. Secondly, he has scarcely thought it worth his while to support them by argument. And thirdly, the positions he takes are so extreme that, except by a very small school of atheistic materialists, they are not likely to be defended.

It is not easy, therefore, to throw my answer into a logical form; nor even were this possible, would any reply to Mr. Clarke be accepted as a sufficient reply to the latest form of sceptical objection. In order to diminish these inconveniences as far as possible, I shall, first, endeavour to state Mr. Clarke's principal positions; and secondly, instead of confining myself to answering his objections, I shall endeavour to reply to those existing phases of unbelief, from which they have been hastily, and I fear I must say, carelessly, derived. Mr. Clarke's principal contentions are these:—

(1) Supernatural religion is moribund; and the battle against it as good as over.

(2) This is so, because "with the admission of the argument that miracles have been and are impossible, the claims of all religions founded upon miraculous performances fall to the ground."

(3) All supernatural religions have had a natural origin. Each of them "is the result of the growth of the political life of the nation in which it first appeared."

It may be observed with respect to (1), that ever since the critical attack of the author of "Supernatural Religion" was hurled back so rudely by the present Bishop of Durham, sceptics have been beating about for a safer mode of approach. The historical method is too tedious. Since the acceptance by sceptical critics of the greater part of St. Paul's Epistles, it gives too great an advantage to the

defenders of the faith. It is necessary to find "a short and ready method" with the supernatural.

And what so easy, in these circumstances, as to make-believe that the discussion is over; that Christianity is an exploded superstition, that the Church is an interesting, but melancholy survival; and that what remains is to put it out of its pain with as little violence as possible, to give it decent burial, and to pronounce over its grave an *éloge* so tenderly poetical that it shall soothe the feelings of any possible mourners. This of course can easily be done on the supposition that the Church is dead. For "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*"

But what if the Church refuses to be buried? What if by a thousand streams of influence, and ten thousand works of beneficence, she proves that she is alive,—and the most potent living thing, moreover, in this world and century? She may resist interment—and what is to be done with her then? Clearly, in that case, seeing that the age is past in which the burial of the living was tolerated—you must at least kill her, before you put her in the tomb. But how then?—with what weapon? What is the short and easy method of despatch?

Oh! since she is built upon miracles, deny that a miracle is possible, and so at a single stroke you get rid of her and her story. This is accordingly what Mr. Clarke has done. But then, unfortunately for him, this has become by this time a somewhat stale device, and one, moreover, which has been already abandoned by the craftiest combatants on our author's own side; because they have clearly perceived that no man can prove a miracle to be impossible. For, what do we mean by a miracle? we mean simply an occurrence within the realm of nature, which transcends the power of man, and cannot be accounted for by any of the laws of nature with which we are acquainted. To say, as Hume does, that such an occurrence is "a violation of the laws of nature," is to assume that we are acquainted with all the rules of natural action, and can pronounce magisterially that the fact in question can be ranged under none of them:—an assumption which is clearly fallacious. The utmost that can be said is, that when a given occurrence is the product of mechanical forces, we are led by the analogy of nature to suppose that those forces operated according to *some* law. Introduce, however, the action of human volition, and even this modest statement must consent to submit to further limitation. As J. S. Mill puts it, "human volition is constantly modifying natural phenomena, not by violating their laws, but by using their laws."

It is related, for instance, by Mr. Whymper, that when he reached the summit of the Matterhorn, on the occasion of its first ascent, he saw a party, led by Professor Tyndall, returning from an unsuccessful attempt to scale the same summit. Being determined that they should be aware of his good fortune, he took up large fragments of rock, and sent them thundering down the mountain, among the snows of which they gathered small avalanches, finally coming to rest, with their snowy burden, in places which they could never have reached, but for the interference of human volition. Here is an illustration of the *use* of natural laws. It was muscular contraction which gave the stones their direction and initial velocity; it was the force of gravity which sped them on their way; and it was the resistance of impact and friction which brought them to rest. But what was the force which called all these natural energies into play, employing them to produce a result, different from that which would have been produced in the ordinary course of nature? It was the volition of Mr. Whymper. As Professor Noah Porter has shown, the effort of Professor Tyndall to reduce volition to a mere step in a chain of physical sequences has been an entire failure. Professor Tyndall imagines a merchant thrown into a state of intense alarm and activity by a disquieting telegram. He then asks, "What caused the merchant to spring out of his chair? The contraction of his muscles. What made his muscles contract? An impulse of the nerves, which lifted the proper latch and liberated the muscular power. Whence this impulse? From the centre of the nervous system. But how did it originate there? This is the critical question."

It is indeed; and how does Professor Tyndall answer it? By assuming that the action was caused by the impact of the undulating light upon the retina, "which in its turn imparts another impact to *something* causing terror, which in its turn, by another stroke, is transformed into hope, till at last the latch is lifted and the muscular power is set free." Who can see anything approaching to an explanation in a set of gratuitous assumptions like these? What is there in the blow of a wave upon a material substance to create a state of consciousness? The two things have no common term or state to connect them.

All that Professor Tyndall can suggest is, that the effect of the wave-stroke on the retina operates on something which transmutes it into the state of consciousness we call fear. But of what nature is that something? and how is the effect of a blow transformed into

a state of consciousness? The explanation explains nothing, except the hopelessness of reducing mental phenomena to the links in a chain of mere physical sequences. Such attempts will always be wrecked against the common experience of mankind. Our consciousness affirms with a confidence which nothing can shake, that the 'Ego' which remembers, thinks, feels, and determines, is something more than the nervous battery which it uses. With the admirable candour which distinguishes him, Professor Tyndall, no longer ago than last autumn, recognised in the *Nineteenth Century* the grave difficulty which beset his theory. "When we endeavour to pass," says he, "from the phenomena of physics to those of thought, we meet a problem which transcends any conceivable expansion of the powers which we now possess."

But this being so—human volition being something more than a form of physical force, and having the power to produce effects outside the series of mere physical sequences—why are we forbidden to suppose that, when fitting occasion arises, the Divine will may intervene, to produce, in accordance with natural laws, effects which transcend the power of man, and could not be evolved in the ordinary course of nature? It does not help the sceptic to urge that will is always determined by motive, for the origin of motive is at least as obscure as that of will. Besides, as that pre-eminently calm and fair reasoner, J. S. Mill, has admitted, if you think by the union of will and motive to bring human volition under the dominion of law, you must admit that the exertion of the Divine volition is consistent with the existence of law, "since we cannot but suppose the Deity in every one of his acts to be determined by motives."

If, then, there be a God, his extraordinary interference at critical periods of human history cannot be said to be impossible. Mr. Mill concedes this, almost in so many words. "Once admit a God," says he, "and the production by his direct volition of an effect which in any case owed its origin to his creative will . . . must be reckoned with as a serious possibility." As Mr. Clarke, however, thinks that there is no God but one "made out of ideas," whom it is "foolish to worship," in our further examination of his principal position that "miracles are impossible," we must inquire whether (1) in Nature and (2) in man we find unequivocal intimations of the existence of a God.

In considering the first division of this question, we must be careful neither to fall into the ambiguity of Paley, nor into the

fallacy of Hume. Paley, at great length and with admirable lucidity of statement and illustration, proves that there are marks of what he calls design in nature, arguing thence that since design implies a designer, there must have been a Designer of Nature. It has been fairly objected to this argument that, in using the word "design," he begs the whole question, for the very word *design* implies already some conceiving mind. Let us then state the argument in a form which shall be unexceptionable.

Whenever the human mind discovers a combination or collocation of phenomena, which by their united action tend towards a definite result, it intuitively pronounces that such a combination is the work of intelligence. Seeing then, that in nature we find innumerable instances of such combinations, we conclude instinctively and inevitably that natural phenomena are the work of intelligence. In this argument Hume would have objected to the use of the word "intuitively." He urged that while we rightly inferred purpose from marks of adaptation in objects which we knew from experience to be the works of man; we had no warrant for drawing the same inference in respect to objects of the origin of which we had no experience. The fallacy of this objection consists in the assumption that our inference of purpose from marks of adaptation is only justified by experience. As a matter of fact, it does not arise from experience at all, but is an intuitive conclusion of the mind. As Dr. Thompson has well put it,—“In the gravel beds of the Somme were picked up at first a few flint stones bearing rude marks of having been shaped for use. No human remains were associated with them. The beds in which they lay were hitherto supposed to antedate the appearance of man. Yet those shapen flints produced in every observer the instantaneous conviction that man was there at the period of this formation.” There was no need of such experience as Hume requires; no need of any knowledge that human beings had ever formed such implements. There were marks upon the flints of adaptation to some use; therefore they had been shaped by intelligent purpose. The marks were not such as could be accounted for by any natural process, or by the action of any inferior animal; therefore the intelligence which had shaped them was human.

Take, again, the marks of adaptation to be found in the works of the ant or the bee. We have no experience in this case of the nature of what used to be roughly called the instinct from which such works proceeded. But we must all remember how in earlier

days our intuitive inference of intelligence from adaptation struggled against an arbitrary theory of the nature of animals: while now we see that the struggle has been successful, and that by most instructed persons intelligence is conceded to creatures which are capable of such works. No doubt the uniformity of the design in such work, and the absence in it of any sign of improvement in successive generations, betoken a low order of intelligence; but intelligence it still certainly is.

If, therefore, the conclusion that adaptation means intelligent purpose, be as clearly intuitive, as that other conclusion "every change implies a cause," then it is not less applicable to the works of nature than to the works of man. Who, indeed, can examine such combinations of means, as those employed to secure the circulation of the blood, or to produce the vision of external objects, without perceiving at once the marks of adaptation to a definite end. Were one of those means absent, or combined with the others in the way of a less delicate and perfect co-operation, the end would not be reached. It is impossible for a healthy mind to contemplate such adaptations without instinctively assuming that they are the product of an intelligent purpose.

How is Professor Tyndall himself obliged to speak of that triple complexity, by which, through the constitution of light, the molecular structure of bodies, and the peculiar organisation of the human eye and brain, we get our sensation of light and colour? "Whence," he asks, "this triple complexity? If what are called material purposes were the only end to be served, a much simpler mechanism would be sufficient. But, instead of simplicity, we have prodigality of relation and *adaptation*, and this apparently for the sole purpose of enabling us to see things robed in the splendour of colour. Would it not seem that nature *harboured the intention* of educating us for other enjoyments than those derivable from meat and drink?"

Now, what is it here which "adapts," which cherishes a "purpose," which "harbours an intention?" That Professor Tyndall conceives of an intelligent *something* behind these phenomena is plain. He calls the something, nature. But this is clearly a mere verbal symbol, a kind of algebraical *x*, standing for the unknown. Does he mean by nature, the whole mass of matter and force which constitutes the universe? If so, what ground have we, even of analogy, for attributing purpose or design, to an aggregation of force and material which is itself the subject of the adaptations which we observe? Purpose, so far as we know it, can only be conveyed by

an intelligent individual, animal or human; and we measure the power of the individual intelligence which conceived such purpose, by the variety and progression of adaptation exhibited in its products.

Following, then, the inevitable suggestions of our own thought, we are impelled to the conclusion that the marks of purpose exhibited in nature denote the action of an individual intelligence, indefinitely wiser and more powerful than man.

It is at this point that science helps us so greatly to clear and enlarge our perceptions of the attributes of the Great Author of Nature. Think first of the increasing richness of variety in natural adaptation, which is being disclosed by the researches of physiologists; think next of the vastly enlarging chain of progression and improvement in natural type, revealed by the long geological succession of vital forms, from the lowest zoophyte up to man.

If we measure the degree of an animal's intelligence by the variety of its products, and its capacity for improvement, what shall we say of the intelligence which linked sun to planet, which sped the light-waves on their way, which bathed the earth with creative warmth and radiance, and which led forth in long succession, and endless exuberance of variety, the vast procession of terrestrial life? That it is one and indivisible, is already suggested by the unity of purpose which runs through all the ages; and still more strikingly by that grandest generalisation of science, the correlation of forces. Once men thought that in heat, they beheld one force, in light another, in electricity another, and others still in chemical and cosmical attractions. But now, as Wallace has strikingly put it—"Light, heat, electricity, magnetism, and probably vitality and gravitation, are believed to be but "modes of motion" of a space-filling ether; and there is not a single manifestation of force, or development of beauty, but is derived from one or other of these." It is *one* force which is thrilling into form throughout all the diversities of natural beauty, one force which complicates itself into the most delicate contrivance of organic structure, and which breaks in glory unspeakable across the splendours of the sunset, or the flushing snows of the Alps. One force!—Let it throb, and the heaven is filled with worlds, and the earth with life. Let it cease, and all space is a desert; worlds are not, life is not, phenomenal existence is at an end. What is this force? We stand here on the outermost edge of the phenomenal; we can almost see through the attenuated veil of sense, we can almost discern the Almighty Hand

of that Great Intelligence, which we have already recognised in the million-fold adaptations of the world.

The theory of evolution appears to be about to undergo important modifications, but the case, it may be observed, is in no wise altered, if we assume that many of these natural adaptations were brought about, by the commonly interpreted method of evolution. For, then, instead of supposing a special exertion of intelligent power at the creation of each species, we have to entertain the majestic conception of the one force of the cosmos operating continuously, by a rule of adaptations, from the beginning of the creation. And this is, if possible, a more wonderful illustration of intelligent purpose than any we have yet reviewed. We observe, for instance, in the history of terrestrial life a tendency of advance in the direction of higher intelligence. Had the advance been in the direction of bodily strength, we might have looked for the permanence of the huge forms of the extinct Saurians, Mastodons, and Mammoths. Had it been in that of bodily beauty, again, we should hardly have expected the survival of many existing organisms. The purpose of nature is obviously an advance in intelligence. Think then, what, on the hypothesis of evolution, was necessary to the attainment of that purpose.

The vital force in distinct species must be so constituted that it tended to produce its like. Again, definite types having been developed, those types must be preserved in their purity in spite of the aberrations of instinct. Nature must forbid the perpetuation of hybrids. Once more, this law of conservation having been established, vital forms must be endowed with a power of minute variation, which, while not interfering with the integrity of type, might, in the course of long ages, produce important deviations of being. And lastly, the environments of life must be in such sort adapted to its changes, that among all the varieties which might arise, they would favour and preserve those especially which tended to an advance in intelligence. To the attainment of this obvious purpose of nature, every one of these conditions is necessary. Omit one of them and the purpose had failed. But if this be so, we have here again, on the hypothesis of evolution, precisely that adaptation of various conditions to the attainment of a definite result, in which we have recognised the marks of intelligent purpose.

We come now to the consideration of another important question—what is the moral character of that All-wise and Almighty Intelligence which reveals itself to us in the adaptations

of nature? Since man is the only moral being with whom we are acquainted, we must seek the answer to this question in the further inquiry, what is the moral character, and what are the moral environments, of man?

In the first place, then, we are disposed to conclude, I think, that the Intelligent Purpose behind phenomena is good, by an examination of our own nature. We find enthroned, at the centre of our being, a magisterial, even royal authority, which we call conscience. No matter how the faculty came into existence, it demonstrably exists. That, again, moral judgments have differed in different ages, and among various races, is no reason for calling in question the existence of a moral sense. When the question before our mind is, whether a particular act be just or pure, education and public opinion may greatly help to determine the answer. But when once that answer has been given; when once it is agreed that a particular action is pure or just, then we are conscious of a peremptory voice within, affirming that it *ought* to be done; that such a line of action is not merely expedient, but obligatory; and that to follow any other course, is not merely foolish but wrong. Whence do we get this power of perceiving a moral *quality* in actions? Whence do we derive the power to say you "ought;" if you do not, you will be "guilty?" To endeavour to resolve this moral imperative into a mere opinion of expediency, is to contradict the universal consciousness of man.

Utilitarian morality, whether in the earlier and baser forms of Benthamism, or in the later and more refined modification of Hartley and Mill, reposes on the fundamental doctrine that the only effective motive of action is a man's regard to his own pleasure. If he consents so far to limit his desires as to seek the greatest happiness of the greatest number, this is only because such a course will, on the whole, bring him more pleasure than if he set himself in opposition to mankind. If again, through the habit of following certain courses of action, such as benevolence or purity, he comes to feel pleasure in those actions themselves, still the formation of the habit was only justifiable (on utilitarian principles), because, on the whole, it would bring him more pleasure than the opposite habit.

Such is utilitarian morality; and it is manifestly opposed to the universal consciousness of mankind. Tell a man that you have pursued a certain course of conduct only because you thought that, on the whole, it would yield most pleasure to yourself, and he will determine at once, without a shadow of doubt, that your action was without merit. The more of selfishness that there is in it, the

less of merit. To say, then, that duty is based on what excludes it, that merit is identical with what contradicts it, is nothing better than a foolish paradox. So it seemed even to Hume. "The final sentence," he says, "which pronounces characters and actions amiable or odious, praiseworthy or blameworthy . . . depends, it is probable, on some internal sense or feeling which nature has made universal in the whole species." And no better proof could be afforded of the unselfishness of this instinct, than the fact, testified by Cicero, that "no Epicurean could avow before a popular audience that the one end of his life was the pursuit of his own happiness, without provoking an outburst of indignation and contempt."

But if there be a faculty in man which affirms that goodness is a duty, and that we are guilty and contemptible in proportion as we refuse to recognise this obligation, then, assuredly, we must conclude that the intelligent purpose which lies behind the phenomenon man, impressed that law on his being; or, in other words, that the Divine Will which constituted the only moral being whom we know, revealed its own nature by compelling conscience to affirm that moral beings are bound to be righteous. As Lecky has said, "Our knowledge of the Supreme Excellence, our best evidence even of the existence of the Creator, is derived, not from the material universe, but from our own moral nature. It is not of reason, but of faith. In other words, it springs from that instinctive or moral nature which is as truly a part of our being as is our reason which teaches us what reason never could teach, the supreme and transcendent excellence of moral good; which, rising dissatisfied above this world of sense, proves itself by the very intensity of its aspiration to be adapted for another sphere, and which constitutes at once the evidence of a divine element within us, and the augury of the future that is before us." Nothing can be more weighty than these words; and yet I cannot deny myself the pleasure of quoting the following from Dr. Carpenter, the veteran physiologist: "The perception of right," he says, "leads us to the Absolute Lawgiver who implanted it in our constitution, and, as has been well remarked, 'all the appeals of innocence against unrighteous force, are appeals to the Eternal Justice, and all the visions of moral purity are glimpses of the Infinite Excellence.'" "To Frederick," says Carlyle, "as to all of us, it was flatly inconceivable that intellect, moral emotion, could have been put into him by an entity that had none of its own." Such is the evidence upon the character of God afforded by our moral nature.

Nor is that a whit less convincing which is derived from our moral environment. Mr. Clarke informs us that it is one of the articles in "the creed of the nineteenth century stripped naked," that "no good deeds can avert misfortune, and no sins call down the vengeance of Heaven;" and that, save in certain cases, when "generally, though not necessarily" unpleasant results may occur, "a bad man may live as happily as a good man." Alas, poor century! If it have no clearer lights than these, wherein is it better than the France before the revolution, or to what better end can it be expected to come? Let its prophets study now and then Carlyle's "French Revolution," and specially let them ponder that prime article of the Chelsea prophet's creed—"The first of all gospels is this, that a lie cannot endure for ever."

And if further it be asked, wherefore? let inquiry be made of Mr. Matthew Arnold, who, taking the lesson from an ancient book, held in sovereign contempt by the prophets of the nineteenth century, will explain that there is visible in history, and in human life, a power, not ourselves, incessantly making for righteousness. What is this force? It is not human, for no human power can overrule or escape it. It is not physical, for it has regard to moral ends, of which in the physical there is no sign. If then it be not human, be not physical, what shall we call it?" "Ha!" exclaims Carlyle, "why do I not name thee God." "Oh, heavens!" is it in very deed *He* then that ever speaks through thee; that lives and loves in thee; that lives and loves in me?" What else can it be, when we find that God's voice within us, bidding us do the right, is echoed by God's voice without us, proclaiming penalty to the wicked, and prosperity to the just? This correspondence between the instinctive decisions of the human conscience, and those cosmical relations which, by their general tendency, ratify them, is as strong a proof as can be afforded that the Author of Nature made man what he is, and made him after his own image, to approve that which is righteous.

No doubt it is precisely in this sphere of moral action, that human life presents its most formidable difficulties. For while we see in nature a paramount tendency to favour that righteousness which the human conscience demands; it seems to us at times, that the ascendancy of righteousness ought to be more quickly and decisively established. We are impatient with the liberty allowed to evil wills, with the ignorance that is permitted to helpless generations. How, we are tempted to ask, can these difficulties be overcome? It

must be obvious at a glance that we are contemplating an order of things which is incomplete and unfinished; an order, therefore, which it is peculiarly difficult to understand. It is here, if anywhere, that Divine help and light are needed; help for man's weak will, and light for man's puzzled understanding. How welcome were such help and light, if only they might be had. Is it inconceivable that they should be given?

We have now reached the point at which this question can be put with understanding. You will remember Mr. Mill's concession, "once admit a God," and the allegation of miracle "must be reckoned with as a serious possibility." I submit that good reason has been shown, not only for the existence of a God, but of a God of infinite power, wisdom and righteousness; of a God, who having ordered all things to favour righteousness, may be expected to come in aid of man's weakness and ignorance, when the interests of righteousness require it. Instead, therefore, of concluding with Mr. Clarke, that miracles are impossible, we are compelled to infer, not only with Mr. Mill that they are possible, but more, that they are probable; and that thus, whatever historical evidence we have for such a miracle as our Lord's Resurrection, must be regarded as evidence for a fact already probable.

Here my answer to Mr. Clarke's essay might suitably come to an end; for indeed the only allegation of that essay which needs serious consideration, is that which has been already submitted to examination. It is true that he proceeds further to maintain that each of the supernatural religions resulted "from the growth of the political life of the nation in which it first appeared," but the only argument which he advances in support of this extraordinary affirmation, must be sought in the kind of historical sketch with which his essay concludes. It would be to flatter that sketch to call it inaccurate. So far indeed as it deals with the faiths which are of Semitic origin, it would be truer to say that it rarely coincides with fact.

Mohammedanism is declared to have been a reform, occasioned by Christian idolatry; and nearly every statement made in support of this position is imaginary. "The Bedouins," it is said, "yet preserved the simple faith of Abraham." The fact is, that they had fallen into a degrading idolatry, which, although, as Muir says, "it had been gently rippled by the feeble efforts of Christianity," and more profoundly moved by the "deeper and more troubled current of Judaism," still remained in substance what it was before

those faiths came into contact with it; a Sabæanism which had filled its temples with idolatrous representations of the heavenly bodies, and a Fetishism—the worship of actual stocks and stones—which bowed down before “the grim array of 360 idols in the Kaaba.” It was no idolatrous Christianity, but the indigenous idolatry of Arabia, which Mohammed opposed, calling in first the Jews, and then the Christians to his help, at critical moments of the struggle. So far, again, was Mohammedanism from being an outgrowth of the political life of Arabia, that it came into violent collision with all the habits, opinions, and beliefs of the Arabian people, and was only established at length by the marvellous personal ascendancy of Mohammed. This is the conclusion, equally of Carlyle, who holds Mohammed to have been a true prophet, and of Muir, who deems him nothing better than a strong-spirited schemer. “The fabric of Islam,” says Muir, “no more grew out of the state of Arabia, than a gorgeous texture from the slender meshes of silken filament. . . . It was Mahomet that formed Islam; it was not Islam, or any pre-existing Moslem spirit, that moulded Mahomet.” No doubt, in this case, as in all others (though less perhaps in this case than in almost any other) there was silent preparation, of a sporadic kind, for Reform, before the Reformer came. But so far was “political necessity” from constituting a factor of that preparation, that it is as clear as historical testimony can make it, that the religious reform begat the “political necessity.”

Again, Mr. Clarke is not a whit more accurate in his sketch of the rise of Mosaism. “Moses,” he says, “not daring to make himself a king, . . . saw the political necessity of establishing a religion.” Where, we are disposed to ask, did Mr. Clarke get his information? Only one account of these transactions is extant, and that account shows us that, whatever ambitious dreams Moses might have cherished in his youth, when the decisive moment came, so far from desiring to make himself a king, he shrank with a reluctance almost amounting to cowardice from the call to undertake his people’s deliverance. Again, Mr. Clarke imagines that Moses “drew his inspiration from his Egyptian lessons.” Undoubtedly, in the smaller matters of custom and ritual, certain superficial resemblances may be discovered between the religion of Egypt and that of Israel. But in the things of prime importance, what strikes us most is not the resemblance, but the opposition between the two systems. In the Egyptian “Book of the Dead,” for instance, a writing, “supposed to be the oldest in the world,” and long anterior to

the time of Moses, we find the development of an elaborate doctrine of immortality and future judgment. Moses, who was "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," must certainly have been acquainted with these doctrines. How comes it then, if he "drew his inspiration from Egypt," that he never once in the Pentateuch makes reference to either? If he drew his inspiration from the God of Israel, we can understand it; for a doctrine of immortality, unless it be sustained and interpreted by purely spiritual conceptions of God and of man's duty, is likely to do more moral harm than good. How injurious, for instance, must it be to the Mohammedan, to be perpetually dwelling, in thought, on the bliss of his sensual paradise.

Mr. Clarke should have been ashamed to write the following sentence—"He declared that God would bargain with the Arab tribe, that in return for certain ceremonies and payments, success in war and plenteous harvests should be theirs." It is not denied that much is made in the Pentateuch of the temporal rewards of righteousness. And Moses was justified in making much of them. First, because, speaking broadly, temporal prosperity is the ordinary reward of righteousness. If there exist in a people the spiritual qualities of patient perseverance, hopeful enterprise, and respect for the rights of others, it will follow (in spite of irregularities due to famines and the like) that on the whole their land will be fruitful, and they will be prosperous, as happens now among the nations of Europe. On the other hand, if they be without these qualities, it will happen to them, as it has befallen to the Mussulman Turks, that their land, though the fairest and richest upon earth, will be turned into a barren wilderness. This is the fact, and the Biblical writers, instead of stating it in the dry abstract manner of Western moralists, expand it, according to the genius of their Eastern thought and tongue, into the richest concrete descriptions.

Again, this is not only a fact, but it was a fact which, in the immaturity of Israel's moral development, it was necessary to put forward with unmistakable prominence. It would be the better for us, if more were made of it in Victoria. Intoxicated with the thought that the people can do as they like, we are too prone to forget that having done so, we cannot choose the consequences. We can alarm capital, but if we do so we cannot keep it. We can discourage religious training, but then we cannot secure godly citizens. This is the kind of teaching of which the Jews stood greatly in need, and which, therefore, appears unmistakably in every part of their sacred scriptures.

But to forget that the heart of their inspired teaching was moral, that, in short, their law may be fairly described as consisting of the ten great precepts of Sinai, applied to their special social and moral needs by the Levitical laws and ceremonies, is to forget what distinguished them from all other peoples. To describe their religion as consisting essentially of the coarse bargain suggested by Mr. Clarke, is to make their history and moral influence incomprehensible. Grant that there was much which appears to us puerile in the Levitical adaptations, what then? Are the playthings of childhood contemptible when applied to their proper use? The prophets affirmed boldly that God gave to their fathers laws which were "not good;" that is, not good for all times; and our Saviour said of certain of the Levitical precepts, that they were given for the hardness of the people's hearts. Still, such a state of heart being supposed, the very imperfection of such precepts constituted their fitness to translate the ideal into the practicable, and to prepare the way for a larger truth, and a higher life.

How, again, does Mr. Clarke endeavour to establish his allegation that Christianity was a political outgrowth of the Judaism of the first century? It is notorious that at the beginning of the Christian æra, the Jewish nation consisted in its higher classes of the rationalistic Sadducees, who believed in neither spirit nor resurrection. Certainly Christianity did not proceed from them. Again, the faith of the masses was moulded by the fanatical Pharisees, who taught them to expect a warlike Messiah: an anointed of God, who should drive the Romans across the Northern mountains. And in the Pharisees, the new faith had to encounter its bitterest enemies. "Jesus," Mr. Clarke says, "was executed by the civil power," but he forgets to add, against its will, to content the murderous bigotry of an infuriated people. Neither before nor after the death of Jesus, did the Jewish nation, as a whole, accept the doctrines of the new faith; and how, then, can those doctrines be said to have been a product of its political necessities? Plainly, the position is a desperate one; and there is little wonder that Mr. Clarke tacitly abandons, while professing to illustrate it; contenting himself with the irrelevant remark that "among the doctrines which the enthusiast preached was one which was politically necessary at that period," not which grew out of the political necessities of that nation, but which was politically necessary to that age—"The doctrine of the equality of all men in the eyes of God."

The "enthusiast," it would seem, then, invented the doctrine

contrary to Mr. Clarke's theory. But even if we were to allow this inconsequence to pass, how can anyone see in the doctrine mentioned by the essayist, an adequate account of the success of Christianity? What is there in the mere sense of equality to regenerate a vicious people? The individuals of the most squalid tribe upon earth may feel themselves to be equal before God, just as the vilest scum of Paris did in the rebellion of the Commune; but what is there in such a feeling as that, taken alone, to make any man better? The truth is, that the sense of equality is never a cause, but always a consequence. It may be produced either by the common possession of some glorious prerogative, or by the common loss of everything worth having; by a common poverty, and a common brutality. The critical question is, how was the sense of equality attained? In the case of Christianity, it was by the inheritance, in Jesus Christ, of a faith, an example, a life, so spiritual, lofty and precious, that beside this—the common possession of every slave and every barbarian who believed in Christ—all the treasures of time seemed dim and worthless. Not, then, by the mere fact of telling men that they were equal (stoicism did that and did it fruitlessly), but by bestowing upon them a life so rich in moral power and beauty, that it made the meanest who had it, greater than the greatest who was without it, did the gospel of Jesus Christ change the heart and fortunes of the world.

Of Mr. Clarke's account of the secret of St. Paul's influence, it is difficult to speak so gravely. "Another enthusiast, Saul of Tarsus, . . . . claimed that the whole world should hear the tidings of *democratic* freedom." I have given a good deal of attention lately to the writings of St. Paul, and although I have read much of shaking off the slavery of sin, and of the mere precepts of a law, in order to break forth into the freedom of a loving service to God; and though I have read something of obedience to the powers that be, even when these were represented by a Nero; of *democratic* freedom, I have read never a word. What can Mr. Clarke possibly mean by the word "democratic" in this connection? Can he mean no more than is commonly claimed by popular leaders in our modern democracies? Can he mean that the secret of St. Paul's success was a kind of American spread-eagleism, the affirmation by each man that he was as good as his neighbour and a great deal better? Whatever he may mean, it is quite clear that in talking about democratic freedom in connection with St. Paul, he has perpetrated a monstrous anachronism, and is as far

from having discovered the secret of the great Apostle's influence, as if he had never read a word of his writings, or studied an act of his life.

It appears to me that Mr. Clarke's attempt to account historically for the origin of the supernatural religions is even a greater failure than his effort to discredit them, by affirming that a miracle was impossible.

When, again, he drops the critical, and takes to the constructive rôle, he gives us nothing that I can see but vague and vacant generalities. "Religion," he says, "can never die, because it is a political necessity." But when we ask him what he means by religion, he tells us that "the elevation of the race will be the sole religion of mankind." What is this but mere ly to trifle with the meaning of words? How can there be a religion when there is no God, and no worship, and no hope of a future? A man, we are told, is to do his "duty"—whatever that may be—and he is to labour for "the elevation of mankind;" or, in other words, to try to dispose other people to do their duty. And this we are to call religion. But why, I would ask? This has hitherto been called "morality." Why, without rhyme or reason, are we to christen it "religion?" Is it because Professor Tyndall has said that you must in some way content the religious instinct? Is it the philosophical way of satisfying our puerile religiosity? Are we to conceive of our philosophical superiors as patting us on the back and bidding us dismiss our alarms, because, in order to please us, they are going to give morality a new name—to call it religion, and even to make-believe that it is religion, till we have learnt to be satisfied without so childish a plaything? Such a proceeding, however philosophical, can hardly be called "civilisation without delusion."

Mr. Clarke professes to think that religion, as we understand it, has lost its utility, asking us—"Does it inspire the politician, assist the man of science, or aid the physician?"

Unhesitatingly I answer, it does. It is the life and inspiration of every one of the greatest statesmen of England; of Gladstone, and Bright, and Forster, of Beaconsfield, and Salisbury, and Cross. It sits upon the woolsack in the persons of some of our greatest chancellors, Lords Cairns, Selborne, and Hatherley. It labours in the forefront of scientific discovery in the efforts of Stokes, and Thompson, and Beale, of Tait and Stewart, of Carpenter and Mivart, of Max Müller and Monier Williams. It wrought the

only fiction of our time that will live, in the pens of Dickens and Thackeray. It sings the grandest songs of the age, in the poetry of Tennyson and Browning, having no ostensible opponent in this sphere save in the lays of one, whose language is so coarsely filthy that it is unfit to be glanced at by a child or a woman. Finally, it watches over the bed of the sick and dying in Paget and Acland, in Humphrey and Burrows, and a whole host of godly and believing physicians. Such a question as this could only be asked by one either totally ignorant of the existing life of England, or so engrossed with the writings of one small unbelieving school of able men, that he has no eyes for anything else.

In bringing these observations to a close, I must be permitted to remark, that such serious questions as those stirred in Mr. Clarke's essay are not to be disposed of by confident statement and arrogant assumption. You cannot kill a living thing by saying it is dead. You cannot answer sound arguments by assuming that they do not exist. Least of all, can you loosen the hold of deep spiritual principles by pretending that there are no such principles, and that they have no such hold. Further, it should be remembered that such statements as these in respect of the most precious possessions of mankind cannot be made without grave responsibility. They do nothing but harm. While deceiving none but the ignorant, they exasperate bigotry, and create violent prejudices against that science, in the name, but without the authority of which they are written. Serious subjects should be approached in a serious manner, not as affording a mere play-ground for wanton criticism, a mere clothes-block for literary tailoring. If not only the Church of Christ, but also the fundamental social institutions of property and marriage are openly attacked, if the fear be not altogether imaginary that "as the Græco-Roman civilisation was ruined through the invasion of barbarians from without, so existing civilisation may be destroyed by an eruption of barbarians from below;" then assuredly this is not the time when the professed friends of an enlightened civilisation should attack without necessity the fundamental beliefs on which it rests.

J. MELBOURNE.

## EDMOND ABOUT.

THE course of a great literary reputation, from its first appearance above the intellectual horizon to its splendid zenith, is at least as interesting a subject of study as the orbit of the newly-discovered one-hundred-and-thirty-seventh planetoid. Astronomy is, no doubt, an astonishing science; but those glittering points in the midnight sky are very far off, and quite inaccessible to human interests:—

Distinct, but distant; clear, but oh, how cold!

In the other case, the literary achievement is something added, in perpetuity, to the noblest possessions of our race. The poet, the

*Le Progrès*; 4e édition. 1 vol.

*Le Roi des Montagnes*; édition illustrée de 158 vignettes par G. Doré. 1 vol. grand in-8o.

*Alsace* (1871-1872); 4e édition. 1 vol.

*Causeries*; 2e édition. 2 vol.

*La Grèce Contemporaine*; 6e édition. 1 vol.

*Le Turco* (Le bal des artistes—Le poivre—L'ouverture au château—Tout Paris—La chambre d'ami—Chasse allemande—L'inspection générale—Les cinq perles); 3e édition. 1 vol.

*Salon de 1864*. 1 vol.

*Salon de 1866*. 1 vol.

*Théâtre impossible* (Guillerry—L'assassin—L'éducation d'un prince—La chapeau de sainte Catherine); 2e édition. 1 vol.

*L'A, B, C du Travailleur*; 2e édition. 1 vol.

*Les Mariages de Province*; 4e édition. 1 vol.

*La Vieille Roche*. Trois parties qui se vendent séparément.

1re partie: *Le Mari imprévu*; 4e édition. 1 vol.

2e partie: *Les Vacances de la Comtesse*; 3e édition. 1 vol.

3e partie: *Le Marquis de Lanrose*; 2e édition. 1 vol.

*Le Fellah*; 3e édition. 1 vol.

*L'Infame*; 2e édition. 1 vol.

*Madelon*; 6e édition. 1 vol.

*Germaine*; 11e édition. 1 vol.

*Le Roi des Montagnes*; 12e édition. 1 vol.

*Les Mariages de Paris*; 16e édition. 1 vol.

*Maître Pierre*; 6e édition. 1 vol.

*Tolla*; 11e édition. 1 vol.

*Trente et Quarante* (Sans dot—Les parents de Bernard); 8e édition. 1 vol.

*Voyage à travers l'Exposition Universelle des Beaux-Arts en 1855*. 1 vol.

*Nos artistes au Salon de 1857*. 1 vol.

*Le Capital pour Tous*; brochure in-18.

dramatist, the historian, the great original thinker—every man who (to use Emerson's phrase) "carries the standard of Humanity a few furlongs further into chaos"—is an immediate and universal benefaction for mankind. A Hugo, for example, may fairly stand against the suspected planet which, as some think, lies in hiding somewhere between Mercury and the Sun. A Dickens might be allowed, even by the enthusiasts of the observatory, to outweigh, in solid value, all the asteroids. The incredible discovery of the latest new crater in the moon, with all the teleological consequences thence accruing, affect me, for one, I must confess, immeasurably less than the discovery of a new European author. As to those other marvellous sciences, physiology and biology, I must frankly avow that, from some incurable mental defect, I feel infinitely less interested in Professor Allman's account of Protoplasm and its doings, than in Motley's thrilling story of the Rise of the Dutch Republic or—let the truth be told—in Edmond About's diverting history of Hadgi-Stavros, the famous Robber King of the Greek mountains.

Something more than the delight which the astronomer feels in cataloguing a new star in the remote regions of the Milky-Way, does the zealous lover of literature experience in first making acquaintance with M. About's writings. Of course, as everybody is not bound to be sixty years of age, every reader is not bound to have a perfect knowledge of all that a living author has published. One falls into the ranks of readers at that point in the march of progress where he finds it, just as a volunteer first joins the grand army as it passes through his native village. His attention may be arrested by a striking story in the current numbers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, or by a sparkling letter from Paris in the London *Athenæum*, with the name of Edmond About appended. He is led to inquire about the other books or magazine articles bearing the same inscription. He turns to the ponderous volumes of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (ninth edition), but finds no mention of the name there under its proper letter. In the article on French Literature, he lights upon the name, barely indicated in passing. Vapereau's *Dictionnaire* gives him more satisfaction; and at length, in the supplement to the 10th volume of Chambers's *Cyclopædia* (1879), he meets with a very full and accurate account of the life and writings of the author who has so moved his interest and curiosity.

Edmond François Valentin About is fifty-one years of age, a native of Dieuze (Meurthe) in Lorraine, and an author of European

celebrity. The catalogue of his works contains more than a score of volumes, of which about a dozen are novels, three or four contain comedies, three or four treat of the elementary principles of political economy, three or four are political pamphlets, and a few *brochures* contain criticisms on the paintings annually exhibited at the French Academy of Art. Of these varied productions it may be affirmed that there is not a page in the series which does not display the perfection of literary workmanship, not a page in which the very spirit of the French genius is not stamped. Edmond About is a *born* literary man. He took to authorship as naturally as the young swan, born in the reeds, takes to the lake. As a literary artist he began where most men leave off. He had formed his style and perfected it before he gave a page to the printing press. In the works of most writers the critical reader is able to trace a successive advance in style; but there are a few heaven-favoured sons of genius who appear to be dowered with the full gift from their birth. Ruskin did not attain his wondrous style of regal prose all at once. Tennyson has been, his whole life long, a most painstaking artist in phrases. But Hugo at twenty-five wrote with all the force and vividness of Hugo at seventy. And Edmond About's first book, written in 1853, is not a whit less polished, sparkling, brilliant, than the book he published last year. Neither, again, is there the least sign of senescence in his later writings. On his shining pages still gleam the fresh dews of youth. His newest epigram is not more clearly cut, more flashingly keen, than the very first one he penned. His writings afford a perfect treasury of jewels of expression. The thought may not be deep, and it certainly is not (in Johnsonian phrase) profound; but it is as lucid as the still pool in the rocks outside Point Lonsdale on a glorious summer day. You can see the minutest rosy sea-shell, the most delicately-tinted tuft of sea-moss, the most exquisitely-coloured sea-anemone, lying at the very bottom. That dull phrase of dull minds, "readable," is not applicable to M. About's charming chapters. He is not "readable," but bewitching. He captivates you as you were wont to be captivated by the fairy tales of the nursery in the sweet days of infancy. To take up a new book of his is like going out for an intellectual holiday on a superb morning in our early Southern summer, before the heats set in. It is not "reading" simply: it is revelling in pleasure, the most delightful, the most refined, the most absorbing, that you could desire. "With thee conversing I forget all time." Some few authors—not many in the whole range of literature—possess this

indescribable witchery in a rare degree. M. About possesses it in a supreme degree. One closes the book for a moment, at a particular passage, to think of that honeymoon dialogue held by Lorenzo and Jessica on the moonlit bank outside Portia's palace of Belmont; or, to think, dreamily, of the conversations that Boccaccio's gay groups of Italian ladies and gentlemen held with one another in the intervals between those immortal tales they told. If now, anywhere on this peopled earth, people talked as this gifted Frenchman writes, how speedily would one go on pilgrimage thither, to listen and join in! Here the very point I am aiming at is touched. All the charm and witchery of the most brilliant conversation conceivable is conveyed in the brightly-flowing style of the best French writers. How distractingly agreeable is Voltaire at his best! The man with his infinite wealth of wit, and his inexhaustible flow of glittering epigrams, is sitting beside you, talking familiarly with you. It is not simply reading a printed book you are. You see his mind-lighted countenance, his beaming eye, his mobile features, his airy gesticulation, and mark the lines of sarcasm playing around his thin-lipped mouth. Sterne had the secret of the same spell. Read, once more, the *Sentimental Journey*, and then take up *Candide*. Of this select school is M. About. He has all the wit, epigram, and lambent play of intellect, of Voltaire. The pamphlet entitled *La Question Romaine* may stand against any pamphlet that was ever issued from Ferney. The story of the Greek Robber King of the Mountains may be matched even with *Candide* or *Zadig*. But there is a wide gulf of difference separating the pupil from the master here. M. About is as pure a writer as ever held pen in hand. Not a line of his needs to be blotted out by the most fastidious English governess, before handing the book to her French class. M. About writes *virginibus puerisque*. To him the abominations of Droz, Belot, and Zola are as impossible as they would be to George Eliot. He is, rather, of the Erckmann-Chatrian school. Such books as his—to quote the words of Paul Lacroix, used of a similar class,—“show themselves but rarely in the pandemonium of Parisian literature; a literature feverish and unwholesome, highly-spiced and corrupt; a literature alcoholised and at white heat; in which everything is false, overcharged, meretricious, sonorous and empty; in which the countenances grimace, the sentiments explode like crackers; the ideas sink into absurdity; in which the tendency is dangerous and fatal, there is neither conscience nor conviction, and the only remnant of wit left is trivial, shameless, and insup-

portable." The writings of M. About, on the contrary, are the exact opposite of all this, in just the same degree as are the writings of Sir Walter Scott, William Black, or Richard Doddridge Blackmore.

Having completed a distinguished university career, M. About, at the age of twenty-four, received an appointment in the French school at Athens, an institution designed to promote the study of classical antiquity on the spot. He spent two years in the Greek capital, and duly furnished his contribution to the weighty volumes published periodically by the Academy of Inscriptions. The subject was the Island of Egina, and was, no doubt, very learnedly handled. But the young scholar soon found out that the true bent of his genius lay far remote from classical archæology. He looked on Athenian society, as he saw it, with the eye, not of a Barthélemy, but of a French Dickens. What Dickens saw in London men and manners, M. About correspondingly saw in Greek men and manners. The result of his mental notes was a small volume, entitled *La Grèce Contemporaine*, which he published on his return to Paris in 1853. The biting satire and flashing wit of this little masterpiece set all Europe laughing. Even to this day, although the social and political conditions of the country have changed considerably in the interval, the work holds its place in popular literature. A younger and better Voltaire had risen in France! But the book gave offence in certain high diplomatic quarters; and M. About, to mollify his severe critics, wrote and published his inimitable story of "The King of the Mountains." This is a novel "with a purpose," as the phrase runs. It depicts the contemporary Greeks as they actually are; but the picture is set in the framework of a most mirth-moving romance. The purpose of the writer is to draw the attention of Western Europe to the social and political condition of the Greek Kingdom; and the purpose was most effectually gained. The book has gone through numerous editions; twenty years of celebrity has not in the least degree dimmed its original brilliancy; it has been translated into all the languages of Europe; and Doré's pencil has most humorously illustrated it. What is still more remarkable is, that it has done more to suppress brigandage in the land of Pericles and Themistocles, than all the police that ever were enrolled under the new *régime*. Hadgi-Stavros, king of the brigands, was likewise virtually ruler of his native country. The police were in his pay. The inspector-general of the force was his son-in-law. He had his party—his paid party,

and that not a small one—in the Athenian House of Assembly. The leading ministers of the Cabinet were his close allies,—and shared the plunder. Think of the Kelly gang holding in their power, not the north-eastern district of Victoria alone, as their leader boasted,—but the entire colony! A single joke (which was borrowed, but not acknowledged, by some original comic writer in a Melbourne periodical) may be quoted here:—

“And now, Monsieur, that we are released, beg of this Stavros to give us an escort of five or six brigands.

“For what purpose?

“Well! to protect us from the gendarmes!”

It was in 1855 that M. About wrote, and offered to M. Buloz, the editor of *La Revue des Deux Mondes*, the powerfully interesting tale of “Tolla.” It was a photograph in words of Roman society, so remorselessly faithful, that the effect of it on Catholic Europe was to extort a cry of painful protest. There was woe and lamentation in the neighbourhood of the Vatican, when “Tolla” appeared. Literary jealousy and theological rancour formulated a charge of plagiarism against the writer. He had, it was said, taken his plot from a suppressed Italian biography, entitled “Vittoria Savorelli,” without acknowledgment. There was so much truth in the accusation, that the book had actually been printed, but never published. Only a very few copies were known to be in existence, and these were strictly reserved in private libraries. M. About had taken some of his incidents from “Vittoria Savorelli,” but he had woven the real facts into a rich web of romantic fiction. “Tolla” is still a popular book, and the charge of plagiarism has quite died out, although it cost the writer an infinite deal of trouble to clear his literary reputation. What was worse, however, was that M. Buloz never paid the author a single franc for one of the finest works of fiction that ever illuminated the pages of even his famed “Review.” This was a principle with the clever old one-eyed Swiss. Admission into his “Review,” he held, was a young author’s passport to fame, and it was only fair that he should pay toll! Years afterwards an epigram, in French, appeared in the pages of the London *Athenæum* which might be thus Englished:—

“Buloz, so handsome as one knows,  
When death shall claim this arch-offender,  
Will have a single eye to close,  
But not a scrap of soul to render.”

An ardent lover of freedom, M. About sympathised deeply in Louis Napoleon's plans for the liberation and unification of Italy. Just before the memorable campaign commenced, there appeared at Paris a pamphlet entitled *La Question Romaine*. It had all the effect of an Imperial manifesto. All Europe read it, with feelings of the highest admiration and delight on one side, and the deepest indignation and alarm on the other. Perhaps there never appeared, even in the French language, a more masterly piece of scathing prose satire. The work would have enchanted Voltaire, and filled him with a feeling of fine despair of ever being able to rival it. From the first sentence to the last, the pages are instinct with the purest essence of French *esprit*, and fairly flow with all the eloquence of condensed sarcasm. It revealed the Papal system with merciless fidelity to fact, but with a scorn that, like lightning, scathes and consumes whilst it illumines. No reader, it may fairly be said, can form a just estimate of the destructive force of the French epigram until he has read *La Question Romaine*. It is vain to speak of translating writing of this kind into English; the spiritual essence of expression exhales in the process. The English minister who set Rowe the dramatist upon learning Spanish, not that he might be rewarded with a post in the embassy, but that he might have the pleasure of reading *Don Quixote* in the original, would have been justified, had he lived in our day, in entrapping applicants for places into mastering French, that they might have the pleasure of reading *La Question Romaine*. Its pungent epigrams have become household words all over cultured Europe:—

“The Roman Catholic Church, which I sincerely respect, is composed of 139,000,000 of individuals, without counting the little Mortara.”

“It is governed by 70 cardinals, or princes of the church, in memory of the 12 apostles.”

“The first popes, who were not kings, had no budgets; then, they had no deficit to make up every year; then, they were not forced to borrow the millions of M. de Rothschild; then, they were more independent than the crowned popes.”

“The subjects of the Holy Father are divided, by birth and fortune, into three very distinct classes—nobility, bourgeoisie, and plebeians. The Gospel has forgotten to consecrate inequality amongst men, but the law of the Papal States—that is to say the will of the Pope—carefully maintains it.”

“The third and last batch of Roman nobles comprises bankers, like the Torlonias; forestallers, like the Antonellis; millers, like the Macchis; bakers, like the Duke Grazioli; tobaccoconists, like the Marquis Ferranioli; and farmers, like the Marquis Calabrinini.”

“At 25, an American has had ten several occupations, made four fortunes, has been once bankrupt, has been in two campaigns, defended an action in court, preached a new religion, killed six men with revolver shots, emancipated a negress, and conquered an island. An Englishman has passed two competitive examinations, been attached to an embassy, founded a bank, converted a Catholic, made the tour of the

world, and read the complete works of Sir Walter Scott. A Frenchman has written a rhymed tragedy, contributed to two journals, received three sword wounds, twice attempted suicide, *contrarié* fourteen husbands, and changed nineteen times his political opinions. A German has scarred in the face fourteen of his intimate friends, swallowed sixty tons of beer and the philosophy of Hegel, chanted 11,000 couplets, compromised a servant maid, smoked a million of pipes, and mixed himself up in two revolutions. A Roman prince has done nothing, seen nothing, learned nothing, loved nothing, suffered nothing."

"Cardinal Antonelli was born in a lair. Sonnino, his village, was more celebrated in the annals of crime than ever was all Arcadia in the annals of virtue."

"A Minister of the Finances, however little he may know of his business, may save more money in six months than all the brigands of Sonnino in twenty years."

"He took possession of the new Pope as he had done of the old one. One sees that the best method of taking possession of people is not by sticking them up on the highway."

"When one has taken pains to be born at Sonnino, it is not that he may allow himself to be assassinated. Quite the contrary."

"One notes, in seeing him—a Minister, engrafted on a savage."

"Mazarin may be compared to an excellent tailor, but rascally, who fits out his customers very well, after having appropriated some ells of their cloth for himself. Antonelli resembles those Jews of the middle ages, who demolished the Colosseum to appropriate the iron of the fastenings."

The book was a terrible indictment, both of the Papal system and the cardinal. Neither could survive such an arraignment before the world. Nor did they. King Humbert reigns at Rome over a united Italy: Cardinal Antonelli, his acts and his reputation, are matters of history.

The catalogue of M. About's works does not contain the title of one unsuccessful work. His admirable novels, illustrative of French domestic life, are read by everybody. His little treatises on the elementary principles of political economy are perfect models of clearness, lucid arrangement, liveliness of style, and penetrating force of logic. In comedy alone has he failed. His writings in that line are too witty as to dialogue, and too pure and simple as to plot, to please the Parisian public. M. About collects his comedies, which have failed, into volumes entitled *The Impossible Theatre*. He is not of the school of Sardou as a dramatist. He does not depict such scenes as that which makes the fortune of *Nos Intimes*. But the *Impossible Theatre* would bear English adaptation better than even Sardou's most highly-coloured pieces.

In 1872, after the great war, M. About went to Strasbourg, where he wrote some articles for the public journals. The German Government did him the honour of claiming him as a subject, being a Lorrainer, and of imprisoning him for his patriotic writings. The sympathy of Europe was not with Prince Bismarck, but with the prisoner, in that transaction.

After the death of that most accomplished literary man, M. Philarète Chasles, M. About accepted the post of Paris correspondent of the London *Athenæum*. His charming letters, written in perfect English, are gems of wit and knowledge, that adorn the pages of the leading critical journal of England.

DAVID BLAIR.

### *THE MELBOURNE CUP.*

THE annual event of the most general interest in Australia is the Melbourne Cup Meeting. The only thing in the world that can compare with it as a national excitement is the English Derby Day; but although the people who witness that race outnumber the whole of the population of Victoria, the interest taken in the Australian holiday is, I venture to assert, more general and more widely-spread.

From the Gulf of Carpentaria to d'Entrecasteaux Channel, from Perth to Sydney, from Cape York to Invercargill, the whole population are eager to ascertain what horse has the best chance of the victory. Conversation is not confined to bookmakers or sporting men. Solid taciturn people, in far-away stations on Queensland or Adelaide plains, know all about the entries, and calculate by the knowledge of previous "performances" which their infrequent newspaper brings to them, the chances of their favourites. Men who have never laid a bet in their lives grow pale with excitement as they talk of the stables in whose fortunes they are interested. Journeys of hundreds of miles are cheerfully undertaken by "squatters" resident in "back-blocks" of the far interior. "To see the Cup run for" is a sacred duty, and there are men who date events from Banker or Barwon's "year," though they have never paid or received a penny, or entered a betting-room. During the first ten days in November, Melbourne is crowded with strangers. The city has the aspect of a town possessed by an enemy, or of a fair of nations. It is more than a race meeting, it is a gathering of the clans. The fair of Nishni Novgorod, or Mecca during the Ramadan, might be held to compare with it. Racing is emphatically the national sport of Australia, and it is by no means impossible that Australians will breed the best horses in the world. As it is, the victory of Darriwell, on the 4th November, has only been once excelled at the same weight and distance.

The first Melbourne Cup was run for in 1861. It was 20 sovereigns, 10 sovereigns forfeit, and 5 sovereigns if declared, with

200 sovereigns added. The stake 930 sovereigns. Distance 2 miles. The favourite was Mr. Keighran's Mormon, a Victorian bred horse. Mormon started at 3 to 1, while the winner Archer was at 100 to 8. Flatcatcher led from the start, but at the turn Fireaway passed both horses, and in the struggle for places a serious accident occurred. Despatch, Medora and Twilight fell in a heap. It appeared that Despatch crossed her legs, and Medora fell on her, Twilight getting a terrific fall over both of them. The three jockeys were all more or less injured. Henderson was stunned, while Morrison sustained a compound fracture of the forearm, and Hayes broke his left collar bone. Archer now came through his horses, and Cutts cantered the crack home, winning by half a dozen lengths. Prince beat Antonelli on the post for third place. Time 3 min. 52 sec. For the second Cup, Archer started first favourite at 2 to 1, in the largest field of horses ever seen on the course up to that time. The race was a struggle between him and his old rival Mormon, but notwithstanding an extra stone weight, Archer won by ten lengths, and in five seconds less time than that of the previous year. The Cup of 1863 was nearly another duel. Mr. Harper's Banker and Mr. Hurtle Fisher's Rose of Denmark not only were made favourites in the betting, but had it all to themselves from the start to the straight. They ran into the straight neck and neck, but there Mr. Lang's Aruma collared and passed them. Amid tremendous cheering the filly raced for home, but the pace was too hot, and she fell away behind Musidora, who passed the Rose and ran Banker to within a length and a-half of the judge's chair. Rose of Denmark did not weigh, and so Barwon claimed third place. Time 3 m. 44 sec. In 1864 an outsider won for the first time since Archer's early triumph. Upon the fall of the flag, Freestone, Poet, and Saturn took the lead. Saturn passed the stand first, but Lantern and Poet drew up and passed him. The two latter then raced for first place, and Lantern got it by a length and a-half. Time, 8 seconds longer than the previous year. It was said that Poet really won, but that the judge's attention was directed to Lantern, who, after bolting across the course, ran under the box.

In 1865 the event of the Australian racing world took place. The Cup was won by four lengths in the same time as in Banker's year by a grey pony, aged, with 7 st. on his back, who started at 100 to 4. Mr. Dowling's Panic was the favourite at 5 to 1; but he carried 10 st., and though he struggled gamely to the end, the weight was too much for him. Panic led past the stand with Minstrel and Frolic well up, but at the far turn Tomboy and Riverina drew in, and in

the next hundred yards the grey closed with Panic, and finally won easily by four lengths. A protest was entered against him for crossing, but it was disallowed by the stewards. The value of the stakes was £1015, and large sums changed hands on the occasion. It is remarkable that Morrison, Panic's jock., was the first to anticipate danger with the little grey. The public and the "touts" laughed him to scorn, and the Ring held high festival on settling day in consequence. In 1866 that grand horse, the Barb—Tait's Black Demon, as he was called—carried off the "blue ribbon of the Australian turf," in the shortest time (3 min. 43 sec.) then known, beating Keighran's Exile and a large field. The following year Mr. de Mestre, the owner of Archer, again secured the prize with Sydney Tim Whiffler, who started at 5 to 2, and carrying 8 st. 11 lb., won easily by two lengths in 3 min. 39 sec. 1868 witnessed another victory for Mr. Tait. Passing the stand, Barwon and Shenandoah (a grand mare by Snowden) led, but at the abattoirs Barwon fell back, leaving Glencoe to take his place, with Strop close on his quarter. Passing the one-mile post, Tait's well-known yellow and black was alongside the silver and gold, and Glencoe, pushed by Stanley, was landed a winner by a length. In 1869, Mr. Saqui's Warrior, ridden by Morrison, beat the favourite Circassian, who started at 2 to 1, and passed the judge's stand two lengths before the second horse, Monk, who was not in the betting. Time: 3 min. 40 sec. The Cup of 1870 commanded a fine attendance. There were seventy-two entries, and the race was the closest on record, Mr. Craig's Nimblefoot beating Lapdog on the post by a nose. It is curious that Mr. Craig dreamt that he saw Nimblefoot win, the jockey having a black crape round his arm. In consequence of this dream he instructed Mr. Goyder to back the horse for £10,000. When the victory occurred poor Craig was dead. So small was his chance deemed by many that Mr. Slack, the well-known bookmaker, laid Craig £1000 to eight "nobbler" of brandy against a double with Croydon. The bet was paid, I believe, to Craig's widow. 1871 was a good year for the public, and a bad one for the Ring. The betting was close, and the race open. Tait won with The Pearl, who beat Romula by two lengths, after a well-contested race from start to finish. Tait won for the fourth time in 1872, with The Quack, by Peter Wilkins out of Quickstep. Time, 3 min. 39 sec.

The Cup Race of 1873 will be remembered by many for many years. It was the celebrated Don Juan's year. Don Juan was a

reputed four-year-old colt, bred in South Australia, and sold to Wilson, the trainer, by Mr. A. Lincolne, for the owner, for 50 guineas. Wilson again placed him in Mr. Yuille's hands for sale, and some time he was purchased by a young gentleman named Ingles. Wilson had, however, conceived a liking for the horse, and arranged with the purchaser that the Don should keep his Cup engagements, and that after the race he was to be returned, win or lose. The performances of the horse were kept quiet, and his quality was unsuspected by any but the immediate friends of the trainer, who "put on the pot" to the tune of some £15,000. Nor were they disappointed. Don Juan then took the Essendon Stakes with ease, and going instantly up in the betting, won the Cup by three lengths in 3 min. 36 sec., the quickest time on record. The excitement was tremendous, and in the general wonderment at the performance of the outsider, people seemed to forget the gallant work done by Dagworth, who with 9 st. 9 lb. ran second. The well-known bookmaker, "Joe" Thompson, was a large winner on this occasion, and built for himself, in a fashionable part of the city, a comfortable mansion, which he named Don Juan House. The Don died before next Cup Day, under circumstances which I never considered very clearly explained. Both 1874 and 1875 were signalised by the victories of outsiders. Mr. Chirnside's Haricot, Pigott up and backed at 16 to 1, beat a field of eighteen horses, including Protos and the favourite Diver, in 3 min. 37½ sec. for 1874; and, in 1875, Wollamai, owned by Mr. John Cleeland, started at 100 to 6, and, after a sharp contest with Richmond, won by two lengths in half a minute over the time of the previous year—Imperial, the favourite, being nowhere. The Cup Race of 1876 was admitted the most brilliant spectacle seen on the course. Three Governors were there—the Governor of Victoria, Sir George Bowen; Sir Hercules Robinson, from New South Wales, and Sir Anthony Musgrave, from South Australia; and it was estimated that more than 70,000 persons witnessed the race. Briseis, a three-year old filly with an unknown jock, put up in the stable's name (St. Albans) at 6 st. 4 lb., won by two lengths. Last year, Mr. de Mestre won with Calamia; and this year, that patient trainer, Dakin, "pulled off" the splendid race I have undertaken to describe in 3.30¾ seconds—the fastest two miles on Australian record.

For years there had not been so fine a Cup Day as the 4th November, 1879. The weather was simply delicious, the air balmy and bright, with a cool wind, and the journey to the course was

pleasant. In England the "Road" is one of the most enjoyable modes of transit, but in Australia the demon of dust asserts himself with a relentless pertinacity. The road to Flemington is usually a terror to travellers, and though owners of carriages prefer to ride in them to the course and thus secure privacy, the most comfortable way to visit the racecourse is undoubtedly by rail. The position of the course is peculiar. It is a beautiful piece of flat turf, 300 acres in extent, backed by a hill, and bounded on its longest side by the Saltwater River. It was granted to the Victoria Racing Club in 1873, and they have since that time spent on it over £60,000. Not only has the galloping and exercise ground been improved, and railings, judge's box, and other necessities of a racecourse been erected, but a grand stand which holds 5000 people, and which is furnished with press rooms, ladies' rooms, lavatories and telegraph office, has been substantially built of stone, at a cost of £5000. It is but due to the Secretary of the Club, Mr. Bagot, to say that the public owe this convenience almost entirely to his personal exertions. The first stand was a comfortable enough affair, but it was not until 1873 that the committee decided on the present improvements. The present debt of the Club is the debentures, £10,000, with, on this day, £6000 in hand, to meet them if required—they, however, do not fall in for five years. The opening of the building was marked by a foolish display of temper on the part of a section of the press, who, thinking that they had been illiberally treated in the way of accommodation, determined not to notice the meeting! On the day of Don Juan's victory, the only newspaper that reported the proceedings was the *Herald*; but, as might have been expected, the public resented the impertinence, and the last day's racing was reported in deference to general opinion. With the stand, the Road and Rail directly communicate. Carriages can drive into the enclosure, and the traveller steps from the platform to well-kept pathways leading to the Lawn or the Hill. I went by rail, and was certainly as little inconvenienced as possible. The Government—all railways in Victoria are Government property—had made special provisions for the comfort of passengers. Trains ran every six or seven minutes at a first-class fare of two shillings, or fares admitting to Stand at twelve shillings, and separate platforms were reserved for ladies.

The spectacle from the Entrance Gates was certainly imposing. In the distance the sun gleamed brightly upon the stream known as the Saltwater River, and the hill on the opposite bank was black with the crowd. The "green riband" of the course ran round a mass

of many-coloured moving objects, the people in the "Flat." The Lawn immediately beneath the spectator was, of course, the chief attraction, for whatever of beauty or fashion Melbourne could boast was there displayed. Some of the types were curious. The well-known merchant of Collins-street rubbed shoulders with the brown stranger from the Upper Wandinong or the banks of the Clarence. A *toilette* almost Parisian in its elegance was elbowed by a costume evidently made in the confines of Bullock Town. As a rule, the ladies displayed taste and a hopeful effort at simplicity not attempted in former years. On the right of the lawn is the saddling paddock and betting ring. There also an improvement is to be noticed. A few years ago it was the custom of bookmakers to ply their noisy trade immediately under the grand stand, and their harsh voices and language, not always pious, offended the ears of many. Now they are confined to the ring, into which their patrons descend to take such odds as they can get—as a rule remarkably short, for the Victorian ring is very keen after business. Bookmaking in all its branches is a very profitable trade in Australia. Nearly all the "talent" are well off, some richer than ordinary. This is not to be wondered at when we reflect that on this day a bookmaker "got off" four sweeps of £5000 each. In Chester's year another bookmaker paid over £20,000 in notes on settling day—the reverse of the picture. It may be remarked that the passion for gambling is universal in Victoria. The institution of the *Monster Sweep*, the *Séance of 40,000 Mediums*, the *Art Union*, in which the prizes are money, is suffered by the State to be carried to excess. No sooner is one lottery of this kind over, than another is advertised, and the newspapers teem with mysteriously worded notices to the correspondents. The establishment of a "totalisator" was resented by the police and the promoters of it arrested—but nothing is done to the lottery-keepers, although their Chinese brethren are heavily fined when captured. The totalisator—as it is clumsily called—is merely a sort of post-office into which the bettor places his money, receiving a check indicating the name of the horse he has backed. The amount held in the machine at the termination of the race is then divided among the holders of the winning horse, less a percentage to the owner of the bank. Of course, if a favourite win, the percentage to each shareholder is small, but in the case of an outsider like Don Juan or Toriboy the sum of "backings" would probably go to one or two persons. A fair enough method of risking money, it seems to me.

Leaving the Lawn and following the course round to the left, we get at last to the abattoirs, and look across at the Stand, which has assumed the appearance of an ant-hill. All colours are fused into mere white and black, and even with a strong glass it is difficult to separate the moving mass into its component parts. The river-bank from the abattoirs to the wharf is the seat of a new civilisation. I am undecided whether the ladies and gentlemen whom I meet have or have not been at some period of their lives made acquainted with the interior of Her Majesty's Gaol. The language in which the critics of horseflesh couch their remarks is more forcible than elegant. A bearded and caftaned person, who solemnly strolls along the bank, and who turns out to be the Hebrew inspector of meat at the slaughter-yards, is assailed with observations which seem to me like extracts from the slang dictionary; and eight or nine young "larrikins," perched in a solitary tree near the little wharf, sing a comic song about an unknown hero, who wore

"A bird's-eye fogle around his squeeze, and his kicksies up to his knee."

But there was no drunkenness and no bad language, otherwise than by way of ornamentation and affable embellishment of friendly conversation. At the wharf, a pork-pie booth, kept by one Straker, invited the *messorum ilia*, and as we turned back into the saddling-paddock I caught a glimpse of the steam-launch of the *Cerberus* waiting for its "gallant captain," who had evidently come down by water.

The Hill is emphatically the People's Place. It is to the Flat as the stalls of a theatre are to the pit, and to the Stand as the stalls are to the boxes. Here comes the "single gentleman," the bank clerk, the solitary civil servant, the shopkeeper out for a holiday. I have said that the Lawn appeared less vulgarly exclusive than in former years, and it seemed that the Hill had become more cosmopolitan in character. In fact, the more respectable portion of a Cup-day crowd on the Hill was to be met with on the Lawn, and the appearance of each part of the course was altered in consequence. The Hill was less enjoyable, and the Lawn less vulgar. The change extended to the booths, which were multiplied—Straker, Thomas, Coolie, Freeman, Goble, Tombs—I know not how many strange names met my eye. Publicans hailing from Sandhurst, Williamstown, and Richmond invited the thirsty to their hospitable counters. Some performed a sort of transportation, after the manner of Aladdin's palace, and transferred their hotels

bodily to Flemington. Thus the wayside inns, the George and the Old England, hung out their banners on the outward walls, and did a roaring trade with patrons not always local.

The fun of the fair, however, is to be seen on that portion of the Flat immediately adjoining the carriage-paddock. Passing through the sheds where are tethered the steeds of the various hansoms, singles, and waggonettes hired by the less aristocratic of the visitors by Road, we pass through an iron gate into a babel of noises. The old games of "three-up," "doodleumbuck," "red, blue, feather and star," and so on, are out of fashion with the public, or out of favour with the police, for we can see nothing of them. There is, however, an "Aunt Sally" and a gentleman, in a cap made of opossum skin, who vociferates "three sticks a-penny." Another holiday-worker keeps a rifle gallery, not unlike the up-ended funnel of a steamship, and superintends the firing while his wife loads the rifles. There are two machines for "trials of strength," and—hopeful sign of temperance—four coffee stalls, not to mention "Stedman's ginger beer and lemonade at a penny a glass." Furniture vans and spring carts are apparently the means of conveyance most favoured by the crowd, and the amusement most patronised, that of the merry-go-round. Two enormous machines were in full career, and crowded with people. Some sat on cocks, some on dogs, one lady was mounted, Una-like, upon a lion, and the gentlemen assisted the proprietor at the crank by vigorously spurning the platform with their feet. Others gambolled—not unlike the fallen angels when dismissed to their sports after the sitting of Satan's Council,—aloft in the air, flung up in whirligigs which rose like the sails of a windmill. The honest people seemed to enjoy it, though I thought that an appearance of sea-sickness marred the merriment of some exceptions.

But Watson is marshalling his horses, and galloping troopers clear the course. Let us take our stand upon the right of the judge's box, and see the race. A murmur ascends from the crowd, and voices are heard busily taking and giving the odds. The favourite is Suwarrow, winner of the Derby, who starts at 100 to 30. Then come Secundus and Savanaka, at 100 to 25 and 100 to 20 respectively. A splendid start sends Suwarrow to the front with a rush, Wellington, Tom Kirk, and Riverton lying well up. But yellow and white has his work to do on Le Loup, who already shows signs of temper, and Savanaka—heavily backed by those who ought to know—has as yet only headed the ruck. The

carriage paddock is passed at a tremendous pace, but the black cap and "lone star" still lead, the intention being evidently to make the pace all through. Round the turn they go, Riverton coming out of his horses, and Wellington pushing him, Colima, Monarque, Wandering Jew, and Tom Kirk all well up. Soon a yellow cap and yellow sleeves slide out of the second rank, and Darriwell and Sweetmeat pass Tom Kirk, Monarque, Savanaka, and Secundus. Riverton now pushes the grey, but to no purpose, and after a smart struggle of a hundred yards Suwarrow still leads the field. Wellington now passes Riverton, and the friends of Johnson-Boe grow hopeful. Cracknell, however, calls on his horse, and the Tim Whiffler blood responds. Darriwell tackles Suwarrow, with Sweetmeat hard on his quarter, and amid tremendous cheering the three pass the post almost together, Darriwell first by half a length, and Sweetmeat only beating the gallant little grey by a head for second place. Time: 3 min. 30 $\frac{3}{4}$  secs.; the fastest time on record.

There were two races after the Cup, but the day's amusement is, for all but sportsmen, virtually over, and the Governor's departure is a signal for a rush to the rails. The four-in-hand halts at the Stewards' stand. His Excellency ascends the box amid cheers. The two outsiders curb their horses, and in a workmanlike style the Marquis gets his team together. The little cavalcade moves slowly down the course and turning presently in the far distance is lost to view. The air grows chill. A black cloud comes up and hangs with ragged edges, threatening rain. Captain Mandeville's boat is seen dropping down the river, and the warning bell of the steamer sounds shrilly. In an incredibly small space of time the lawn is deserted, and turning one's head one can see the doors of the railway office thick with people. It is as though a swarm of bees had quitted one spot to settle on another. All barriers are now removed, and the owners of the weighing machines carry them past the Stewards' box unchecked. Horses gallop past, and boys carrying saddles on their heads emerge from the sheds. The clerk of the course, with a greatcoat over his "pink," canters out, lighting his pipe as he passes. There is a flutter of napkins from the refreshment booth. The 'band' stack their instruments and have some sociable refreshment between themselves. Clouds of distant dust mark the "road," whistle after whistle betokens the "rail." All fortunes are made or marred now, and winners or losers all may go home in such peace as Heaven affords them, for the Cup is over.

The public were hard hit by Darriwell's victory, which was quite unexpected. It was stated, and I believe correctly, that the stable had little money on the winner, thinking that Le Loup had more bottom. The performances and pedigree are the only criteria of a horse's fitness, and it is interesting to study those of the son of Norna and Tim Whiffler.

## D A R R I W E L L

Norna		Tim Whiffler (imported)			
Thalia	Conrad	Sybil		Van Galen	
Curiosity's dam	Lady Vernon	Sylph	Ugly Buck	Little Casino	Van Tromp
Pet	Daughter of	Twatly	Monstrosity	Daughter of	Lanercost
Touchstone	Melbourne	Venison	Filino da Puta	Inheritor	Barbelle
Miss Slick	Queen Anne	Whalebone	Pinio da Puta	Swiss's dam	Sandbeck
	Poynton	Parisan	Mrs. Barnet	Waverley	Darietta
	Medoro	Fawn	Haphazard	Swiss's dam	Lottery
	Moshi	Parisan	Mrs. Barnet	Swiss's dam	Handmaiden
	Touchstone	Fawn	Whalebone	Swiss's dam	Waverley
	Lady Stafford	Parisan	Lapdog's dam	Swiss's dam	Swiss's dam
	Humphrey Clinker	Fawn	Parisan	Swiss's dam	Parisan
	Cervantes mare	Parisan	Parisan	Swiss's dam	Parisan
	Muley Moloch	Parisan	Parisan	Swiss's dam	Parisan
	Whisker mare	Parisan	Parisan	Swiss's dam	Parisan
	Camel	Parisan	Parisan	Swiss's dam	Parisan
	Banter	Parisan	Parisan	Swiss's dam	Parisan
	Gainsborough	Parisan	Parisan	Swiss's dam	Parisan
	Topsy Turvy mare	Parisan	Parisan	Swiss's dam	Parisan

PERFORMANCES.—At 2 yrs.—At Melton: nowhere in Maiden plate, 1½ mile, 5st. 5lb., won by Dignity, 9st. 5lb. V.R.C. Autumn Meeting: third in Sires' Produce Stakes, ¾ mile, 8st. 10lb., won by Rapidity, 8st. 10lb.; nowhere in Nursery Handicap, ¾ mile, 7st. 12lb.; won by Device, 7st. 6lb. At 3 yrs.—At Hobart Town: second in Maiden Plate, once round, 7st. 13lb., won by Emerald, 5st. 11lb.; nowhere in Weld Stakes, once round and a distance, 6st. 10lb., won by Waterford, 8st. 3lb. At 4 yrs.—V.R.C. Spring Meeting: nowhere in Melbourne Cup, 2 miles, 6st. 6lb., won by Calamia, 8st. 2lb.; won Spring Handicap, 1½ mile, 6st. 12lb., 2m. 10½s.; third in Four-year-old Handicap, 2 miles, 6st. 5lb., won by Swiveller, 8st. 5lb.; second in V.R.C. Handicap, 1¾ mile, 7st., won by Columbus, 6st. 10lb. V.R.C. Midsummer: nowhere in Midsummer Handicap, 1¾ mile, 7st. 7lb., won by Aconite, 7st. 6lb. V.R.C. Autumn Meeting: won Brunswick Stakes, 1½ mile, 7st. 9lb., 2m. 12s., Tom Kirk, 8st. 8lb., second, Nina, 7st. 7lb., third; nowhere in Newmarket Handicap, ¾ mile, 8st., won by Diomed, 7st., Tocal, 8st. 9lb., Le Loup, 8st. 3lb., and Bob Sawyer, 6st. 6lb., dead heat for second place; won Three and Four-year-old Handicap, Leger course, 8st. 2lb., 3m. 17s., Monarque, 7st. 13lb., second, Soothsayer, 7st. 3lb., third. V.A.T.C.: nowhere in Caulfield Cup, about 1½ mile, 8st. 12lb., won by Newminster, 8st. 10lb. At 5 yrs.—Carried 7st. 4lb., and won the Melbourne Cup, beating 26 others.

Standing on the deserted Hill as the evening shadows fell, one's eyes ranged over the now rapidly fading prospect, and thoughts

of other scenes arose. To give a history of the Australian Turf would be almost as tedious as to recapitulate the records from racing from Cheney's "Historical List of Horse Matches," published in 1727, to the last edition of the Racing Calendar, or to give accounts of the exploits of jockies from Tregonell Frampton to Fordham, to write out the performances of every favourite from Basto to Sir Bevis, or to describe every important race from the King's Plate of 1744 to the last Ladies-day at Goodwood.

But there are many curious and notable things connected with the early history of racing which come to the mind unbidden on such occasions as these. One's fancy pictures the parlour of the Three Tuns, at Newmarket, where the jocks assembled to smoke their pipes and drink sherry and water, and erects again the celebrated judge's chair, which was set upon wheels for convenience of locomotion! But these things have become the property of the antiquary. How few remember the story of the Father of the Turf (versified by Dr. Hawkesworth), in which it is related that having beaten a celebrated mare with his horse Dragon, the owner of the beaten animal declared that there was not a gelding in England who could match the feat. Frampton wagered to produce one the next day, and qualified his horse Dragon at the starting-post, the gallant beast winning his inhuman master's money only to fall dead in his blood opposite the judge's chair. How many forgotten anecdotes are there of the immortal blackguard Captain O'Kelly, the owner of Eclipse, and of solemn Sir Charles Bunbury, the inventor of races for two-year-olds.

The celebrated rides of Mr. Osbaldiston and Jack Mytton are better known. So is, perhaps, the race ran at Knavesmire by Mrs. Thornton against Mr. Flint. The match was for four miles at catch weights, the lady to ride her own horse. Mrs. Thornton appeared in a "leopard coloured body with blue sleeves, buff vest and blue cap." Two hundred thousand pounds were dependent on the match, but Mrs. Thornton's saddle turned and she lost the race, though at one time the betting was two to one in her favour. But she triumphed at last, riding her husband's mare Louisa, 9 st. 6 lb., against Mr. Bromford's *Allegro*, ridden by [the celebrated jockey Buckle, 16 st. 6 lbs., for two miles. She took the lead and kept it until near the distance, when Buckle, exerting all his science, headed her for a few lengths, getting finally beaten at the post by half a neck. Osbaldiston wagered to ride 200 miles in 10 hours

on an unlimited number of horses. He rode twenty-eight horses, and performed the feat in 7 h. 19 min. 4 sec. The best horse he had was Tranby, whom he rode four times. Tranby did his sixteen miles (four heats of four hours) in 33 min. 15 sec. Jack Mytton did everything that was eccentric and foolish, finally dying aged 38, a pauper in the King's Bench, having squared a fortune of more than £200,000. Mytton began as he ended, for when fourteen years of age he wrote to Lord Eldon (he being a ward in Chancery), stating that he was about to be married, and requesting an increase in his allowance. The Chancellor replied, "Sir, if you can't live on your allowance, you may starve; and if you marry, I'll send you to jail." But let us pass lightly over the years that are gone. Who cares to hear recapitulated the disputes of John Scott and Harvey Coombe, the sad results of Bay Middleton's victory, the disputed pedigree of Bloomsbury, the riding of young Bell (a child who was put up at 4 stone) on Mr. Forth's filly at Ascot, the first opening of the grand stand at Goodwood, the Running Rein case, or even its more celebrated parallel in very recent days. Soon the records of the Flemington course will be as old-world as these. Other Leviathans will wag their tails in the great deep of the Betting Ring, and kings will arise who know not Joseph.

The first Australian race meeting, of which I can find any mention in history, was the establishment of the Sydney races at Hyde Park, on the 15th of October, 1810, by the officers of the 73rd regiment; and so soon as Victoria got itself shaken into place, which may be said to be in 1837, it also began to think about racing. In 1839, a race meeting took place at the back of Batman's Hill. There were four events,—the Town Plate, the Squatters' Purse, the Hurdle Race, and Hack Race. The course was circular and about a mile long. A grand stand was erected on the side of the hill, and the whole sporting population, numbering about 500, including aboriginals, turned out. The Town Plate and Squatters' Purse were won by Mountain Maid, while the Hurdle Race was an exciting affair between a black gelding named Postboy, and a bay gelding named Tramp. Postboy gave his jockey a tremendous fall, and picked himself up dead lame, but, nevertheless, won the deciding heat in great style. An old-fashioned dinner was given in the evening at the Lamb Inn, and the affair passed off like that which it really was—a market-town race meeting.

Petrel and Merino were among the earliest Victorian favourites. Merino was bred by Mr. Henty in 1845. He first ran as a five-year-old at Portland, and beat Mr. Austin's celebrated Bessy Bedlam. When eight years old he again defeated her for the Melbourne Town Plate, the race being remarkable for the clever riding of Lang, who, feeling that by some mischance the saddle was slipping, let it go, and rode literally bare-backed, but with his feet still in the stirrups and the saddle still on the horse. Petrel's history is more romantic. He was one of the staunchest horses ever on a Victorian racecourse, but nobody knew his breeding, and he entered upon life in 1842, being sold when a yearling to a publican named Gubb, who kept a grog-shanty at Buninyong. When two years old he was ridden as a hack by Mrs. Gubb, a lady who turned the scale at 14 stone, and his merits were discovered by sheer accident. Mrs. Gubb and her spouse—like Mr. Bubb and *his* spouse—had a dispute, not about a "one-horse shay," but about a bottle of rum which the lady had in charge for the refreshment of her lord at his journey's end. Gubb wanted the bottle on the road home, and attempted to take it, but his wife set spur to her hack and beat her husband's fancy nag into sticks. Mr. Colin Campbell, of the Pyrenees Station, bought the chestnut colt, and won all before him. On the occasion of his victory on the Melbourne course, Mr. Campbell gave a supper and ball at the Royal Hotel (afterwards called the Criterion, and situated where the Union Bank is now building its new house). Two hundred of the *élite* of Melbourne society attended, and the saddle, bridle, jacket, and cap were suspended in the room as a trophy. When a three-year-old, Petrel ran three miles and a distance over the Melbourne course, carrying 10 st. 7 lb., and beating Smolensko, aged, at even weights. This performance has never been excelled.

Wide is the gap between those days and this. Many and deep are the graves that lie between us and those vanished years. Memory recalls the famous ride of Adam Lindsay Gordon, when he brought Major Baker's Babbler to victory over the "big jump," paints again the splendid struggle between Tarragon and Volunteer, who ran a dead heat for the Champion, and the match between Ingleside and Guy Faux when the "Monks of the West" lost their money. Where have gone the merry fellows who had witnessed those things with me years ago? "Gone, my friends, where we all must go." Perhaps neither of us, reader, may see the Cup Race of 1880. So let us then cherish the pleasant memory of this. Racing has its dark side, but it is a sport which all but croakers and

crawlers would be sorry to see die out. As the rider of Babbler sang:—

We have no wish to exaggerate  
The worth of the sports we prize;  
Some toil for their stall, and some for their state,  
And some for their merchandize;  
Some traffic and trade in the city's mart,  
Some travel by land and sea;  
Some follow science, some cleave to art,  
And some to scandal and tea.

And some for their country and their Queen  
Would fight if a chance they had;  
Good sooth, 'twere a sorry world I ween,  
If we all went galloping mad.  
Yet if once we efface the joys of the chase  
From the land and outroot the stud,  
*Good-bye to the Anglo-Saxon race—  
Farewell to the Norman blood.*

*BERRYISM: ITS RISE AND PROGRESS.  
A REPLY.*

In responding to the Editor's invitation, to furnish a reply to Mr. W. Jardine Smith's paper in the last number of this *Review* upon "Berryism, its Rise and Progress," some little difficulty is experienced with regard to what is meant by the title chosen. In an explanatory note the writer says: "I have used the word 'Berryism' to denote the latest development of so-called Liberalism in the colony of Victoria. And here I may mention that the word 'Liberal,' when used in this article to denote the party of which Mr. Berry is the head, must be taken in a conventional sense. The 'ring' that for the time being is engaged in promoting its own interests, by practising upon the credulity, and humouring the whims of the people, is always known here as the 'Liberal party,' and I have not thought it necessary, except by way of reminder here and there, to qualify the appellation." In this explanation we have "the word Berryism," "so-called Liberalism," a "ring practising upon the credulity of the people," and "the Liberal party," mixed up in a somewhat perplexing manner. If the reviewer means that "Berryism" is a "ring," and that what is known as Liberalism in Victoria is the outcome of that "ring," then it might as reasonably be advanced that what is known as Conservatism in the colony is synonymous with the Victorian Association or other "rings," whose work is described as having been to manipulate the votes of Parliament in the interests of a class during the famous land-scramble periods of our history. If it even were to be admitted that much could be justifiably said with respect to the injudicious character of many of the proceedings of the present Administration,—that, for instance, the use of the *Government Gazette* to announce the decision of the Cabinet not to supply any paragraphs of Ministerial information to a particular newspaper, was a pitiful exhibition of puerility; that the threat to take gold only at the Custom House, and other depart-

ments, cannot be defended; or that what is known as Black Wednesday is a step that no cabinet of statesmen would have entered upon;—still it does not necessarily follow that Liberalism would be compromised by such admissions any more than that a large number of intelligent Conservatives in the colony would care to have their principles identified with the antiquated ultra-Tory proceedings of what I may, upon the same principle used by Mr. Smith to coin his word, be allowed to call “Sladenism.” Victorian Liberalism means certain active living principles of an advanced, intelligent democracy, and these principles are not responsible for the matters in the indictment submitted by Mr. Smith under the name of “Berryism” in anything like the same degree as is “Sladenism.” A blind ignoring of the existence of a great fact in its midst, in the shape of an unprecedented influx from all parts of the world as early as 1851 of the most active and enterprising of immigrants to the “diggings,” and, since that time, the large, constantly increasing, and above the average intelligent population, specially well supplied with that great popular instructor the newspaper press, has always been a distinguishing characteristic of Sladenism. Further, it has shut its eyes to the fact that this population has had in its possession the powerful political levers of manhood suffrage and the ballot, the political opinions of the people being significantly shown by the circumstance, that these two important planks in the Liberal programme had to be granted even so far back as 1856, and by so Conservative a class as that which entered into the construction of the Ministries which first received office after the establishment of responsible government in the colony.

About 1860 the people lifted their heads for the first time from the intense application which, up to that period, they had devoted to “the diggings,” and found the land in the possession of the squatters. Then set in the historical “unlock the lands” epoch; the struggle of the people on the one hand to “get on to the land,” and on the other, the fight of the squatters to protect their runs from invasion, together with the long series of land swindles, bribery, corruption, and the general time of political blunders and crimes that forms so dark a page in our history. Land monopoly, with all its evils, had obtained firm hold in the colony, and the fact that the large landed proprietors formed the majority in the second branch of the Legislature, had the effect of placing the Upper House members—armed as they were with a constitution giving them the

power of the veto—in a conflicting attitude with the manhood-suffrage elected representatives in the people's Lower House, an attitude that unfortunately has not improved with the course of time. A speech delivered in June, 1864, by Mr. Bindon (now the late Judge Bindon), to a constituency whose suffrages he was soliciting as a candidate for the Assembly, indicates how important a principle of Liberalism the land question had even then become. He said, "In plain language, in all recent legislation the interests of the rich and wealthy, the bankers and squatters, have been safe, while the humbler classes, their wants, their industries, their social position, the education of their children, are little minded. Now, if we wish to do what is right, this must stop." He then pointed out that already five millions of acres of the choicest land round Melbourne, Geelong, and in the rich Western District, had been secured by a few large holders, at an average of not more than 29s. per acre, and advocated "a tax upon all uncultivated and unused land, and a tax upon absentees."

The principle of imposing the duties (which in any case have to be levied for revenue purposes) upon such articles as could be produced in the colony, with the view of developing labour-employing home production, and which has now attained so important a place in the manifesto of the Liberal party, had also already taken hold upon public attention. Mr. Smith in his paper charges Berryism, in these Protectionist days, with "proclaiming a crusade against capital," and refers to the present times as being unexampled in their depression; but it is interesting to turn to the newspaper files dealing with the free-trade days of about 1860. Newspapers of opposite character politically, joined in "deploring the present languishing condition of the material interests of the colony," although, of course, they advanced then, as they do now, different opinions as to what should be done as a remedy.

✓ The leading metropolitan organ on the Liberal side was busily engaged in utilising the situation as a text in favour of its protective doctrines, and under date 14th November, 1863, is found writing, "Turn in what direction we will, there will be found industry struggling unaided, enterprise battling hopelessly; still we go on importing in the headlong fashion of the fast days of our national youth. ✓ Let it be put to the most rabid advocate of free trade, to choose between a protective duty, from which each year's current expenses would be defrayed, or the sacrifice of the public estate by fraud sales in a glutted market, and not for culti-

vation, and there can be no hesitation as to the answer." It is also a notable fact that Sir James M'Culloch, upon accepting the position of Treasurer in the Nicholson Ministry of that period, was opposed for his seat by Mr. Wilson Gray, and owed his success in a fierce contest as against that popular land reformer, to a greater liberality in his promises with regard to the encouragement of native industry.

My reasons for thus specially alluding to the early rise and progress of these two leading features in Victorian Liberalism—the land and protection questions—is to draw attention to one leading error, as I regard it, that permeates the whole of Mr. Smith's paper. Mr. Berry is referred to as having attained his present position by "appeals to the passions of the people," "addresses to the ignoble qualities of envy, greed and popular folly," "the masses permitting themselves to be cajoled," and so on, while his first start is traced to the time "when Sir Charles Gavan Duffy took him from the Eastern Market," and made him a member of his Cabinet, for the reason, as it is stated, that he could not obtain any choice of better men. This aspect of the question is not only historically incorrect, but it also betrays a want of knowledge of the true position of the people of this colony, that leads the writer—unwittingly, I am sure—to appear unjust to them. Mr. Berry's advancement during the Duffy period referred to, was the natural outcome of the fact that he had been for some time noted by the people as a consistent and intelligent advocate of a principle which, by means chiefly of the Liberal press, they had already taken firm hold of, so much so that free-traders, as, for example, Sir James (then Mr.) M'Culloch, who had been in power before him, had, for the purpose of retaining that power, to keep their private convictions in abeyance, and administer principles which they found were in accordance with the popular will. The Duffy Ministry, I incline to believe, was strengthened at the time by the inclusion of Mr. Berry, owing to his character as a reliable protectionist, and of Mr. Grant, on account of the strong belief the people had in that gentleman as an honest administrator of the lands in the popular interest. The principles of the land question, in respect both to its settlement and taxation aspects, which Mr. Berry afterwards associated himself with, had previously been fully taken hold of by the popular mind; and Mr. Smith's theory as to Mr. Berry's success at the last general elections having been due to his power of inflaming the passions of the mob on that question, is equally faulty with the assumption respecting protection. The

people had fully assured themselves as to the justice of land taxation according to certain defined principles, and when Mr. Berry put their views in form, and promised to carry them into law, they supported him; first, because they honestly believed that these views were just, and second, because their former leader, Mr. M'Culloch, had taught them by his own acts to lose all faith in his sincerity.

Neither has Reform of the Constitution, which has come now to be regarded as a leading question of Liberalism, contributed towards Mr. Berry's elevation in the manner described by Mr. Smith. He speaks of his difficulty to understand why the people should "respond to Mr. Berry's call" and expresses astonishment at his having "proved his capacity for misleading a free, independent, and generally reasonable people." Here, Mr. Smith, from my point of view, appears to exhibit an inability to perceive that Mr. Berry did not attain his present position so much by the positive process of "calling" the people, as he has negatively, owing to the people's denunciation of Sir James M'Culloch. The vote at the last election was not so much a direct vote for the present Ministry, as a vote against Sir James M'Culloch. M'Cullochism may fairly be described as having placed the present Government in power, and Sladenism as having helped materially to keep it there. As it has been with protection and the land question, so with reform, the people have had time to fully appreciate it in all its bearings. Previous to the year 1864, the Council had thrice thrown out land bills, having for their object the desideratum of occupation with cultivation. Sladenism is supposed to comprise the elements in this colony that "the Lords" do in England, but does it? The House of Lords combines essentially, the culture, the matured wisdom, the political training, and nobility of character of Great Britain. Our colonial House of Lords is, also, composed of an aristocracy, endowed and privileged in the very bosom of universal suffrage, but an aristocracy without prestige or refinement, and undistinguished as a body from the humblest class of the population, except in the possession of wealth. As Mr. Smith states "that he is forbidden by fairness, in the absence of evidence, to believe that Sir James M'Culloch has really done anything to forfeit the confidence of the party that used to bawl itself hoarse in his honour," and that he is "driven to the conclusion that his unpopularity was simply the result of the proverbial fickleness of the public," it will be necessary to take a retrospective glance, as briefly as possible, owing to Sir James M'Culloch's later career, together with the proceedings of the

members of the Legislative Council, having had so direct a hand in bringing about the present situation.

It will be remembered that at the conclusion of the 1871-74 Parliament, Mr. Francis appealed to the constituencies upon the unequivocal declaration that the whole of that period had been utterly barren of legislative results, owing to the contumacious obstructiveness of the members in "another place;" and the one issue put by him to the electors, and upon which his Ministry was returned to power, was the absolute necessity of the question of Constitutional reform being settled before any other matter could possibly be dealt with. Immediately after the assembling of Parliament, the Ministry were taken to task by Sir Francis Murphy in the Upper House, in his address upon the Governor's speech, for having publicly announced that the Assembly's measures sent to the Council during the preceding Parliament had been dealt with in "an ignorant, insolent, and contemptuous manner."\* This is notable from the fact that the Ministry of that day was composed, in addition to Mr. Francis, of such pronounced Conservatives as Messrs. Langton, Kerferd, Cohen, Gillies, and R. S. Anderson, so that this indictment of the Council cannot be attributed to what Mr. Smith in his paper calls "Berryism." Then as to the acknowledged position taken up by the Council as opposed to the Assembly, we have the same speaker going on to say that "The only Bill of any importance that has come up more than one session is the Mining on Private Property Bill. I thought that in dealing with that measure last session the majority here were in the wrong, but at the same time they had, I consider, an undoubted right to do what they thought fit in the matter. That bill, to a certain extent, invaded the rights of property, and does not this House expressly represent property?"† Here we have a Conservative (not a Berry) Ministry sending up a bill to the Council in repeated sessions, and having it thrown out upon the avowed admission that that body considered its functions were to stand upon what it considered the interests of property as opposed to the will of the majority of the people.

In its bearing upon "the rise and progress of Berryism," this point deserves attention, as there is reason to doubt that the Council, as at present constituted, has been in the habit of acting so much in the interests of property generally, as in that of a particular class. At the last general election, the

\* *Hansard*, vol. 18, p. 12.

† *Hansard*, vol. 18, p. 13.

thirty members who compose the Upper House were elected by 29,157 electors, as compared with 173,025 electors who returned the eighty-six members of the Lower House. Further, it has to be noted that of these 173,025 electors, 141,734 of them were ratepayers, holding such a qualification as would, did they live in England, qualify them as voters for the House of Commons, thus leaving only 31,292 as having voted upon the "general," or manhood suffrage roll.\* Mr. Smith, in his paper, places the Upper House before us as "men with a stake in the country," denounced by Berryism for "simply desiring to defend their rights and property, and being turned upon savagely for presuming to have an opinion at variance with the majority." In this connection it should not be forgotten that the 141,734 ratepaying voters of the Lower House have as good a "stake in the country" as the 29,157 electors represented by the Upper House. Indeed, it may be argued that they have a better, as the small property-holders and well-doing working men, who, with their families, have given hostages to fortune, may be regarded as the true classes who have a stake in the country. The one class, by means of its wealth, can leave the country, but the other must, so to speak, stick to the ship whatever befalls it. As for the 31,292 non-ratepayers who voted for the Assembly, it is commonly charged against manhood suffrage that this class of electors is, as a rule, of a low stamp, and so non-appreciative of its political privileges, that its votes are usually cast in favour of the highest bidder. Now, either this class sells its votes, or it does not. If it does, it is all in favour of the anti-Berry party, for it has the money to expend in this direction, and the other has not. As the non-ratepayers, however, polled against Mculloch at the last election, it follows that they did not vote upon pecuniary considerations, and that being so, they have proved their right to a vote equally with the wealthiest elector in the colony, upon the democratic principle that a man should have a vote because he is a man, and that no one should have more upon any other consideration.

Then Mr. Smith, in his assertion as to Berryism turning upon the Council savagely, lays himself open to the charge of one-sidedness in view of what I have quoted respecting the attitude of a Conservative Government in the same respect; while the plea put forward on behalf of the Council as to its only "presuming to have an opinion at variance with the majority," cannot be regarded as altogether disingenuous in view of the admitted position taken

\* Return to order of Legislative Assembly, dated 17th July, 1878.

up by its own members. Mr. Campbell, upon the same question referred to as having been spoken upon by Sir F. Murphy, the rejection of the Mining on Private Property Bill, said, "It has been complained that this House has assumed an extraordinary power in the State—a new power; I deny that it has. The Council cannot pass a law without the consent of the Assembly, neither can the Assembly do so without our consent, so that in that respect we are co-equal. It would be just as reasonable for us to complain that the Assembly has too much power, as it is for the Assembly to complain that the Council has too much power. . . . I think the longer our tenure is, the better. The reduction of the qualification for electors is a minor point; but I think it is a question whether this House is not popular enough already, without making it stronger, because the more support it has outside, the more reason it may have to differ from the other branch of the Legislature."\* The consideration of space alone prevents the production of a large amount of similar evidence to this, which is available, but it will probably be admitted that sufficient has been advanced to show that the Assembly, long before the advent of Mr. Smith's "Berryism," did not oppose the Council for "presuming to have an opinion at variance with the majority," but because of its assumption as a minority to have co-equal powers with the majority, and of its determination to assert its right to have its opinion carried in spite of the majority. Macaulay says, "Very few propositions can be so perfectly demonstrated as this, that parliamentary government cannot be carried on by two really equal and independent parliaments in one empire." This being so, the question simply is who should yield, the minority or the majority?

In addition to the reform of the Constitution being the one issue put before the country at the general election of 1874, and to Parliament afterwards by the Francis Government, it must be noted that, although the Treasurer was the ultra-freetrade Mr. Langton, it was not considered politic, in view of the tone of the country as tested during the elections, to interfere with the protective policy that had by that time become firmly established; and a special clause in the Governor's speech set forth the Ministry's disclaimer of any intention of doing so. Then followed Mr. Francis' majority of two on his bill for reforming the Constitution on the Norwegian principle, which he accepted as a defeat, and shortly afterwards resigned, on account of ill-health (28th July, 1874). The Attorney-

\* *Hansard*, vol. 18, p. 15.

General (Mr. Kerferd) assumed the lead; reconstructed the Government by the inclusion of Mr. M'Dermott as Solicitor-General, and of Mr. Service as Treasurer, *vice* Mr. Langton, resigned; shelving the reform question; and introducing a budget dealing with the incidence of taxation in a free-trade direction. Then followed Mr. Berry's attack upon the Service budget and his ultimate victory—a victory that he only attained by the assistance of Sir James M'Culloch and his party in the House, and without which assistance he could not possibly have succeeded. The test vote upon the Service spirit duties having resulted in a majority of one only, Mr. Kerferd advised Sir William Stawell to grant a dissolution, which was refused. Mr. Berry was sent for, and succeeded in forming his Ministry in September, 1875. Mr. Smith, in referring to the unprecedented execration with which Sir James M'Culloch was received by the people at the last general election, says:—"If we seek to account for this unpopularity on any reasonable grounds, we are completely baffled." And as bearing upon that opinion, the course of events at the time when Mr. Berry was empowered by the acting-Governor (Sir William Stawell) to form a Ministry requires glancing at.

If there be any truth in the charges made by Mr. Smith as to the manner in which the country has suffered through the mal-administration of the Ministry that Mr. Berry had at last to fall back upon at the time when he was engaged in the construction of his first Cabinet, it may reasonably be inquired whether a very considerable share of the blame does not lie with Sir James M'Culloch. That gentleman had hitherto been regarded by the people of the colony as a supporter of their Liberal views, and having assisted Mr. Berry to defeat the Service budget, they naturally looked upon his action being for the purpose of bringing in a more liberal policy, and that accordingly he would have given Mr. Berry his co-operation to that end. How did he act, however? Having ousted Mr. Service, he immediately turned the whole strength of his powerful following in the House against Mr. Berry, the features of whose budget were non-interference with the protective policy, and the imposition of a tax upon land. Mr. Berry was defeated by Sir James M'Culloch by a majority of five on 6th October, 1875, upon a resolution to the effect that land should not be "singled out" for taxation, and that there should be a return in the direction of free trade. Then followed Mr. Berry's advice to dissolve, and Sir William Stawell's refusal, in the face of a widely-expressed opinion by means of the

press, public meetings, deputations, and petitions, that Parliament, having shelved the chief question that it had been elected upon, and was proposing to reverse a principle that even the free-trade Mr. Langton had promised at the beginning of the Parliament not to interfere with, was now out of accord with the popular will, and should be dissolved. Mr. Smith's explanation of the events of this period is that the agitation was the result of mere wire-pulling extremists; but having been a resident of the interior at that time, and one of the delegates appointed to wait upon the acting-Governor, I remember how honestly the conviction that Parliament had outlived its usefulness had entered into the minds of Liberals whose views were the reverse of violent. In his paper, Mr. Smith sees an inconsistency in Mr. Berry's having asked Sir William Stawell to grant him a dissolution when he had refused it to Mr. Kerferd, but, to my mind, the cases were very different. The Kerferd-*cum*-Service Ministry was opposed by two powerful leaders—M'Culloch and Berry—acting in concert, and in their combined forces there certainly were as powerful elements to construct a new Ministry as there were to turn the old one out. When, however, Sir William Stawell saw that, after refusing Mr. Kerferd a dissolution, these two forces, instead of remaining joined in the work of constructing a new Administration, became disintegrated, the reason for refusing a dissolution that existed in Mr. Kerferd's case had ceased to exist in Mr. Berry's.

In the debate which followed Mr. Berry's announcement of the acting-Governor's refusal to dissolve, Mr. Higinbotham's remarks, coming as they do from a statesman of his high character and discernment, are important as showing the feeling within Parliament at this juncture. He said, "I venture to tell the hon. member for Warnambool (Sir James M'Culloch) that the country will have a voice in this matter, and that inasmuch as a large number of members of this House will not have a land tax (cries of "No")—inasmuch as a large number of members delayed—I may say, tried to defeat, but certainly delayed—the land tax, so there is a sufficient number of members in the House united to delay an income tax, until the people have expressed their opinion upon it. If this be so—and we all know that it is—then I venture to say that the Government which is in office at a time when the House is reduced to this condition of utter confusion and incapacity is entitled, as a matter of right, to appeal to the country. Whatever may be

the advantages, real or imaginary, connected with a dissolution in the hands of a Government, I venture to think it will not be an unjust or an unreasonable conclusion for thinking men to arrive at that these advantages have been withheld from these gentlemen (pointing to the Berry Ministry) in order to be conferred upon these (pointing to Sir James M'Culloch and other members of the Opposition."\* The suggestion given by Mr. Higinbotham, to oppose proceedings rather than allow an incoming Government to carry an income tax or any other measure that the people had not had placed before them, was taken up, and the wasted period between the date of Sir James M'Culloch's taking office in October, 1875, until the expiry of Parliament by effluxion of time in May, 1877—Messrs. Kerferd, Anderson, Gillies and Ramsay of the old Kerferd Ministry entering the Cabinet by the way—must always remain on record as a humiliating spectacle of a moribund Parliament adhering to place while utterly out of accord with the will of the people. In dealing with subsequent events, Mr. Smith draws the conclusion "that Mr. Berry and his colleagues deliberately brought upon the colony all the losses and distresses of a deadlock for the sole purpose of paying its individual members £300 a year; but the stonewalling episode is interesting to note from the point of view, that the party thus charged was the same that stonewalled upon the one plea of "come to the country, because Parliament is out of accord with the country," compliance with which appeal would have at once cut off the pecuniary consideration put forward by Mr. Smith as a cause sufficiently powerful to lead the same men to afterwards plunge the colony into all the evils of a deadlock. In this feature it will be perceived that a contradiction arises that has not been explained; while the fact that all the stonewallers were sent back to Parliament at the last general election, reinforced by an overwhelming majority of new men pledged to support the principles of land taxation and protection to native industry, together with the fact that the powerful M'Culloch phalanx received so utter a routing that it not only did not offer to take up its old position on the Ministerial benches, but could hardly muster a quorum on the Opposition side, speaks more eloquently than any written description can do as to the political character of the people of Victoria.

As the land-tax question was the one which really led to the disastrous "deadlock" of 1878, although the immediate issue acted upon,

\* *Hansard*, vol. 22, p. 1262.

was the question of payment of members, a few words upon the situation of affairs when Mr. Berry returned to power with his large majority in May, 1877, are necessary. The announcement made by so eminent a statesman and popular a public man as Mr. Higinbotham, that Sir James M'Culloch's tactics throughout the Parliament of 1874-77 were open to something more than suspicion, in respect to there being a design to frustrate, or at least delay, the imposition of a land tax, as might be anticipated, was not without its effect in the country. It, in fact, materially contributed towards elevating the land-tax question into what it really became, the chief issue of the elections. This is important to note, in view of after-events, when one of the leading reasons offered by the Upper House members in opposition to the tax, was that no sufficient evidence existed in support of the Assembly's contention, that the tax was in accord with the desire of a large majority of the electors. The argument next in importance, used, was that taken from Sir James M'Culloch, viz., that granting the fairness of a land tax in the abstract, yet it was unfair to "single out" the lands of a particular class for special treatment. That the people did not vote without full knowledge on the question, was fully demonstrated by the prominent manner in which, by means of lectures and by the press, the distinction between the various land-tax schemes that had been submitted was explained. The crudeness of Mr. Service's scheme was pointed out, in that it proposed a tax of 4d. per acre, upon all holdings above 320 acres in extent and under 2000 acres, and upon all holdings above 2000 acres 6d. per acre; thus failing to take into account that some blocks of 500 acres are more valuable than others of many times their area, and therefore demanding taxation according to quality. Sir James M'Culloch's scheme was to tax the land upon its annual value, and this was clearly shown to be a proposal to perpetuate the present objectionable shire-rating system, by which the tax falls in a ratio increasing in heaviness, in proportion to the increase in the value of the occupiers' improvements, therefore being a tax upon industry instead of upon land. In opposition to these proposals, it was brought under the attention of the people in all parts of the colony that a land tax, to bear equitably alike upon the large unimproving monopolist and the small industrious settler, should provide—first, for the assessment of the land upon its natural value; and second, for the imposition of the tax in a progressive rate, according to the quality of the soil. The land tax submitted by Mr. Berry in his budget, when ousted

by Sir James M'Culloch, approached the nearest to this standard, and as it was announced that the same tax in a probably improved form would be again submitted by him if returned to power, it must be admitted that the large majority who accompanied him back to Parliament in 1877 were not only specifically pledged to support a land tax, but a tax according to the principles described.

As for the "singling out" objection, in connection with the proposal to exempt all properties under 640 acres in extent, made by Sir James M'Culloch in the Assembly, and afterwards by Sir Charles Sladen in the Council, the people had been educated fully to understand the justice of that feature. It was pointed out that between 1869 and 1877, six million acres had been selected under the Act then in force, upon which area there was a population of 100,000 souls, while the improvements, in the shape of cultivation, dams, homesteads and fencing, amounted to five millions sterling, and the wheat, oats, barley, and hay, raised during the preceding three years, alone amounted to over three millions sterling, without counting other produce and wool. As compared with this it was shown that the total population on fourteen million acres of land rented by the squatters, and on seven and a quarter million acres held in the shape of large purchased estates—or in all a total of twenty-one and a quarter millions of acres held in pasture—amounted to only 7048 persons, while the only product was wool, the proceeds received from which could not be called beneficial in anything like the same degree, seeing that it went into the pockets of a few individuals (many of them absentees) who did not employ much labour, but used the money for the purpose of still further accumulating large unpopulated and unimproved estates. Notwithstanding that the value of the squatters' estates had been increased enormously in value by railways and other national undertakings, it was shown that neither his land nor his wool had ever by means of direct taxation rendered tribute to the State, while his land, being unpopulated, had not either indirectly contributed to the revenue as that of the smaller holders had done, as for example through the Customs by the population's consumption of dutiable goods, or by the use of the public service, such as the post office and railways. The only land tax ever paid, it was argued, was that received from the small holders of the colony through the shire-rating system, which, being a tax upon improvements, and not upon the natural value of the land, had fallen upon them simply because they were the only occupiers who had improved

This was the reason given in support of the exemption clause, and in answer to the argument that a land tax should not be imposed by itself, apart from a general scheme embracing all kinds of property as well, it was answered that Mr. Service had suffered by attempting too much at once, and that, therefore, it might be judicious to deal with one tax at a time, beginning first with the land tax.

While willing to admit that much of what has been so ably advanced by Mr. Smith under the name of Berryism, justifies the animadversions made, I have considered it necessary to enter somewhat minutely into the land question, on account of its intimate relation with the political complications that afterwards arose, and with the proposition that if there have been faults on the one side, the other, also, may be described as not having been altogether free from blame. For example, although Parliament had been called together on 22nd May, 1877, it was not until September 4th that the Land Tax Bill was carried in the Assembly, thus allowing for an exhaustive debate upon the question, in which the Upper House views upon the measure were ably dealt with by the Conservative members in the lower Chamber. Then the Bill was carried by a division of sixty votes against four, or a majority of 56, and Mr. Cuthbert, the representative of the Government in the Upper House, who cannot be accused of being a violent Liberal, introduced the bill in a speech, notable alike for its moderation and great logical force. He produced facts and figures to show that "the great mass of the people—not the wealthy, but the poorer classes in the colony—contributed towards the annual taxation no less a sum than £1,707,253, while property contributed the very small quota of £54,625, and that property not the property intended to be touched by this bill."\* That Mr. Cuthbert, however, had reason to believe that the Upper House was not yet in any mood to accept the situation may be gathered from his closing remarks as follows:—"I do not think that the wisdom and good sense of this House will set itself in deliberate opposition to the will of the people expressed at the last general election. If honourable members do, they will raise up a sea of troubles for themselves, and probably plunge the country into a great deal of confusion and misery."† Sir Charles Sladen followed Mr. Cuthbert by moving that "the bill be laid aside," arguing upon the co-equal rights of the Council, and was supported by Dr. Dobson, who stated that "This bill is directed against a class—it is meant as a party

\* *Hansard*, vol. 26, 862.

† *Hansard*, vol. 26, p. 868.

measure—or else the stump speeches delivered at the general election all go for nothing. We all know perfectly well that it is a deliberate conspiracy against a particular class, and it is our duty to prevent the consummation of that conspiracy, if we think it is an unjust or dishonest one . . . . We are told that we shall have the Chief Secretary figuring as Guy Fawkes, with a lath sword, if we don't pass this bill. Well, I hope he will. Let him adjourn the Assembly for six months, if he likes. What do we care.\* Afterwards followed the passage of the bill in response to wiser counsels, and the subsequent humiliating embroglio between the two branches of the Legislature upon the payment of members question, the unconstitutional act of sending the item up in the estimates, instead of by bill, being justified by the Government on the grounds, that a threat had been indirectly conveyed to the effect that the measure was to be seized upon as a means of retaliation for the land tax. And so on the quarrel sped, party feeling rising higher on both sides, until the culmination in the violences which have rendered 1878 a year to be deplored by all colonists, be they Conservatives or Liberals, who wish to see the land of their adoption advance in prosperity. As bearing upon the proposition that I have before submitted, to the effect that even if many of the charges made by Mr. Smith as to the evils arising from what he has termed Berryism, were, for the sake of argument, to be admitted; and yet that it might be fairly argued that no inconsiderable share of the blame might be traced to what I have endeavoured to describe under the names of Mc'Cullochism and Sladenism, the following point is worthy of attention. It is, that upon Mr. Berry's return to power, flushed as he might naturally be with his great success, yet he invited Messrs. Service and Casey to join him in forming the new administration, but without success. There is much suggestive matter in this circumstance for thought in many directions. Amongst other things, it seems to indicate that the present Chief Secretary is, in himself, not an extreme man, and that if his choice of good men to assist him, on both the occasions in which he has been engaged in Cabinet construction, has been limited, it has not been all his fault. One inference would also seem to be, that it is not the wisest policy for men who may differ politically to take up too stubborn a position in the way of ignoring facts. The people of this colony are, I believe, on the whole, a moderate people, and I think the majority favour the continuance of what I have described as my idea of what is meant by Victorian Liberalism. It seems to

\* *Hansard*, vol. 26, p. 886.

me that a great deal of good might be accomplished by the Conservative party in the colony by resolving to accept the situation with regard to broad principles; and by more intimate co-operation with the Liberals, there is little doubt that much important reform work is possible even in dealing with details, without the necessity arising for interference with leading issues. The higher men rise above the mere narrow considerations of self or class, and avoid "the falsehood of extremes," and the more they regard only what is likely to be the best for the common weal, the less difficult will they find the ability to act upon the principles of compromise. And without the mutual give-and-take of a reasonable compromise, practical legislation is impossible.

JOHN LAMONT DOW.

### *THE REFORM QUESTION.*

FOR a long time past, every person in Victoria, who does not live by politics, has been sick of the word "Reform." Taken up by the party in power as a mere catchpenny cry, the subject has been handled in a way which has acted most injuriously upon the material interests of the country. In common with the rest of the world, we some time ago entered upon a period of very severe commercial depression. All interests subsequently suffered from the stagnation in business, the scarcity of money, and the fall in prices, of which universal complaint has been made. But in our case every evil which has fallen upon us has been aggravated by political agitation, in connection principally with the subject of reform. It is not surprising, then, that all classes should be getting somewhat weary of this barren theme, and longing anxiously for a return of that quietude which is favourable to ease and money-making. The delay that has taken place in settling the matter has afforded the masses an opportunity for reflection—an exercise to which diminished employment has offered great facilities—and many people have asked themselves whether, after all, they are the abject slaves which their leaders assured them they must be under existing institutions. They turn their eyes back to the days before they had been made aware of their galling servitude. They remember that wages were pretty good, that employment was moderately plentiful, and that on the whole they were as free as could be expected—that is to say, they could do as they pleased within the bounds of laws they had assisted to make. This, I imagine, is not a very restricted measure of liberty. Thousands would be very glad to see those days back again. In the effort to throw off their imaginary fetters, they have become convinced that they are beating the air—a process which they find to be not only unprofitable, but positively injurious to prosperity and contentment. They are awaking, moreover, to an uncomfortable feeling that they have, somehow or other,

been made tools of in this matter. They see that while those who profess to be their friends propound wild schemes, and live the while upon the fat of the land, they—the toiling people—who were to be benefitted in some mysterious manner, are daily made acquainted with want, without receiving any equivalent.

Reform, then, is just at present more or less in disfavour with all classes, and some profane persons even go so far as to say that nine people out of ten would gladly see it quietly dropped, and put away snugly out of sight, only they have not the courage to say so. For my own part, I believe this feeling is so widely spread as to constitute a real danger. It would be pleasant, no doubt, to get rid of the topic for a time, for the human gorge will rise against too much of anything, no matter how good it may be in itself, especially when it is invariably accompanied by unsavoury adjuncts. But our gratification would be short-lived. Solomon tells us that abiding pleasantness and peace are only to be found in the ways of wisdom, and it would not be wise, after all we have gone through, to allow this subject to lapse until some sort of a settlement, likely to be lasting, has been arrived at. It is the duty of every person now—no matter on which side he may range himself—to resist the feeling of disgust which is creeping over the public mind in connection with the question, and to insist that, having got so far at such a cost, we shall go forward until some end is reached. It is true, there is no real necessity for Constitutional reform. The institutions of the country would work admirably if any real desire existed on the part of the Liberal party to work them. This is abundantly proved by the fact that every popular measure demanded by the people has become law after a moderate delay, with the single exception of a bill to authorise mining on private property. This exceptional question might have been settled also, had it not been for a determination on the part of the Assembly to advance claims as against the mining community, on the one hand, and the property-owning class on the other, which are incompatible with the rights of either.\* But in practical politics the question is not so much what is needful in the abstract, as what is made requisite by circumstances at any given time. In this view, there cannot be a doubt that reform of some sort is one of our prime necessities. If it were to be put aside now in consequence of an unstatesmanlike desire for peace on any terms, it would only crop up again in a year or two, reinvigorated by its

\* *Vide* the Mining on Private Property Bill introduced by Major Smith.

slumber, to vex our spirits and disturb our affairs. This is evident if we consider what it is which makes reform essential. The true reason why our constitutional arrangements cannot remain as they are, is that a certain party in the State has found out that the most profitable line in politics is to trade on the unpopularity of the Legislative Council. As the Upper House rests on a somewhat narrow basis, it is viewed with jealousy by a large number of people, and any "stump" politician may always draw a round of applause by alluding to that body in terms of insolence or vilification. With the great Liberal party "a row with the Council" is always considered a safe card to play, and, therefore, we may rest assured that, so long as things remain as they are, we shall always live in peril of some fresh outbreak.

But besides the risk of these collisions, which have such a bad effect on the commercial and industrial interests of the country, there are other dangers arising from the unpopularity of the Upper House. So thoroughly have the people become impressed with the idea that the Council is hostile to their interests, that they will not listen to reason when a dispute arises between the two Chambers. It is sufficient to tell them that the Upper and Lower Houses have joined issue to secure a solid vote of the masses in favour of the latter. The merits of the case are nowhere; they are never thought of. The only consideration which has any weight is, that the Chamber representing a class—(of course, like the British House of Commons, which is elected on a limited franchise, it indirectly represents the whole country)—is opposed to the Chamber representing as much of the manhood of the country as chooses to vote; and that in itself is considered a sufficient reason for rallying to the support of the popular body, without asking any more questions. The astute gentlemen who have led what is at present known as the Liberal party into the green pastures of office, are perfectly well aware of this idiosyncrasy, and they play upon it as opportunity serves. For instance, there can be little doubt that at the time of the last election payment of members was not very favourably regarded in the country at large, and it is very probable that had the people been polled on the subject, there would have been a substantial majority against a continuance of the practice. But from the moment the Ministry managed adroitly to make the question a bone of contention between the two Houses, the maintenance of the system, for a time at all events, became a foregone conclusion. It is manifest that so long as a Government

can carry out a policy in this way—so long as any unscrupulous Ministry can command overwhelming public support for the most pernicious measures, or the most corrupt practices, by the adoption of such a simple expedient of setting the Chambers by the ears, so long will a great danger menace the peace and safety of the State. I submit, therefore, that, heartily tired as every one is of the question, reform must still remain our principal political concern for some time to come. Every person who wishes well to the colony is bound to turn a deaf ear to all suggestions or temptations to turn aside from the path on which we have set out, or to rest until the goal has been reached. The journey may be unpleasant, but the duty of accomplishing it is evident.

Difficult and disagreeable as the task may be of arriving at a satisfactory conclusion, it cannot be said to be altogether hopeless. Those who are entirely opposed to the Ministerial scheme (which, when boiled down and freed from extraneous matter, amounts really to nothing more nor less than government by one House) have not been left without an alternative measure to which they may give their attention and support. It seems almost unnecessary to describe the plan of reform which is gradually crystallizing under the auspices of certain gentlemen in both Houses, as the particulars, so far as they are known, have been frequently given in the columns of the daily press. As, however, this paper may fall into the hands of people outside the borders of the colony, who cannot be supposed to have any intimate acquaintance with our affairs, it may be as well if I refer as briefly as possible to the principal features of the arrangement. It involves two things:—1. The popularisation of the Legislative Council; 2. A readjustment of the relations between the Houses. The proposed changes, so far as the constitution of the Upper House are concerned, have been embodied in a bill by the Chamber they are intended to affect, and this measure is now awaiting its second reading in the Assembly. It was originally submitted to the Council by Sir Charles Sladen, and then contained some provisions for securing proportionate representation. Hon. members, however, considered that, however desirable it might be, in the abstract, to give minorities their fair share of power, the occasion was inopportune for raising the question. Owing to the rejection of the proposals made in that behalf, Sir Charles Sladen did not feel himself justified in proceeding further with the measure. At the same time he intimated in the most generous way, that if any other gentleman thought proper to take the bill in hand and carry it.

further, he, as its author, would offer no objection. The bill accordingly passed into the hands of the Hon. Henry Cuthbert, who introduced some amendments, assimilating it in several particulars to the bill of the previous session, and in this form it ultimately passed.

To show how large are the concessions which the Upper House is prepared to make, it is necessary to state the conditions under which it exists at present. Under the present law it consists of thirty members elected for ten years, and representing, in equal numbers, six provinces. The qualification for a member is property with value of £2500, or an annual rating of £250 per annum. The number of electors is about 30,000, whose qualifications are as follows:—1. Freeholders of lands situated in any one province, rated at not less than £50 a-year, or double the amount in the aggregate if situated in separate municipal districts of the same province. 2. Leaseholders or occupiers rated at not less than £50 a-year. 3. Joint owners or occupiers of property sufficient to give each the foregoing qualification. 4. Mortgagors in possession. 5. Graduates, legal and medical practitioners, ministers, schoolmasters, military and naval officers, and matriculated students. It will simplify matters if I here state the principal objections urged against the present state of affairs. It is said that the division of the colony into six provinces only, makes the electorates so extensive, and, therefore, unwieldy, that none but rich men can afford to contest them. Their size, also, has the effect of preventing that moderate degree of intimacy between representatives and represented, which is essential to a good understanding; that, in fact, the straggling nature of the districts, and the long term of years for which members are elected, constitute a complete bar to the reasonable operation of public opinion. The qualification of members is also thought too high by many, as it shuts out—or is *said* to shut out, which, in democratic politics, amounts to the same thing—all who might be supposed, in virtue of their position, to sympathise with the labouring class. But, of course, the chief complaint is against the qualification of voters. It is declared to be monstrous that 30,000 Council electors, whose feelings, in virtue of their possessions, are with property, should be able to override the will of the 200,000 persons or thereabouts, whose names figure upon the Assembly rolls. The grievance is considered to be all the more unendurable, because the members of the privileged body that elects the Upper House have votes for the

Lower Chamber, in common with the rest of the community. Theoretically, no doubt, this bears the appearance of a hardship, but the necessity for a second Chamber, and the advisability of its not being an exact reflex of the other, being granted, it is difficult to see how, at our present stage of growth, a greater or less departure from manhood suffrage in the election of the Upper House could be avoided. It is true that a system of nomination would get over the difficulty in a rough and ready way, as the Ministry of the day is the creation of the Assembly, which is, or might be, the creation of the whole people, but for very good and sufficient reasons, the popular feeling is altogether adverse to the principle of nomineeism.

Such, generally speaking, were the defects which the Council was called upon to remedy, and the Sladen-Cuthbert bill proposes to treat them in the following way :—1. It increases the number of provinces from six to twelve, thus materially reducing the area of each, and doing away *pro tanto* with the objections we have mentioned as being urged anent the difficulty and expense of canvassing. The tenure of seats is reduced from ten years to six, a change which, taken in conjunction with the smaller provinces, ought to bring members and electors quite as close together as it is desirable (in the case of a second Chamber) that they should be. Then, the qualification for members is reduced to “an estate in freehold in possession for (their) own use and benefit in lands or tenements in Victoria of the annual value of one hundred and fifty pounds above all charges and incumbrances affecting the same.” This should throw open the door of the Council Chamber to a very large number of people, including *bonâ fide* representatives of every class in the community. Now we come to the voters, and here we find that a most liberal concession has been made. The present franchise, as we said before, is fixed at a rating of not less than £50 yearly, for freeholders and leaseholders alike. The proposal now is to separate these people, making the freehold qualification a yearly rating of £20 and the leasehold a yearly rating of £40. The effect of these reductions is variously estimated, some saying that they would place 80,000 electors on the Council roll, and others 100,000. The means of forming anything like an accurate opinion are not available, so we cannot say which reckoning is most likely to prove correct, in the event of the bill becoming law. It is tolerably certain, however, that the smaller number would be reached. I think that every fair person must admit that, so far as this branch of the reform question is concerned, the Council has dealt with it in a large and

liberal spirit. Under the arrangement proposed, every class in the community would have a voice in its deliberations; and if, after a time, when the exact effect of the changes suggested had become apparent, it was thought desirable to go further—to lessen or abolish the qualification of members and to extend the franchise even to the limits of the ratepayers' roll—the change could be easily effected.

I may here say that during the time the bill I have been referring to was under notice, another measure was on the notice paper of the Council of a much more comprehensive nature. It was the production of the Hon. R. D. Reid, who thought, apparently, to settle the whole Constitutional difficulty in some six clauses. Without disturbing the present arrangement of provinces or number of members, the hon. gentleman proposed to reduce the qualification both for representatives and electors, to provide for double dissolutions in some cases, and for joint sittings in the event of continued disagreement thereafter. The bill could not have passed under any circumstances without amendments, which would have been tantamount to redrafting, as, in its original form, the greater portion is unintelligible. But apart from this, the Council was not inclined to entertain it, as a majority is of opinion that any proposals for a readjustment of the relations between the two Houses should emanate from the Assembly. I do not profess to know the canon of Constitutional law on which this opinion is based. It is not necessary, however, to argue the question. The idea, whether right or wrong, was fatal to the chances of Mr. Reid's measure, and after a time, in deference to a generally-expressed wish, the hon. gentleman withdrew it.

When the Sladen-Cuthbert Bill reached the Lower House, it was taken charge of by Mr. Munro, who moved its first reading in the ordinary way. On Wednesday, 5th November, he proposed that it be read a second time, and intimated his intention, should he succeed in getting the measure into committee, of proposing still further reductions in the qualification for Council electors, and of introducing certain clauses to regulate the relations between the Houses. The latter proposal constitutes the second part of that plan of reform which I have already spoken of as gradually assuming shape and substance in the hands of moderate men. "If the House would read the bill a second time," said Mr. Munro, "he would propose, in committee, that the Central Province should be divided into three, and that the franchise should be reduced to

“£10 for freeholders and £25 for leaseholders and tenants. He would not have the slightest objection to reduce the franchise to the same level in all cases. He also desired to take power in the bill to dissolve the Council, and to require the two Houses to sit together when a difference arose between them, so that the question in dispute between them might be settled on its merits. With these amendments the bill would satisfy the large majority of the people. The suggestions he offered were not his own; they had come from other persons. He had received some of them from a member of the other Chamber, and submitted them last year both publicly and privately to the Chief Secretary. The Chief Secretary at the time said that if he felt sure the proposals could be passed in a bill, he would not go home, even though he should be on board ship.” The Hon. the Premier may, perhaps, think equally well of the suggestions now, for aught we know to the contrary; but however that may be, it is certain that neither he nor his colleagues will allow them a chance of being considered, if by any means such a very awkward occurrence can be avoided. Sir Bryan O’Loghlen, on behalf of the Ministry, said that “it would be highly inconvenient that the bill should now be read a second time. . . . The Government had there, their own bill endorsed by a large majority in this House. . . . Taking that into consideration, it would be antagonistic to the settlement of the question to allow the second reading of a bill which was at variance with the leading principles of the Government measure.” No doubt the Cabinet is wise in its day and generation. With that keen perception which springs from an instinctive sense of danger, its members recognise that a desire for the settlement of the reform question, on grounds somewhat similar to those advocated by Mr. Munro, is daily growing in strength. They fear that, notwithstanding the large majority which endorsed their own proposals, the hon. member for Carlton would have had an excellent chance of carrying the bill of which he had taken charge if he could have found an opportunity. Such an occurrence would leave the Ministry in a position not to be contemplated without a shudder. With the reform question taken out of its hands and settled, not only without its assistance but in spite of its teeth, it would have to go to the country with nothing to commend it to the good graces of the electors but a dreary record of failure and the remembrance of grievous sacrifices made in vain.

If Mr. Berry and his colleagues are as anxious as they have always professed to be, that the will of the people as expressed by

a majority in the Assembly should become law, why did they not allow Mr. Munro to proceed, and take the opinion of the House on the merits of his scheme? If he had proved unsuccessful, there would be an end of the matter, so far as the present Parliament is concerned; but if, on the other hand, hon. members had displayed a preference for his proposals over those submitted by the Government, why should Ministerial convenience have been allowed to stand in the way of a settlement? It is true that Mr. Munro's success would have been fatal to the Berry Government, but surely gentlemen who make such loud professions of patriotism, and zeal for the public welfare, should not have permitted such a consideration to influence their action. It must be clearly understood, then, that the reform scheme to which I have been alluding is not properly before the country, solely in consequence of the obstruction offered by the Ministry. The Upper House has done its part; either Mr. Munro, or some one acting for him, is willing to do his, and the House is willing to entertain the matter; but the Government has set its foot down. It will not give an opportunity during Government time, and can easily talk it over the dinner hour on Wednesdays; therefore its opposition is necessarily fatal. So much for Mr. Berry's assertion last year, that if he could get such a measure he would forego his ambassadorial trip, even if his luggage were on board.

But although little progress has as yet been made in Parliament with the rival scheme, and matters have been somewhat complicated by Mr. Munro's absence from the House, those who desire to see the question settled in a rational and moderate way, need not be discouraged. The leaven has been hidden in the "three measures of meal," and before long its working will probably be apparent. Their part is to sink all minor differences in the face of great danger, and having made up their minds as to what they want and what they will support, to put their hand to that particular plough, resolving on no account to look back. It is impossible to say whether, before the general election, there will be an opportunity of placing a complete scheme before the Assembly in opposition to the Ministerial bill, but however this may be, every one may rely on the fact that the issue put to the country will be the Government measure *v.* the Sladen-Cuthbert bill, with additions of the nature indicated by Mr. Munro. Those who are opposed to the *plébiscite*, a nominee house, and the uncontrolled sway of the Assembly in matters of finance, should bear this in mind, and work accordingly. It is not certain, I

imagine, that the Council would agree to every item in the supplementary plan which Mr. Munro sketched out in his few hurried remarks in proposing the second reading of the Sladen-Cuthbert bill; but we have the authority of Mr. Murray Smith for saying that it is prepared to accept the principal parts. This fact alone is one of immense importance, and should turn the scale in favour of the Opposition scheme with all those who are halting between two opinions. If Mr. Berry should succeed at the general election, we may look forward with confidence to three more years of useless and mischievous agitation, resulting probably in nothing; whereas a decision by the country in favour of the scheme which we are told the Upper House is ready to pass, would lead to a settlement of the vexed question within three months. It surely is not necessary to point out to those who have been suffering, and are suffering from the prevailing disquiet, how fervently they should pray and how energetically they should work to bring about the latter result. If any one asks how this is to be done, I would bid him go and learn from the enemy. The party that wishes to carry a general election must have a clearly-defined object in view; it must elect leaders and trust them—follow them unhesitatingly, for the time being, at all events; it must be amenable to discipline, self-denying, industrious, active and hopeful. Personal feelings must be swallowed up in loyalty to the cause, and no trouble grudged which may contribute to the general advantage. It was by acting on these principles that the Liberal party won its great success, and the Constitutionalists may depend upon it that a decisive victory is not to be achieved in any other way.

The Constitution of the country is of such transcendent importance as compared with any other question, that particular care should be taken to fix public attention on this one issue. If the matter of reform can be settled wisely and well, other things may stand over for a while with little detriment on the whole to the interests of the community. What the Constitutional side has to fear is the intrusion of individual crotchets, personal feelings, and questions which, though important, are not pressing into that which, for this generation at least, will be a life and death struggle. Let it be remembered that as a corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit, neither can bad organic laws give birth to sound and beneficial legislation. If we desire good government, we must organise it. It is no good to set up an irresponsible Assembly, armed with exclusive power of the purse and the supreme control over every-

thing, and to complain when it begins to exhibit those baneful peculiarities which history and experience show, plainly, attend the exercise of unchecked authority. If we would avoid the reign of universal corruption, and preserve our liberties intact, we must order our arrangements practically with a view to compass these ends, and not leave everything, as too many feel inclined to do, to the chapter of accidents. We are continually told by Mr. Berry and his followers that we may safely trust the representatives of the people with the sole command of the public money, and powers of the most extensive character, as they are altogether incapable of abusing any confidence that may be placed in them. To this, it may be said that the members of the Victorian Assembly are no better and no worse than the ordinary run of mortals, and that as men, or bodies of men, when endowed with supreme power and left to themselves, have invariably misused their prerogatives, so assuredly would members abuse their position if we were foolish enough to free them from control. These considerations should be sufficient to induce every one to allow his most cherished opinions, on comparatively indifferent subjects, to drop into the background during the coming struggle, in order that he may give his undivided attention to the paramount question of the day.

I have said that it is necessary, on setting out upon any electioneering campaign, to have some definite object in view, and I think it may be well if I here put down what I understand, after a diligent study of the question, to be the scheme which, according to Mr. Murray Smith, the Council is willing to accept. Its own bill, of course, speaks for itself. Whether hon. members would consent to the further reductions of the franchise suggested by Mr. Munro, it is impossible to say. For my own part, I think it would be well to make trial of the qualifications as already fixed, before going lower. The alteration proposed is a sufficiently sweeping one, seeing that it is always desirable that the institutions of a country should develop gradually, free from violent breaks in their continuity, and not go forward by "leaps and bounds." It must be remembered, moreover, that one step taken in lowering a franchise invariably makes the next step easier. To the Council's bill is to be added provisions for a dissolution of the Upper House whenever a bill has been rejected by it in two consecutive sessions, and the Assembly is sent to the country in consequence of such rejection; and for joint sittings, on the Norwegian plan, if, after a double dissolution, the disagreement still continues. Such an arrangement would answer fairly

well (if we must settle our differences by mechanical means), in the case of all measures except the Appropriation Bill. This, of course, could not wait, and would have to be referred to the constituencies immediately after rejection. There is one way, indeed, by which a dissolution might be avoided without detriment to the public service, if the Assembly would consent to adopt it, viz., to allow the Council to take out any vote of which it might disapprove as not properly belonging to the ordinary appropriations for the year—a “tack,” in fact—and to place it in a separate bill which could stand over for treatment in the ordinary way. If thought desirable, machinery might be provided for determining whether the item objected to constituted a “tack” or not. It will be seen that the concession of such a right to the Upper House would not in any way increase its financial powers, but merely relieve it from the necessity, in certain cases, of forcing a dissolution, and inflicting suffering or loss upon the public. As it already possesses the power of rejecting an appropriation bill in its entirety, the bestowal on it of a right to hold a few items in suspense, until the opinion of the public could be taken upon them, would not be any concession whatever. These, however, are matters of detail. Regarding this scheme in its broad features, I believe it is one which would meet popular requirements, and satisfy all reasonable desires; one which would prove safe in operation, sufficiently elastic in working, genuinely liberal while rationally conservative, adapted to progress and favourable to peace. It presents, moreover, an easily accessible haven of rest, where the ship of State, buffeted and tossed about by the storms and tempests of the last two years, may take refuge for a time, and repair the damages she has received in her contest with the political elements. If it possessed no intrinsic merits of its own, it would be worthy of consideration on this ground only; and it is to be hoped that the advantage will not be overlooked. I feel tolerably confident that if the country could only be got to look at the Sladen-Cuthbert-Munro reform scheme in all its bearings, a majority would be found to give it a hearty support. It is for those who understand and appreciate it as a practical solution of a very difficult question, to see that the public is made thoroughly acquainted with its provisions.

W. JARDINE SMITH.

## *THE VICTORIAN RAILWAYS AND THEIR MANAGEMENT.*

A QUESTION which promises sooner or later to be of vital importance to the world, and which has, so far, been an important factor in the fiscal policy of those countries which have absorbed, and assumed, the management of their respective railways, is—

Does the Government management of railways answer to an economic want?

It appears that this question has attracted much attention from the leading political economists of the day, and after considerable discussion, there appears to be some doubt in the minds of not a few able writers, as to whether this question should be answered in the affirmative.

In Victoria, at this moment, the subject possesses an exceptional interest, from the fact, that while the colony is indebted to Great Britain, in the amount of £20,000,000 for various loans from time to time effected, £15,343,240 6s. 3d. was ostensibly borrowed for the construction of railways, and £13,503,693 has been actually expended on them.\* Their administration, under Government management, produced a deficit in 1878 of £141,241 11s. 11d., to be provided for out of the consolidated revenue; the interest on the amount borrowed for their construction, being £732,217 14s. 5d., and the net revenue, after providing for maintenance, &c., being only £590,976 2s. 6d., and notwithstanding the Minister of Railways' promises, in his report to His Excellency the Governor,† "that the

\* Report of Commissioner of Railways, 1879.

† "During 1877, as shown in my last report, a sum of £39,018 2s. 6d. was credited to the railways by the Treasury on account of interest allowed by the banks on loan moneys deposited with them; but this is only one item of what must in the aggregate amount to a very considerable sum, and as it is only fair that the department should receive credit for all interest received on unspent balances of the railway loans, as well as be debited with the interest payable to the bondholders, an attempt is being made to obtain from the Treasury full particulars of such interest, so that in its accounts the department may be duly credited with the same.

"There is no doubt but that such interest reduces considerably the amount to be made good annually by the consolidated revenue on account of the railways, and I

net earnings of the road, and the amount due for interest on borrowed capital, should be less at variance," we fail to see, how this fair promise is likely to be fulfilled, under the existing aspect of affairs. From the returns published in the *Argus*, 7th November,\* which we give below, it would appear that, notwithstanding a continual increase of way, the earnings of the Victorian railways steadily decline, in proportion to such increase. For example, last March, with 104 miles more way than the corresponding month of last year, the earnings for the quarter ending the 31st of that month, were nearly £5000 less than those for the quarter of the previous year. The next quarter, ending 30th June,† we find them to have been:—

1878.	1879.
£301,374.	£294,807.

For the quarter ending 30th September, we find the last week's returns, ending 25th September, were £22,139 18s. 7d., and for the corresponding week of 1878 £23,668 5s. 6d., showing a falling-off for that week of £1528 6s. 11d.;‡ and as recently as the end of October last, as per the appended returns for the week ending 30th October, with an increase of way of 131 miles over the year preceding, the traffic returns show a shrinkage of £1051 below the returns for the corresponding week of 1878. Again, taking the total returns of the last four months, from 1st July to 31st October, we find them to be in the aggregate £384,076 6s. 7d., while during the same period in 1878 they were £394,655 14s. 7d., showing

trust in my next to be enabled to lay before Your Excellency a complete statement in this respect, and thus to show (as is only fair) that the loss sustained by the difference between the net revenue derived from working the lines and the amount payable for interest on the borrowed capital is much less than has hitherto been shown by the accounts."

\*RETURN OF TRAFFIC ON THE VICTORIAN RAILWAYS FOR THE WEEK ENDING 30TH OCTOBER, 1879, AND THE CORRESPONDING WEEK IN 1878.

	1879.			1878.		
	Miles Open, 1110.			Miles Open, 979.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
§ Passengers, parcels, horses, carriages, dogs, and mails ... ..	8,939	17	6	8,530	8	10
Merchandise, minerals, and cattle ... ..	17,778	14	6	19,238	18	4
Total for the week ... ..	26,718	12	0	27,769	7	2
Aggregate to this date from 1st July ... ..	384,076	6	7	394,655	14	7
Weekly average, 17 weeks ... ..	22,563	6	3	23,215	0	10

§ Passengers, 1878, 47,724; 1879, 58,557.

† Revenue Returns, *Argus*, 5th July, 1879.

‡ *Vide Argus*, 30th September.

a falling-off in receipts of about £10,600 in four months, notwithstanding the additional 131 miles of way operated upon. A closer examination of the returns proves that the loss of traffic is principally upon merchandise, minerals, and cattle. This prompts the inquiry, whether such a large falling-off is unavoidable, or whether it is the result of mismanagement. The falling-off, considered *per se*, is certainly not appalling; but it may become very serious. As it is, however, the conclusion legitimately deducible from it appears to be this:—That every hundred miles, which the present Government add to the Victorian railway system, may be expected to involve the country in a steadily augmenting loss. In other words, the further we go, the worse we fare; and, as many lines are constructed, or extended, for political reasons only, the outlook is a really alarming one; and should compel every thoughtful man to ask himself, whether the present system of managing railways in Victoria, under the Caesarian rule of one man, known as the Commissioner of Railways, is not only vicious, but perilous to our credit abroad, and our prosperity at home. It fosters a spirit of extravagance, increases our public expenditure, and necessitates the imposition of fresh taxes. Nor does the evil end here; the imposts thus levied, embarrass both merchant and consumer, in reducing their purchasing power, and to that extent, they necessarily lessen the volume of merchandise to be transported by the railways. Thus, while nobody gains, the public is a direct loser in every way, and will continue to be so as long as the lines are managed by inexperienced and unqualified persons.

Victoria now owes Great Britain £20,000,000, three-quarters of which has been expended in her railways. Towards the latter part of 1880, when the remaining £2,000,000 of the loan authorised by Parliament shall have been floated, this indebtedness will have risen to £22,000,000, and the interest on this amount will, in round numbers, represent something like £1,250,000. It is clear, therefore, that the Victorian railways, the largest and most important department of the public service, must be managed upon business principles, in order to render them remunerative; or, in other words, to pay interest on the capital borrowed, to cover working-expenses, and to leave a surplus available for the creation of a sinking fund, wherewith to liquidate the loan. One of the greatest obstacles to the attainment of these results, lies in their being managed by Government functionaries. When men, who are extravagant in the expenditure of public moneys, acquire the management of enter-

prises, which, to be successful, should be conducted in a thoroughly commercial way, a lax system of economy is introduced, which would never be tolerated in a mercantile undertaking, nor under the vigilant supervision of experienced men of business. Sound management requires, that the expense of working a railway should constantly follow the variations which govern its receipts. The coat should be cut according to the measure of the cloth. The *personnel* of a State railway should not be on the same footing, when its receipts show a falling-off of 25 per cent., as it was under more flourishing circumstances. If the traffic—passenger or freight—should shrink to any appreciable extent, the staff should be reduced accordingly; for in railway management, the smallest expense is of importance, as it multiplies itself with great rapidity, in the ratio of the number of trains run, and of miles of way run over.

Herein, lies the cardinal defect of the State management of railways, controlled by a Minister of the Crown, and managed politically, instead of commercially, which means, of course, with a much larger staff of officers than is absolutely necessary; for, in point of fact, a Government railway, no matter who may happen to be in power, is liable to be the happy hunting-ground of a large army of retainers and henchmen, and of male and female place-hunters of high and low degree.

Nor is it advantageous to the public interests, that the Commissioner of Railways should be consumed by a fervent desire to squander the public money, in all sorts of extravagant experiments, as useless as they are unprofitable; and that there should be no authority above him, capable of imposing a wholesome restraint upon his prodigality. The want of such a check upon recklessness and profusion, in railway matters, is one of the gravest evils attaching to the administration of this particular department; and while it is true that there has been a tendency to take over private railways, by different States in Europe, of late years, we must, at the same time, assert, that in no other country are such enormous powers wielded by any one man, as are exercised by the Commissioner of Railways in Victoria.

And this brings us to a closer examination of the evils accruing under his management. The Commissioner of Railways, being a member of the Government, is naturally, and indivisibly, wedded to party obligations and interests; in fact, they enter so largely into the administration of his office, that he cannot well divorce himself from them, while preparing any scheme of railway extension.

Hence, the preference shown to parties, and to sections of the

country, by the Ministers of the day—some districts being too well served with railways, while others are totally neglected—certain portions of the colony, which, from the nature and amount of their products, require more speedy consideration than others, are, in fact, altogether ignored, to the great detriment of the whole community. The Minister of the day may also have—and frequently does—certain sympathies, with a certain class, in which he may be directly interested, and it is found that his partiality to this class is inimical to the general weal; and upon reference to back traffic rates, it appears that wool, and agricultural produce, have been made to fluctuate between prices which are not remunerative to the Victorian railways, while no such reductions were warranted or justifiable. There should also be greater zeal shown, in the desire to know and be thoroughly alive to what the sister colonies are doing in relation to penetrating the interior with new railways; and there should be a corresponding effort made by the Victorian Commissioner, where such schemes are likely to draw from the volume of trade now tributary to Victoria, to paralyse this absorption of Victorian trade, by offering competitive inducements, and by constructing lines to meet these emergencies, instead of gratifying and aggrandising party interests by unnecessary lines. There can be no doubt, that Victoria received much of her stimulus as a large common carrier, by pushing her railways to the boundary of her own colony, thereby inviting and inducing trade from other colonies into Victoria, not strictly tributary to her, and extending her commercial boundaries far beyond her territorial limits. To this fact, New South Wales and South Australia have shown they are sufficiently alive, as they are now pushing, with remarkable vigour, their railways to their own boundary lines, in hopes of reclaiming some of this lost trade. That they are succeeding, is shown by the contracted volume of trade in Victoria, and its steadily continuing diminution, while the Government of New South Wales, far from exhibiting any lack of zeal, is displaying increased vigour. We understand a petition has been circulated freely throughout the Riverine district, and signed by a number of the leading proprietors there, urging the immediate construction of a line from Narrandera to Hay, with a branch to Jerilderie. It is natural, of course, that the Riverine squatters should warmly support this scheme, as it brings to their door another outlet for their wool, and makes them more independent of the Melbourne market. At the same time, it cannot be disguised, that this project, if carried to completion,

will tap a section of the richest portion of Riverina, now tributary to Melbourne—a section embracing the fine tracts of country lying between the Billabong Creek and the Murrumbidgee, the entire trade of which has hitherto come to Melbourne.

It is here, the present management of the Victorian railways is greatly at fault, owing either to the Minister's inertness, or, perhaps, his misdirected energy. It must not be forgotten, that the success of the Victorian railways, where they extend to the trade of the sister colonies, is very much in the hands of the river carriers, and care should be taken, that every possible inducement, and advantage, should be offered them, to secure a continued exercise of their influence on behalf of Victoria, as their interests are not so indivisibly united with those of Victoria, to compel them to accept any sort of dictatorial derangement, which the Minister of Railways might find it answer his party purposes to make. They might, for example, instead of carrying the wool from the Darling and Murrumbidgee to Echuca, take it to Wagga Wagga or Morgan, and from thence to Sydney or Adelaide, if greater inducements were offered them. Caution should be also exercised, in building new railways, not to run them into too sparsely settled portions of the country, for the purpose of propitiating any particular political faction. For it is found upon examination of the Commissioner's report that many branch lines have involved the country in a direct loss. In the United States, where railways are managed with as fine an economy, as they are in any part of the world, lines are rarely constructed until the carrying trade between the points of termini of such railway, is sufficiently large to make it necessary that there should be one constructed; and we submit, that the welfare of Victoria, in its capacity of competitor for the trade of the sister colonies, as well as opening up any large section of country, which can be made to contribute to its national wealth by an increment of its products, should be among the first considerations of any projected railway.

It appears to us, that the importance of the office of Commissioner of Railways has been invariably underrated by the Government. Inferior men have filled and discharged the very important functions devolving upon such an office, whereas it should be administered, either by a Board of Commissioners, or by a non-political man, who has a thoroughly trained commercial mind, combined with extensive mercantile experience. Most members of the Cabinet holding portfolios, have simply to administer Acts of Parliament, such as the Commissioner of Customs, the Postmaster-

General, or the Minister for Mines, but the power of the Minister of Railways, is as absolute as that of the Czar of Russia, for, while nominally under the control of the Board of Lands and Works, he, by virtue of his office, being one of the vice-presidents, can with the assistance of a member of that board, which is composed of Government officials subject to the direction of the Government of the day, officially ratify his personal acts as Commissioner of Railways. But the bare statement of the fact will hardly convey to the mind of the reader any adequate idea of the gigantic power which centres in this one man, and no Governor of any State in the United States—in fact, no other single official to our knowledge—has any such corresponding power in the administration of his office as the Commissioner of Railways in Victoria. Most of the gentlemen who have filled this post, have had no special railway training: hence, have had to rely to a great extent for their information and advice upon the heads of branches, most of whom in turn have only received a colonial training in railway matters. It is therefore impossible, under such circumstances, that our railways should be managed with that superior economy, and mastery of the situation, which distinguishes English and American railways.

The question arises, how can these evils be remedied? To manage a railway well, there should, we submit, be a commission composed of at least three gentlemen, of large railway experience; selected from the ablest railway men of England or America: one to manage the traffic, one the rolling stock, and the third to have charge of the construction of way. The whole, by a *full* vote only, to suggest which sections of country require serving with new railways, and then submit the result of their deliberations to Parliament, if it be found the serving of a new railway is really a question of public policy. That their salaries should be commensurate with their ability, and the importance of their office, is equally patent; as also that their appointment should be made for life, voidable only, like that of the judges, by an address from both Houses of Parliament, with a suitable pension, in the event of incapacity, through infirmity. That their selection should be conferred upon some independent tribunal, and not upon the Government of the day, is equally obvious, so that the power of their office might not be perverted to party uses; but in whose hands the appointments should be vested, is a problem not easily solved. It is doubtless true, that the only way to make such a railway commission thoroughly independent of

politics, would be to have it appointed by the Home Government, yet it would appear by this process, that Victoria would be abdicating some of her powers of self-government. Might not a council similar to the Harbour Trust be created, with power of appointment of three railway commissioners?

It has been suggested, as an alternative scheme, that sections of the road should be leased to responsible parties, who would at least pay sufficient bonus for the roads, to cover the interest on the indebtedness standing out for Railway account, namely, £732,217 14s. 5d. per annum. But we cannot say that this scheme would be attended with fewer difficulties, and disadvantages, than the present system. It might provide the country with the amount of interest which is deficient now, but it is obvious, that such a system would be fraught with injury, if not danger, to the public. In America, one of the greatest monopolies in railroad management, and one most injurious to the public weal, is the "pooling of freights," which means that the presidents, and directors, of the competing trunk lines, come together, and by a common consent, advance the freight and passenger rates to any price they like. The companies interested thus benefit to a large extent, and are enabled to pay enormous dividends, while the public, which has no protection whatever from such monstrous monopolies, is mulcted in the difference. In the hands of private lessees, there would also be too great a tendency to advance the passenger rates abnormally, so as to put the lines leased upon a fine paying basis. It is here where we find that the Government management of railways, in a country like Australia, is designed to answer to an economic want, by means of opening up large areas of country, with greater celerity than a private corporation could do, from want of capital, and freeing them from excessive charges. The freedom from being parties to a "ring, corner, or pool," and advancing rates beyond their absolute requirement for working the roads profitably, is another benefit in the hands of the Government—as also the safety against accidents. That these advantages are great we admit. They must not, however, be recklessly confounded with an inferior economy, which strips the scheme of the very *prestige* it is designed to enjoy in Government administration. It is a most dangerous blunder, for the Chief Secretary to give himself little concern about this perennial shrinkage, under the impression that it can be recouped from some other source. That it can, we know well—by extra taxation. But we also know that this very extra taxation, and the discussion incident to its

application, absorbs weeks and months of valuable time in the Assembly, and shakes the commercial superstructure of the country to its very foundation. Besides, such a system of financiering, if allowed to extend to other departments unchecked, would, with the process of extension of the Victorian railways now going on, soon hopelessly muddle the Treasurer's accounts. It is only by conforming to the strictest principles of economy, and retrenchment, that gigantic enterprises like railways, under Government control, can be managed beneficially to the people. There is no reason why railways, under State management, in a country like Victoria, should cost the people any more than railways under private management. Nor would they, if proper economy were introduced into their administration and maintained. We see the extravagance referred to here cropping up at almost every milestone. For example, what is the utility of building bridges which cost from £80,000 to £150,000, when a good stout timber bridge, costing perhaps £2000 to £3000, would answer the purpose. There would be no carriage to pay on this timber, for the rivers are simply lined with stalwart redgum trees, whose particular province it would appear from their size and strength is their adaptability for bridge-building. In the United States, the bridges of any newly-constructed railway are invariably built of timber, simply on account of its economy, and this rule obtains until the profits of the road and its requirements by increased traffic demand that these bridges should be replaced by iron ones. At least, one rarely finds in sparsely-settled sections of country, where the passenger and freight traffic hardly pay the working expenses of the road, massive and elegantly designed iron bridges. With the depleted condition of the Victorian Treasury, and the Commissioner of Railways largely in arrear on his interest account for railway loans, these huge mineral monsters grin sardonically at the passing tax-payers, as if to remind them of their ever-increasing burdens, and are a living and almost everlasting testament to the signal incapacity of those who have been administering the Railway Department. The idea of a bridge designed to carry but two trains a day—and not very heavy ones at that—being built upon about the same strength as the one which spans the Thames at Cannon-street or Charing Cross, where trains are passing at the rate of about one every minute, is distressingly absurd. It is very like a London muffin seller purchasing one of Pickford & Co's. traction engines for the safe delivery of his muffins and crumpets. Besides the absurdity of all this, the uselessness of such unnecessary expendi-

ture was made manifest the other day at Wagga, where the wooden bridge, which cost probably between £2000 and £2500, stood the recent flood, which has been the most severe in that neighbourhood for several years. If one stops to consider that wooden bridges answering every purpose for strength and safety, besides absorbing an item of the country's production, can be erected for about *one per cent. interest* on the actual cost of many of the iron structures which now span our rivers, the lavish way in which the Minister of Railway disposes of the public funds can perhaps be realised.

Again, in the building of the stations on the Victorian Railways, extravagance gapes at every corner, and is writ upon the face of every brick. If Victoria were in such a prosperous condition that the income from her available sources of taxation was more than she could possibly dispose of in the legitimate way, she might, like France upon the accession of Napoleon III., employ her surplusage in beautifying her capital and erecting handsome railway stations. But this—as we who reside here painfully know—not being the fact, no excuse can be accepted for the gorgeous and unnecessary display made within the past two years by the Commissioner of Railways.

In conclusion, we have just this to suggest—that, following the example of America, the receipts of the Victorian railways might be augmented by resorting to a few of the tactics adopted in that country. For instance, when the passenger and freight traffic show signs of declension, the causes therefor are immediately looked into, and travellers or agents are largely employed to go through the country and solicit business, and so augment the general exchequer. They further interest themselves in discovering “new sources of traffic,” of attracting “new freights to their line,” of excursions to places of interest and easy of access, where a large proportion of the working classes would migrate to on Saturdays and Sundays, of giving premiums to employees when by watchfulness or zeal they accomplish any saving in the expenditure of material. All these are both laudable and legitimate. But can this sort of thing be successfully administered by a Commissioner of Railways? We think not—at least, he should have under him, or above him, whichever may be thought the more expedient plan, an executive commission, composed of at least three able railway experts, each of whom is thoroughly master of the *minutiae* which make railway management so perfect, and railway magnates so potent, in England and the United States.

EDITOR.

## A BAD BARGAIN.\*

BY R. E. FRANCILLON.

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### PART II.—*continued.*

#### THE MAN WITH THE BEARD.

MANY years—they are, if Time be measured by what happens therein, very many years by now—had left the great historical war of our time far behind, when a young man lighted a cigar at midnight under the colonnade of Her Majesty's Theatre. He had just heard Eugénie d'Alba in *Lucrezia Borgia*, and was more than satisfied. He was neither connoisseur nor amateur: so he would have been eccentric indeed had he failed to be satisfied with Mademoiselle Eugénie d'Alba, who had long ago reached that point in the career of a *prima donna* where her value cannot be measured except by herself: and then only in diamonds.

He was young enough to be a little fascinated by the personality of the great singer who had charmed his country-bred ears, and he lingered a little on the chance of seeing her cross the pavement from the stage-door to her carriage. It is to be hoped he felt rewarded by the vision of a figure, invisible in its wraps, that hurried past him: and he went off, humming "*Com' è bello*" as indifferently well as his cigar and want of musical education would allow. Had Mademoiselle Eugénie condescended to catch sight of any chance bystander from among her wraps, she might have been willing to throw him a second glance on her way to her carriage—she liked good looks in a man, if all tales were true. He was a tall, broad-shouldered young Englishman, whose make and complexion told at a glance of field sports and country air: his evening dress became him well, but a shooting coat and a gun would have become him still better. His face was shaped rather too roundly, and the expression was mainly made up of good temper and good nature: but there was plenty of intelligence, of the practical and ready sort, in his pleasantly quick eyes, and quite enough decision and firmness about his lips and chin. There are plenty of such men everywhere: his distinction, so far as it went, lay in his being more regularly handsome than most men of his stamp and in an air of seeming indifference to a fact which usually grows to be the centre of existence in the eyes of those who are a little better looking than their fellows. He looked amply satisfied with the world: but, as one would judge from his looks, because he found the world a good and a pleasant place in itself, and not because he made it good by living there.

\* By special arrangement with the author of this story, Mr. Francillon, the well-known novelist, we have received advance sheets of his Christmas novelette, which will not be published until the end of December.

He walked slowly, looking about him with placid interest, as if a London street-midnight were somewhat new to him, and therefore worth looking at as a spectacle, while at the same time he felt himself much too good a man of the world to be moved out of himself by mere novelty. Anybody bent on mischief might see with half an eye that he had as yet but the confidence of ignorance: it was to be read in his very way of walking. But any whole eye might see that however capable he might be of rambling into unexplored paths of mischief, and however unlikely to ramble out of them again scot-free, he would be pretty safe to come out at last, without the loss of anything really worth keeping.

At the top of the Haymarket he took a hansom, and directed the driver to an hotel in Covent Garden. It seemed to him that the cabman took a rather eccentric start by plunging into the maze of Soho. It was nothing of the kind. Unknown to him, an invisible cabman held the reins, and drove him by the very straightest road towards the heart of a new world.

Cabs taken at the top of the Haymarket at midnight make speed a point of honour, especially when the night is dark and their route lies round ill-lighted and complicated corners. This particular cab seemed to be in a very particular hurry, as if the invisible whip-holder had far more work to do in that quarter of London than his term of license gave him half enough time for, so that he could not spare more minutes than were absolutely and strictly necessary upon one particular fare. But, as all people say and as one or two people know, the more haste, the worse speed—unless indeed it were for the special purpose of the accident that he chose this special route towards Covent Garden.

The young man was suddenly thrown forward by a violent pulling up of the horse—a loud oath came from above him, and a sharp cry of fright, or pain, or both, from under the near wheel. He was out in a moment, almost falling in his anxious hurry to see what had happened, and to help if possible, and found a young woman lying at full length in the middle of the road. But she was not dead: almost before he could reach her she had raised herself on one of her elbows, and was trying to lift herself up altogether. But though he gave her one hand and put the other round her to help her up the better, and though her weight was light, she only sank back again with a moan. Before he could call down the driver to help him lift her into the cab, both cab and driver were out of sight round another corner, leaving only the echo of a double quick gallop behind them. Speed was helping presence of mind to turn a charge for reckless driving into the gain of a new umbrella.

"Are you hurt?" asked the young man anxiously, still supporting her. "Where do you feel pain? Can you manage to stand up for one moment, if it doesn't hurt you?"

She looked at him blankly for a moment, and then fainted away.

He imitated the lost cabman, and swore at least one oath roundly. And so would a saint who knew comparatively nothing of London by-ways on finding himself alone with a fainting girl, who had most likely broken her leg, in the middle of the night, and in an empty, scarce-lighted street of which he knew neither the name nor the bearing. There are whole streets in that quarter which one may traverse for hours together after midnight from end to end without seeing a sign of life except a gutter cat or hearing any but the sound of one's own footsteps. The grimy and evil smelling houses look rather dead than asleep, or, if only sleeping, to be dreaming hungrily, miserably, or wickedly. One who fears thieves cannot do better than go home through these streets, for no sane thief would dream of finding in them a sane man worth robbing. But if he be of a fanciful turn, he had better keep to the more really dangerous main ways; one's own foot-

steps in these do not ring honestly, and the dreams of the houses are uncomfortably catching.

The young man was amply strong enough to carry the girl to the nearest door step so as to be out of the road, and sensible enough to wait by her quietly till her swoon should be over. Meanwhile he thought what he had better do—not very uneasily at first, because he assumed that some empty cab or constable must needs pass before very long, not to speak of any chance help that any moment might bring. But, as the fainting fit lengthened, he began to grow alarmed; and a very few minutes' waiting felt long enough to make him realise that before he could be certain of getting help by means of patience only he might have to wait for hours. If he could only make sure that the girl's unconsciousness would last long enough, he might make a voyage of discovery in the hope of lighting upon a surgeon's red lamp: but he could not let her come to and find herself deserted. In that case she might make a shift to crawl off homeward, if no limb was broken, and might sink down somewhere where he could not find her. He was thinking too much of what he could possibly do with her to examine her closely. But at last she moved, heaved a long, deep sigh, and opened her eyes.

He had purposely chosen a step near a gas lamp; and, though the flare of it was dim enough, it let him see that she was very young—whether very pretty also he was not so sure. Her eyes were very black and very beautiful: but then eyes are not everything, especially when they are set in a little face very pale and thin even to meagreness, with features so strongly marked as to call attention to the want of fulness in complexion and contour. The extremity of her present paleness was of course accountable enough: but a dark tinge ran through it, showing it to be natural to her. It was hard to guess her age, nearer than that she was quite a young girl: younger, probably, than the strongly marked character of her features would make her seem. She was dressed very plainly—almost poorly, even in the eyes of a man: and he noticed, with a sort of pleasure, that she wore no ornaments of any kind—since he was called upon to think for her and perhaps to act for her, he preferred to find her less obviously such a girl as one would expect to run over at such an hour and in such a place than she might have seemed.

"I wish," he said, as gently as possible, "that you could tell me where you are hurt: you have had an accident, you know: a cab has knocked you down, and I am afraid the wheel must have hurt you. Don't try to get up—but try to tell me where you feel most pain."

"I have been fainting, I am afraid," she said, sitting upright quickly, and glancing down at the edge of her skirts to see how far they might have become disarranged. He noticed that she had a quick way of speaking, but a pleasant voice: and that her accent, though not English, was not so decidedly foreign as her eyes. "Pain? I do not think I have pain." She brushed her hands over her face as if to drive off the last shadow of her swoon, and tried to rise. But she fell back again with a little cry. He looked at her anxiously, and saw her turn even paler than before. She did not, however, faint again. She looked hard across the street, and said, with a curious, song-like sadness, "I have hurt my ankle so much that I cannot stand. It was never so much hurt before."

"You don't think you've broken any bones?"

"I am sure I have not. Oh, *Mon Dieu*, what will become of them now?"

"I want to help you all I can—I am bound to, indeed, for I was in the cab that has hurt you. Can you wait there one minute while I look for a cab to take you home? The fellow that did the damage drove off without waiting to see if he had killed you."

She shook her head. He thought she meant that she was afraid of being left alone: and, when he came to think of it, he did not very well see how he could leave her on an errand which would at the least take minutes enough for a hundred things to happen in. Her voice and her eyes seemed to him those of an innocent girl, and he was not old enough to have lost faith in seeming. It might take him long to find his way out of this unknown maze of little streets and courts, into open cabland: and meantime she would be left exposed to all the perils of which the spot was only too suggestive.

"Where do you live?" he asked. "Is it far?"

"Oh, if I could only walk——"

"You mean it is not far?"

She turned her eyes fully upon him, and looked at him intently, as if she wished to read him through. There was no want of modesty in the look, though it was so close and so prolonged as to make him colour a little and lower his own eyes before hers.

"You are very kind," she said, "for wanting to take care of me. Will you do one thing that is really kind?"

"If there is anything in the world——"

"There is—one thing. Please do not ask me where I live, and please go away and leave me here. I——"

"Good God, what an idea! What can you take me for? Certainly not.—I shall do nothing of the kind. If I can do nothing else, I shall certainly not leave you till I have seen you safe at home."

"Then—you wish to hurt me more than if I had been broken to pieces? I have hurt my ankle: but that will get well. Why do you want to hurt me in the only way that will never get well? Indeed I shall do very well where I am—in a few minutes I shall be able to walk home. See!"

Suddenly she forced herself upright on her feet and stood, without any support, looking at him with a smile in which, in spite of all she could do, he could read only a desperate pretence that she was not suffering agony. He started forward and lifted her up in his arms—he was strong, and she was scarcely heavier than a child. "There!" he said. "Now tell me where to carry you."

"No—I will not tell you. Put me down!"

"For you to lie out here all night in the street, or to kill yourself by trying to walk? Certainly not—I don't mind in the least your calling me bad names, but I certainly don't intend to deserve them. In short, I mean to carry you home, somehow, whether you will or no: so unless you want to be carried about all night long, you had better tell me at once where you live, and the quickest way there. Am I hurting you by holding you more than I am obliged? There—lean back well on this arm, and the other must serve for a rest for your ankle, for want of a better. Fancy it a wooden one—there: that will do. You're no weight at all: I could carry you about till morning without being tired, and if you don't tell me at once where to take you, I will."

He thought he could feel shyness as well as incomprehensible obstinacy in the way of her shrinking from him. His right arm was round her whole body: and this arm at any rate did not prove to be of wood, for it felt her heart beating quickly, and sending back more quickly than usual, to his own the blood that travels between the heart and hands. She was so small and so light that he felt as if he had picked up a broken-winged bird, which fears even help because it comes from man.

"My dear child," he said gravely, "Have I really made you afraid of me because——"

"Afraid of you?" she interrupted him quickly, and looking up at him—  
—"Oh no, indeed!—But——"

"Very well—there are no 'But's,' then. I wish you could walk, with all my heart: but, as you can't, you must be content for once not to have your own way. Suppose I did leave you lying on that door-step—what would happen them?"

"I should not lie there——"

"No: perhaps not there. I can see you are quite obstinate enough to get as far as the next before you fainted again with the pain. And there you would lie till the next policeman—if nobody worse—came by, and if you were as obstinate with him as with me, you would be taken to a hospital: or more likely to a police station, and then——"

He suddenly felt her start and tremble.

"I live at seventeen, Bean-street," she said. "It is not ten minutes from here. Take me there, if you must: I am not afraid of *you*. Only—whoever you see, say nothing to him—or her: but go."

He paid no attention to her last words—on the contrary, he had the fullest intention of speaking to anybody and everybody he might find there, for the adventure was quickly gathering the piquancy of a mystery.

"Now you are a good and sensible girl. Seventeen, Bean-street. Whenever we come to a turning, point the way: now that you have spoken sense, I don't mean to let you say another word."

The turnings on the way to Bean-street were not many, and he did not try, by one second, to lengthen the time it took to get there. The street itself did not turn out to be of much better class or character than that where he had found the girl, except in being a trifle wider and a trifle sweeter. No. 17 itself was a rather large house, with an air of having seen very much better days that emphasised its present blackness, just as a gentleman who goes to the dogs shows far stronger signs of the kennel than one who was born and bred therein. The door-post carried at least half-a-dozen bell-handles.

"The second from the top," said the girl. Somehow the words seemed to vulgarise the adventure: though how she could have contrived to give a colour to her direction is hard to say. "And—please put me down: I can stand very well now—indeed I can."

"Indeed you cannot—in one minute——"

"Stop—not that bell——"

But before he could stop, a bell, right or wrong, was making a feeble and far-off tinkle, and before he could set his mistake right, the door was opened.

"What's the matter? Who are you?" asked the man's voice, not over politely, and in a strength and depth that almost startled him.

The owner of the voice was half dressed in a confusion of nondescript garments as if he were half on his way to bed when the bell rang or else had scrambled out at the sound with wonderful speed. His tremendously broad chest and bull's throat were bare, except for a large brown beard that swept loosely and roughly over them. He was about forty years old, probably less, but possibly more: his features were rather commonplace and heavy, but his eyes were quick, strong, and keen. Having asked his question, he waited for an answer.

"I'm afraid I've disturbed you by ringing the wrong bell," said the young man. "But you are a close neighbour, anyway—this poor girl has been run over by a cab, and is badly hurt, I'm afraid—I have brought her home."

The man and the girl, though they might be fellow lodgers, were apparently not acquaintances—a matter which seemed strange to her protector, who had as yet learned nothing of how the same roof may cover people who live years without even knowing of one another's existence, unless some unlikely accident brings them together. The girl looked at

the man with the beard in a way between curiosity and distrust: he gave one quick glance at her, and said, throwing open a door in the passage,

"Yes—she is in great pain. You had better bring her in here, and lay her down. I will go upstairs and find her friends—at least in a minute. Come in."

The young man had seldom found himself in a room more hopelessly uncomfortable. It was not small, but its size only made its poverty-stricken emptiness the more noticeable. The floor was partly covered by what had once been a carpet: the window, looking out into a back yard, was without curtain or blind: a tattered paper, of hideous design, was falling in stripes from the walls: the only furniture consisted of a bursting horsehair sofa covered with large square books and sheets of paper, a single wooden chair, and a deal table on which lay an inkstand, more sheets of ruled paper, a battered reading lamp, a long pipe with a china bowl, and a jar of tobacco. Evidently the man with the beard had not been asleep, but hard at work, when his bell rang. He tilted the sofa forwards so as to tumble its contents upon the floor, arranged the bolster, and brought from the corner of the room a bottle of brandy, from which he poured a stiff dose into a coffee cup and filled up with water from a cracked china pitcher. "There," he said to the girl, "lie down and drink a draught of that—a good long one. You've broken nothing, but you've hurt yourself badly—I see. Where shall I find anybody that belongs to you?"

"Madame Jacquard—on the third floor."

The man with the beard was about to go in search of Madame Jacquard: but he was slow in his movements, and as soon as the girl had spoken the younger man was already gone, in spite of—or because of—her earnest request that he would speak to nobody.

There was no need to search very long for Madame Jacquard, or, for that matter, for Monsieur Jacquard either. Before he was much past the second floor he heard the unmistakable sound of a Frenchwoman in a rage, mixed with the no less unmistakable noise of a Frenchman in a still greater rage. The double shrillness guided him to a half-open door, at which he knocked sharply, and entered without waiting for a "Come in."

"Madame Jacquard? Don't be alarmed—but your daughter has been hurt in the street and is downstairs. I hope it is nothing serious, but——"

He had said "your daughter" for form's sake only: for Madame was obviously incapable of being the mother of any child who had looked, and spoken, and had even felt to the grasp of his arm, so much like a lady. Madame was as fat, coarse, and vulgar as a Frenchwoman of a very low class can manage to be—and nobody can manage it better. She had been handsome once, perhaps, for a year or two, for she had all the staring boldness that none who have never been handsome ever learn: but that was the only sign of it left her. She gave the young man the full benefit of her stare: it was plain that English was Greek to her.

Very different was Monsieur Jacquard. He was a dignified-looking, middle-aged gentleman in a black evening coat buttoned tightly over the chest, and cut so high in the collar as to do the duty of an old-fashioned stock in hiding linen. His dark hair was cropped so close as to suggest the result of the razor rather than that of the shears; his complexion was of a pale sallow, except about the cheeks and jaws, where it was of a deep, rough blue. His features were rather flat for a Frenchman's; his eyes were small, bright, and black: he wore a grizzled moustache cut very short over very full, red lips, and a short beard of the scrubbing-brush pattern. As soon as the young man spoke, his rage turned into a bow and he smiled, sadly and sweetly.

"You tell me our child is hurt?" he asked, in fairly good English. "That is bad news. But you say it is not serious? Then that is good news. If one is hurt, it is best to be hurt not too much, Monsieur. One moment—excuse me." He said something in a low voice to Madame, who answered him sullenly, while the young man wondered at their fashion of taking such tidings. The whispered conversation grew more and more earnest till his wonder began to turn to angry impatience.

"Do you understand me?" he asked. "If she is not hurt seriously, she is hurt badly. The cab that I was in threw her down, and I'm afraid the wheel went over her. A lodger here downstairs was kind enough to let her lie down in his room while I came to tell you, and to ask what I can do to help you. Do you understand now? One need not be killed to be hurt very badly indeed."

"Monsieur—it goes without saying that I am in despair. I am at your service, and I come."

"Come, then."

Monsieur followed him down stairs, but Madame stayed behind. That also would have seemed strange to the young man a minute ago, but he was beginning to realise that he had been driven over the frontier of a new world. They entered the room downstairs, where the girl lay on the sofa with her eyes closed, while her host, instead of watching her, sat at his table and wrote hard, as if he were alone. He did not even lift his eyes from his work as they came in, and as he said, "She's gone to sleep after her faint, and with the pain and the brandy. You'd better let her sleep on, and finish the brandy yourselves."

"Monsieur," said Monsieur Jacquard, to the young man, "I have to say that which is embarrassing for a man of honour . . . I am Poor. But I would have you know it is my misfortune; not my fault, Monsieur." He spoke with that dignity which some men contrive to put on when they think they are giving utterance to a noble sentiment, and which often impresses others as well as themselves.

"If there is anything I can do to set right *my* misfortune—" began the young man. "I will go for a surgeon at once; and, of course, that will be my affair."

"Monsieur—the question is not of your misfortune, but of my despair. So simple as I, Isidore Jacquard, stand here, I have been rich and grand; but I am a Patriot"—he raised his eyes and struck his heart twice—"and, what would you? I am Isidore Jacquard, Prestidigitateur. Madame Jacquard is my wife. This girl, who sleeps, is to us, to myself and to Madame, a child. For we are people of heart, I and Madame; and our hearts are large, Madame's and mine. If we were rich, you would see. But what would you? Times are bad. It is hard for a patriot to live: we go near to starve. But Hope and Courage—those are my stars, Monsieur. I wait—I bear—at last, I win! I have an engagement: to-morrow I appear. I am an honest man, Monsieur. I am Isidore Jacquard: I speak: I perform. If I appear not to-morrow in your town of Deepweald, I break my word. If I break my word, I starve. Madame goes with me. It is necessary. I despair. Monsieur—the train departs in one half-hour."

"You mean—that you and Madame must leave this girl—both of you?"

"No, Monsieur! We leave her not.—It is necessity that makes her not to be able to go with us, Monsieur. . . . Listen! It is now that Madame Jacquard descends."

And sure enough a heavy tread came down the stairs and made them creak—slowly as well as heavily, as if Madame was acting as her own porter.

Monsieur clasped his forehead with his hands and listened. Then spreading out both his hands over the girl he said, "Adieu—the poor prestidigitateur is yet rich enough to make one great gift: he gives a young girl to the protection of Heaven." The front door slammed. "And Heaven will not be ungrateful—no: not even to the poor prestidigitateur; it is the *denier de la veuve*. Monsieur," he said, with an even yet more solemn dignity of manner, "I render to you"—he drew nearer the door as he spoke—"I render to you the grandest gift that man can confer to man: I give you the opportunity of doing a good action. No, Monsieur—I demand no thanks: I am poor, but I sell not my services, not even for gratitude. I am Isidore Jacquard. Monsieur—*au revoir*."

He bowed: and he was gone. The young man hastened after him, but was met by a slam of the street door: and, when he opened its rusty latch, neither Monsieur nor Madame was to be seen anywhere: not even the echo of their footsteps was to be heard.

"What the devil does this mean?" he asked the man with the beard.

"Nothing that I know of," said the latter, still working his pen. "At least—nothing but that you've been fool enough to help a woman, and mustn't complain when you find her on your hands. That's all."

"Do you mean to say that these people have gone off and left her——"

"I don't know. But I should say that they want to be off, and don't want an incumbrance, such as a girl that can't walk would be."

"But if what he said was true——"

"If you fancy that, it shows that *you're* an honest man."

Nobody likes to be charged with honesty when it means simplicity. "If you thought that," said the young man, "I should have thought you would have interfered. Anyway you are more likely to understand your neighbours than I am."

"Possibly. At any rate I know my neighbour well enough, when there's a woman in the case, to pass by on the other side. So will you—perhaps—when you're my age."

He spoke with a matter of course indifference, deeper than any sneer, which ruffled every feeling of chivalry that the young man had in him. And yet there was a straightforward sort of power about him which, strengthened as it was by the build of his shoulders and his open chest, made the other ask,

"What ought I to do?"

"I never advise anybody."

"Then—what can be done? It is almost my fault that she is hurt like this. I must do something. I can pay a doctor—anything that is wanted: but I know nothing of her: I am alone in London at an hotel, and am only in town for a few days——"

"I understand. It will be exceedingly inconvenient to you to do anything except to pay money."

"Inconvenient? Nothing of the sort. How is it possible to do anything else—unless you can tell me how? What should you do?"

"Oh, I can tell you that," said the other, shrugging his shoulders. "I should go home, and forget the whole affair. Things like this are common enough in this part of the town. I don't suppose this one's worth any special trouble. Why should she be?"

The young man could only set him down as an ill-conditioned churl, turned misanthrope by poverty or worse, on whom it was vain to waste more words.

"Very well," he said. "I suppose you can let her stay here till I can fetch a surgeon, and till she can be moved."

"Oh, yes—she can stay here. It isn't when women are asleep that they do harm—at least, not so much harm."

"I suppose there won't be much difficulty about getting her into a hospital?"

"None, I should say."

"I hate the notion," said the young man, looking again at the girl, whose only protector he had in this strange manner just become.

"I don't see why you should bother yourself," said the other, more indifferently than ever. "I'm surgeon enough myself for a sprain—I'll answer for it, it isn't much of a one. Anyway, I can't have my work hindered any more, nor my sleep either. I'll see to the girl—for my own sake—so far. There's nothing you can do."

He spoke at last so roughly that the young man began to suspect him of being an impostor—one of the common sort that dreads the suspicion of being tender-hearted as if it were the worst of crimes. Then he looked at the girl again, and saw that while he had been up-stairs with Monsieur Jacquard, the Man with the Beard could not have been writing on quite so diligently as he seemed to wish to appear. A pillow had been put under her head, and her limbs were carefully arranged in the most restful manner possible; and all this must have taken time. He was about to say something of the sort, when the other suddenly broke in.

"The long and the short of it is that I can't and I won't be bothered any more. I've my work to do, and my sleep to get, and the girl's well enough where she is for now—and better off, I'll be bound, than with that thief of a conjuror. If you're a sensible fellow, you'll go home and forget the whole thing. If you're not, you'll call in the morning. It's nothing to me which you are—that's your own affair."

"I suppose there is nothing else to be done—but don't be afraid that I shall be sensible. Who breaks—pays, you know. . . . Who shall I ask for? I haven't got a card with me—but my name is Shaw. I am staying at——"

The Man with the Beard looked up at him suddenly.

"Shaw?"

"Yes—Arthur Shaw. If you feel interested in the girl——"

"But I don't feel interested in the girl."

"If you did, then, you may be at ease about her wanting for nothing till she is well, or till her friends claim her. If anything should prevent my seeing you to-morrow, you can easily communicate with me—my father is Mr. Stephen Shaw, of Barnford—in Somersetshire. Shall I write it down?"

"Your father—is Stephen Shaw—of Barnford—in Somersetshire?"

The man in the beard seemed lost in bewilderment, as he dropped his pen on the paper before him and stared at the young man like one speaking in a dream.

"Do you know of my father, then?" asked the young man, surprised in his turn. "Is it possible you can know anything of an out-of-the-way place like Barnford?"

"I was wondering if I caught the name rightly—that is all. Stephen Shaw—of Barnford—in Somersetshire?"

"Shall I write it down?"

"I shall remember it. Yes—I have known a Stephen Shaw. That's all. But he was only a poor devil that served in the French army against the Prussians, and——"

"My father served in the French army, against the Prussians. Have I chanced to meet one of his fellow-soldiers?"

"You tell me that I am—that he is, your father, and lives at Barnford?"

"Yes: our family has always been at Barnford: my father came into the estate just after the war. I rather fancy from what I can make out," said the young man with a smile, "that you don't remember him as being exactly a model of all the proprieties. I fancy he went in for adventures before he settled down."

"I want to know if it's the same—Shaw—that I knew. If it is—was he born at that place—Barnford?"

"I'm the only Shaw, I believe, that wasn't born at Barnford—my father was, and his father, and his grandfather, and——"

The man with the beard knitted his brows closely and deeply, and seemed to be thinking hard. "Well," he said at last, with decision, "There seems to be no doubt about it—and that you are the son of Stephen Shaw, of Barnford, in Somersetshire, as surely as you are not mine." He held his left wrist as he spoke, as if he were feeling his pulse, and was the better part of a minute in saying these few words. Altogether, there was something so strange in his recent manner, combined with the litter of pens, ink, and paper, in this miserable room, that Arthur Shaw began to repent a little of having mentioned his father's name. Adventure, no less than adversity, makes one acquainted with strange bedfellows, and Mr. Shaw of Barnford might not care in these later times to be troubled with a fellow-soldier, who was certainly penniless, and might turn out that most disagreeable of *revenants*—a broken-down comrade of one's youth who cannot be made to understand that the visits of a full-grown shark are not the less unwelcome because we have played with him when he was young and we were not worth eating. It was clearly not for the girl's sake that the Man with the Beard was so anxious in his inquiries about Mr. Shaw of Barnford.

"Good night," he said, less genially than before. "I shall call tomorrow, and whatever can be done for the girl, depend upon it, it shall be done."

"Good night." He leaned back in his chair; and, as Arthur was leaving the house, said to himself,

"I am not dead: I am not asleep even. I have no fever. I wonder how that poor Werner felt, in Ruhenheim, who was sane in everything except in fancying himself Judas Iscariot. Very much like me, I'm afraid. I don't feel like a madman—and yet I can't get it out of my head that I am Stephen Shaw of Barnford, do what I will."

The girl still slept on. Having done all he could for her, he remained stretched back in his hard chair, not sleeping, but not moving, while the candle guttered lower and lower. Place, time, and all the conditions that filled them, were such as to make every sort of mental effort confusing, and to make doubts more lifelike than certainties. Low living, hard toil, solitude, and a life purpose which, in the groove of a strong and narrow will, had nearly reached the dimensions of monomania, are enough to prepare any brain, however steadfast, for the reception of any sort of sudden illusion. It was certainly a fact that the young man who had just left him had declared himself the son of Stephen Shaw of Barnford, who had been a French soldier. The young man could have no motive for such a barren lie, and was as obviously sane and sober as this man was now almost seriously doubting himself to be. And yet there could be but one Stephen Shaw of Barnford who had been a French soldier. He must doubt his own existence before he could doubt his own identity—if he were really sane. Surely, thought he—calling plain reason into the question—I must be downright mad, and only fit for Bedlam, if I don't know every stick and stone of Barnford as a man can only know the place where he was bred and born, and lived through all his growing time: if Peter Shaw was not my

father's name, I'm less wise than even most sons. I wish I'd asked him if Mr. Stephen Shaw had ever been a gardener in Bristol, and if he had ever been a prisoner of war in Ruhenheim, and if—but no : that would be too utterly absurd. Whoever I am, whoever he is, it is I who set off to look for Lucy, because it is I who am waiting to find her now. Whoever I am, it is I who waited the war out in Ruhenheim : it is I who served for my bread in a German hospital : it is I who spent everything in groping through all Lorraine like a bottle of hay : it is I who learned to copy music that I might search Paris like a *chiffonier* : it is I who live here among foreigners that I may chance to hear of her—though God knows how. Why have I done all this if I am not that Stephen Shaw for whose sister's sake I am as I am? . . . And yet—well, there is Werner : A brain is a queer thing. And as if all that isn't enough, here have I been, saddling myself with a girl—another girl : if I wanted another proof of my being out of my wits, I've got a sure enough one there. For I suppose that young fellow is as likely to come back to-morrow as a Gloire de Dijon in December. I suppose he won't do less than send a five pound note ; that'll keep her from the streets for a few weeks, anyhow, and I suppose I shall have to save her a doctor's bill. That's the worst of a woman ; if she can't fix herself on you by fair means, she'll sprain her ankle, or break her heart, or manage it that way. Well—she's fallen into good hands if she wants to be cured, and to get about her business pretty soon. And—the very minute I'm rid of her, I'll go to Barnford. If I'm not Stephen Shaw, I suppose everything's been in a craze from beginning to end. Things do feel like a craze sometimes ; and, if I'm not myself, I must prove it, if it's only to know where I am."

He did not know it wholly : but he was, in truth, paying a terrible penalty for a life that had been, as it were, taken up with both hands and hurled straight against the face of Nature—that is to say against a face of flint, which breaks what it opposes. We know enough of the man who, years ago, had called himself Stephen Shaw to know the kind of life he had been leading all those years. Without ambition, either for himself or for others, with no kindred to surround him with a hedge of family circumstance, with no fixed career or bias, he had almost begun life by undertaking one single purpose, and that only, whether it was to end in help, in justice, or in revenge ; and, if he had once made up his mind to break a single straw, he must have gone round the world seventy times, if need were, to find and break that particular straw, and no other. Such men are sometimes called heroes, sometimes madmen. Chance might have bidden him conquer a kingdom or discover a law of Nature. Nature herself had denied him the power or the thought of doing either ; but had combined with chance to make him throw his whole self into what at any rate he believed had to be done. And when long years have been spent upon a task, whatever it may be, and nothing else has grown out of them, the end, with such men as this, becomes a matter of faith and destiny—and still of destiny, even when faith dies.

And then, as if all else had not been enough, he had lost everything by being sent off beyond the Rhine, a helpless prisoner of war, just when his hand had closed upon the clue. Set free by peace, he was left more helpless than ever ; with no possessions save two duties—one to deliver a letter with his own hands, the other, what waiting in inaction had more than ever pledged him to fulfil with all his might and main. He had learned German during his prison time, and he stayed on till he had scraped and hoarded enough to carry him back into that corner of Lorraine, where the clue had been found only to be lost again. But though it was easy enough to learn that a Madame Carrel had lived with a little girl at Préchac, he

could learn nothing of her fate, except that she had gone off in the general exodus and had never returned. Too many people had been swept away in that whirlwind to make those who had been blown back again take much account of the loss even of son or brother—much less of such a mere stranger as Madame Carrel appeared to have been. At Paray he was less successful—nobody there chanced to remember whether, when the Prussians marched out, they had left a baby behind them. It was absurd enough to inquire: war is not a nursery. But he had learned at Préchac that Madame Carrel was a Parisian, and to Paris he went—on foot, for he had left all his savings in Lorraine.

What need is there to trace, step by step and hour by hour, the toil of years after a woman and child who were more likely to be dead than alive? Only every step and every hour had been like a fresh stroke of an iron pen to engrave his purpose deeper into his life. If both were lost, it still remained for him to find how and where, and why they had perished, and, if need were, to call the man to account—if he at least still lived—for all that had happened. If it was too late for help, it might not be too late for justice—as men like him term the spirit which refuses to rest until it has extorted every penalty to the uttermost farthing. And so, therefore, he had gone on because he had begun, and had never been forced from the one road of his life by either force or weariness: and so, therefore, he set himself down in London where—because it remained nowhere else—some wild chance might yet remain. And meanwhile he toiled like a slave and starved like a miser, that he might not find himself too poor for even the luxury of revenge if ever the time for it should come. No wonder that his life had gone far towards twisting his brain: that he was almost ready, at the weary end of a slave's and miser's day, to doubt whether he were not in truth the monomaniac for whom most men would have set him down without questioning. It is surely enough to startle the sanest of men to hear, on authority which he cannot question, that he is rich when he believes himself poor, is the father of a son whose mother he never knew, and is living at a place that he has not seen for nearly twenty years.

But why, since he was so ready to twist every word-pledge and thought-pledge into duty, and every least duty into destiny, had he omitted to fulfil his side of the bargain, when it involved only so slight a matter as to give a letter to a lawyer? And all the more, because it might bring him into communication once more with the man in whom he had such utter and absolute faith—with Dick Hope, his fellow-soldier, who knew everything and could do everything? Whose very name, he felt, gave a better chance of success than anything that was left him? To neglect such a promise was like throwing away a talisman. But here, again, this stubbornest of mortal men had found his will baffled and broken. Never had he felt quite hopeless save once: and that was when, on his first arrival in England, he had travelled to Carlisle only to learn that no solicitor of the name of York had ever been known of there. And now that fruitless journey came back upon him as fresh evidence of the possibility that his life itself might be one vast illusion, and his very identity half a dream. If Richard Hope had never told him to deliver this letter, then Stephen Shaw might be living at Barnford—for he was well-nigh as certain of the one thing as of the other.

The faintest touch of that imaginative quality which makes most men more or less familiar with dreams and fancies, would have told him a different story. It is with the hard-headed, plain-minded, straight-going, matter-of-fact people who are certain of everything, who are as fixed in purpose as death, and who never dream awake or asleep that—so experts tell us—the madhouses are mostly filled. Dreams and fancies are safety-

valves. And so this man sat on through the night, breaking, with all his strength, his thoughts against irresistible nothings, until a slight movement of the girl in her sleep made her presence there a new condition of strangeness for his brain to wander in.

Her movement was followed by the slightest moan. Still doubting the reality of all things, he rose slowly, and absently re-arranged the sofa. Then, dismissing by an effort the first grasp of *Fancy* from his mind, as if it had been an enemy's, he tore off half the flaring wick of his candle and returned to his task of copying the orchestral parts of a new opera in which *Mademoiselle Eugénie d'Alba* was announced to appear.

But whatever this man's name may in truth have been, and whether he was really a monomaniac who by some wound or other chance of war had been made to confuse his life and identity with that of some comrade whose story he had happened to learn, Mr. Stephen Shaw of Barnford was a very literal fact of sane and sober daylight, and, in his part of the county, by no means a small one. In that respect he was very different from Barnford itself. Barnford is a village rather in name than in fact. Its houses are few and very far between, being scattered over a large, empty parish. Small and empty as it is, it is a relief to travel there from the desolation of *Préchac* in war time, and the worse than desolation in peace time of *Beanstreet, Soho*. At any rate it is full of fresh air, whichever way the wind blows: for it lies between the moors and the sea.

For generations, the only house in the parish of any size or consequence was the farmhouse where the Shaws had, from generation to generation, been born, had married, and had died. There was no squire, and the vicar had, for some sufficient but wholly immaterial reason, been absent with leave for many years. There was a young doctor about two miles off: the rest of the inhabitants were real Barnford people—labourers, that is to say, and small country craftsmen, between whom and the Shaws, though but rather small yeomen, was fixed a gulf perhaps greater than if the latter had been peers. For in the latter case there would have been the intimacy which comes of watching and commenting upon every topic connected with the great man's family till it becomes as interesting to the inferior as his own: in the case of the Shaws there was nothing more than the relation of the employer to the employed. Farther than that, the Shaws had been thoroughly uninteresting people, who never concerned themselves with the affairs of anybody—scarcely even with their own: so that, when the last of them got rid of the place and went away, nobody knew where, it was only as if some big tree had been cut down: it made a little noise as it fell, but not enough to keep its place from being very soon grown over and forgotten. Presently, only the oldest people in the place cared to remember the Shaws, and then only in the person of old Peter, the last who had employed them: young Stephen had been born after middle-aged brains had lost the power of retaining new ideas, and his sister, or cousin, had hardly been known by sight beyond the home fields.

But it was, nevertheless, an event to change the whole life, character and aspect of the place—quite independently of old associations—when one fine day all Barnford learned, first by hearsay, then by very practical proof, that at least half the parish, dimly known to have been long in the market, had become the property of Stephen Shaw himself—the very same young man who had sold himself out of the place some years ago. But he did not come back as a farmer. He came back as a squire of a very considerable kind. How he had managed to make his fortune in the time nobody knew: nor was it likely, for that matter, that neighbours from whom he was so far removed by wealth and station would ever come to know. And, for that matter, it is quite as possible, and almost as common,

to make a fortune in a few years as to lose one. Almost the first evidence of the new owner's existence was the destruction of the old farmhouse, the erection in its place of a handsome mansion of which any parish might be proud, and the conversion of the nearest home-fields into gardens. And then—but not until the new house had become quite habitable—the new squire came. And then all at once it became clear to the commonest mind how it was that he had been able to buy Barnford. He was accompanied by a growing lad, his only son. But there was no Mrs. Shaw, while the lad was proof enough that there must have been one. In effect, he was a widower. Therefore, Mrs. Shaw must have been exceedingly well worth marrying. The logic was excellent, and received no contradiction. For that matter, there was no reason on earth why it should receive any.

The new squire, thanks to good luck and the late Mrs. Shaw, was, to the old stock of the Shaws of Barnford, what a golden pippin is to the crab-stock whereon it is grafted. The elder inhabitants who kept memories hardly recognised in this proud, handsome gentleman who had come among them the Stephen Shaw who had left home in his boyhood, and almost before he had done growing. It is wonderful what a few years can do, especially if they are spent in rising in the world. Stephen Shaw's face had grown handsomer, his speech and carriage more refined, and his clothes a vast deal better. His manners were not of the sort commonly, though mistakenly, called popular. But the Barnford people, like most others, infinitely preferred high-and-mightiness to free-and-easiness on the part of their superiors. The boy had always been reserved and a little unsociable: the man had become proud—and he was rich enough for his neighbours to like him the better for his pride. And they liked it better and better as soon as they found out that he combined avoidance of anything like familiarity with his dependents with a considerateness and generosity in all matters of money. On the death of the absentee vicar it was found he had bought the living also, and he presented thereto a poor and deserving clergyman from a distant part of England—it was clear that the gift must have been made solely for merit's sake, because it was certain that the vicar and the new parson had had no personal acquaintance whatever with one another. His closeness in speech and carriage and his practical liberality combined to make him really popular: and, though not given to society, the neighbouring county people with whom he mixed as an equal came to approve of him highly. They understood the reticence which made a self-made, or wife-made, man refrain from talking about the process of manufacture: after all, the Shaws had come out of the ground, and a rich widower, with an only son, were well worth looking after.

But if the father walked into men's good will in a dignified way, the son took quite another fashion of going into the hearts of both men and women. In one word, Arthur Shaw was a thoroughly good fellow all round, and grew up to be well worth looking after as well for his own sake as for Barnford's. Meanwhile his own heart had kept itself, on the whole, pretty free. But he was young yet, and had plenty of time.

He naturally knew more of his father's history than the neighbours knew: but not everything. He was, however, by no means displeased to think that the youth of his father had not been without its clouds and storms: for he was himself of an adventurous turn, and sympathised with adventure. He was old enough to remember, for example, a certain period of his early boyhood, before they had come into their property, when his father and mother had lived in a poor way in London—for he at any rate knew well enough that, however fortune had come to them at last, it had not been by marriage. Then he remembered his mother's illness and death: and he remembered but little else of her than that she was his mother who

had loved him for a few years, had fallen ill, and had died. Perhaps he had been too young to remember more : perhaps she had been of too faint a colour to stand out distinctly even in her child's memory. It must have been a romantic and secret match, for their name in London had not been Shaw : and when, on his mother's death, he had been sent to school, it was still not yet "Shaw" but "Hughes" that he was called by his master and his companions. It was a very small school, in a London outskirt : and its memories, being wholly disagreeable, were such as a bright and healthy mind throws off in after-years as easily and naturally as a duck's back throws off the rain. It never even occurred to him that such circumstances seemed to point to something less than marriage between his father and mother : living in such sunshine and sunlight as he did now, it was not likely he would amuse himself by inventing clouds wherewith to cover his own mother's name and honour. Sunshine and sunlight had come out in a sudden blaze, and had never gone in again. His father came one day to the school and took him away with him : and thenceforth he had lived a country life and had revelled in it heartily, for his father and he were the best friends in the world. They had been the closest of companions too : for Arthur had never been sent to school again. His only tutor had been the new vicar. So that by the time when he first found himself in London, homeward bound from a short Swiss ramble, he had grown to be about as unworldly wise as the world, even at Barnford, will allow one to be.

In every way, therefore, his first experience in adventure interested him. It had all the fitting elements of coincidence, mystery, and the strong dash of disreputable Bohemian spirit which every adventure of the sort needs to give it zest and flavour. If truth must be told all at once, its heroine had fascinated him a little—not much, but still he had been her knight for an hour, and had for full five minutes felt her heart beating against him. He was not given to misdoubt purity, for all that he had not yet passed the cynical age of young philosophy, and it was not good to think of what might happen to any young girl seemingly deserted by her only friends, such as they were, and thrown upon the grudging mercies of a bear. He was due at home the very next day : but it was needful that he should at least pass through Bean Street if only to prove that he did not deserve the Bear's sneer at sensible young men. He went to sleep with the pleasant sensation which an adventure brings with it when fresh, and had not, next morning, the slightest suspicion that he had been, or was likely to become, a fool in the matter.

Bean Street looked less evil in the dull daylight than by night, but a great deal more shabby. It had the air of having been built to prove how needful is complete darkness to deprive a wicked face of its vulgarity. Arthur Shaw rang the ground-floor bell, and asked an elderly, slipshod woman who opened to him for Mr. Hope. She answered him by pointing with her thumb to the nearest door. He tapped, and entered. Of course his mind had been a blank, so far as expectation was concerned. But, equally of course, what he did see was the last thing that could have been expected.

The man with the beard was not there. But the girl was there still—lying just where he had left her, instead of having been carried to a hospital or at any rate upstairs to her own room. He saw that she was awake, though she lay without moving, though her eyes were hidden by her hands, and though she did not seem to hear him enter. For the rest, the only change since last night was in the look of the room : or rather in its air. The mere presence of a woman in it, all helpless as she was, seemed to have driven away the very worst signs of sordid solitude : a white table-cloth had

been hung up before the window to do duty for a curtain, and the general litter looked less content to be simply chaotic than before.

He remained for a moment or two with his hand upon the door, while getting rid of an absurd sort of shyness that bade him close the door again as softly as he could, and go: for his reverence for women was still with him a part of the strong faith which can only come from ignorance—or else from full knowledge. However, it was not the time for shyness, and he let go the door and came in, with such a tread as to rouse her without startling her.

"Are you at all better?" he asked. "I am come to see if there is anything—what there is, that I can do for you. What *can* I do?" He went up to the sofa, and held out his hand.

He thought that the slightest of flushes came into her pale face as she turned round a little and, without noticing his hand, looked up at him with the frankest, but saddest and gravest look of gratitude. The face, even in this moment, had found time to grow upon him, and her eyes to remind him how close she had been to him. And she looked so fragile and delicate that he felt himself her protector twice over.

"Do you—do you want me to thank you?" she asked abruptly and eagerly, in a sweet, though very girlish voice, and in the same curious song-like accent which he had noticed last night.

"To thank me—for running over you?" he asked, with a smile—as a man may, who is rich enough to pay for all his breakages.

"Because I can't—if you do. You wanted to help me—but what have you done?"

"Done? Nothing—yet. What can I do? Have your—friends—really left you without a word? Where are they gone?"

"Ah—my friends. Yes: they are gone. Perhaps they will come back again: perhaps not. They will come if they want me—I am no use to them when I am ill."

"May I not ask who they are—what you are? If you are in trouble—through me—I *can* help you, and I will. His name is Jacquard, and he is a conjuror: so much I know. What are they to you? Why did you tell me not to speak to them? Won't you even tell me your name?"

"I don't see the use. But you may know my name if you like. It is Miraim—Miraim Carrel. What is yours?"

"Arthur Shaw. You see I don't ask you what is the use of your knowing *my* name."

"Ah, that is a very different thing! It is good to know how to call anyone who has taken the trouble to be kind."

"That is nonsense. I have taken no trouble: and I have been anything but kind, I am afraid. Have you seen a doctor? Does it hurt you to talk to me, or for me to talk to you?"

"It only hurts me . . . to be alive."

Her speech was cruelly sad for one of her age, and the voice in which she spoke it was more sad and more cruel still. He did not know what to say. He could only feel that common words would be thrown away.

"I wish," he said, "that you had known me long enough to trust me. Is it true that you have *no* friends?"

"None. I don't know why I am in the world."

"Nobody knows that, I believe. But the great thing is that we are in it—isn't it? And so we must make the best of the Bargain, and help those who have found theirs a Bad one. Tell me something, please—anything. As much as you like, or as little—only something. Don't you believe that I want to help you? Do I look as if you need be afraid of me?"

It was she who held out her hand this time. He took it, and did not let it go till she drew it away. He was beginning to fall under the fascination of mystery.

"So your name," he said, "is Miraim Carrel. What are these people, who have gone away, to you?"

She seemed to shudder a little at the thought of them. "They have taken care of me ever since I can remember."

"And yet they leave you in this way now? I don't understand."

"I understand."

"Do you want me to think that the people who have brought you up are a couple of inhuman scoundrels?"

She flushed up with sudden heat, but answered not a word.

"Will they come back for you?" asked he.

"Never!" she said—but rather as if she were making a resolve than a prophecy.

"Where shall you go—what would you wish to do, when you get well?"

She was silent again, with a look that recalled her obstinacy of the night before. He was growing more than merely interested: he could not let himself be beaten in this fashion by a girl's stubbornness: her rejection of help or counsel could only come from some motive in which nobleness made up for want of reason. That it might come from artifice did not occur to him. Certain eyes to certain men answer for everything.

"Very well," he said, with an air of affected coldness and indifference which he flattered himself was exceedingly well put on. "Of course you need tell me nothing you do not please. I don't want to help you, to worm a secret out of you. Only it makes helping you the harder—that's all."

He turned away. But the faintest of whispered cries made him turn back again to her eyes—they were filled with tears.

"Oh, you poor child!" he said with a pang at the depth of his heart, "I see you do want helping—what *can* I do? Won't *you* help *me* to know?"

"You really care to help me?"

"With all my heart and soul."

"There is one way——"

"Tell me what it is, and I will do it instantly."

"It is—Go: and don't trouble about me any more. I shall do well enough, never fear, when I am well."

"Yes," he said impetuously, "I know what *your* doing very well means—I remember how you tried to cheat me last night into thinking you could walk home alone. No: that is the only thing I won't do for you. You must think me a pitiful sort of blackguard to think of such a thing. As you won't tell me how to help you, I must find out how—and it won't be my fault if the only way I can find turns out to be the wrong one."

Had she been trying to catch him and his purse in a net, she could not have taken a better way. Every word that he himself spoke was a step farther into the toils.

"I will only promise you one thing," he said stoutly. "And that is to take the duty that Monsieur Jacquard gave me—whatever he may be. He put you under my care. And it was right of him!"

Again she said nothing—she only turned her face away. Arthur went to the window, drew aside the table cloth, and looked out into the street as if in the hope of some inspiration. Nothing was less likely to be found there. Though he watched for full five minutes, he saw nothing but the man with the beard coming home. He let down the cloth and himself answered the door.

"So," said the man with the beard, "you are here after all. What are you going to do with her?"

"That is what I was going to ask you."

"To ask me? What the devil have I to do with her?"

"I should have thought every man would have a great deal to do with a helpless girl."

"With a helpless girl? Yes: but one woman is more than enough for one man."

"But you have helped her through a night and half a day."

The man with the beard shrugged his shoulders. "Needs must, when a woman drives."

Arthur was not to be wholly taken in by a rough and cynical bearing. "I don't know what's to be done with her," he said. "She will tell me nothing, and refuses to be helped by any one."

"If you are rich, pay for her keep somewhere until she gets well, and then give her a pound or two to carry her to her friends."

"She says she has no friends."

"To her enemies then. It's all the same."

"She would no more take money than she would fly."

"Have you asked her?"

"No—but one can tell——"

"Wait a minute—did I dream last night that you told me your name is Arthur Shaw, son of Mr. Stephen Shaw of Barnford, who served in the French army?—I was sleepy, and might have misheard."

"No. I told you so. But about the girl——"

"I'll soon see about the girl. Come in. Didn't she tell you her name?"

"Miraim——"

They entered the room together as he spoke; the man with the beard so absently that though he had asked the question he seemed to pay no attention to the answer. For that matter, so unusual a name as Miraim is not likely to convey much promise of an idea to anybody. She was still lying with her face turned away from the light, and he went towards the sofa.

"This young gentleman says you will tell him nothing," said he, sharply. As absently as he had entered the room, he stooped down and picked up a scrap of paper that lay beside the sofa, moved by the instinct of order which she seemed to have brought in with her. He had spent a whole half-hour that morning in turning the room from a den into a barn, otherwise one piece of paper more or less would not have been observable. It must have fallen from the girl when she moved herself round. For a moment he fingered it idly, waiting for her to answer. Then his eyes fell upon it, and then—had the girl been looking elsewhere than at the wall, and Arthur elsewhere than at her—they would have found quite enough to wonder at in looking at him.

They would have seen nothing for more than a single instant. But in that one instant there was time for him to turn as pale as death, and then for a strange and sudden light to wake up in his heavy eyes and to shine out from them. Who are the people that call coincidence curious and chance surprising? Surely the same people who see nothing strange and wonderful in the common things of every day. This man had no space for thinking wherein to be struck by the strangeness and wonderfulness of the thing. This envelope had fluttered to him from the skies, or from this girl herself who lay before him. He had not been dreaming a dream, then, after all—unless this, too, was a dream. The fact was so great that, all at once, it almost seemed nothing that his memory had

transposed the address from Carlyle of York to York of Carlisle—though this, too, was well-nigh a proof of consistent sanity. It was overwhelmingly strange to feel that, after all these years, the lost clue had blown back into his hands once more. Could this be in truth the same child whom he had lost at Paray? If not, how could this have fallen from her hands? But—if she were the same—what evil fate, to render his search vain, had thrown her into the hands of Monsieur and Madame Jacquard? What had become of the mother of the child? The weariness of years centred itself into a moment of strained suspense that made the years of waiting seem like moments, the moments of possible finding feel like years. What should he find, after all?

In such moments men are mostly calm: and few would have remained quite so calm as he. For he had learned patience, and had trained himself to such self-possession as to equal presence of mind. Now that he felt himself sane once more, there were other mazes to be unravelled, and, for aught he knew, his premature declaration of himself as Stephen Shaw might spoil the whole end for which he had been waiting.

"Is this yours?" he asked, in a tone from which he had contrived to force out every sign of interest or anxiety. Such hoarseness as there was in it meant of itself nothing. "This envelope, I mean."

She turned round, and took the envelope. "Yes: that is mine." She smoothed it out slowly, refolded it, and, after some little search for her pocket among her coverings, returned it there. Arthur looked at him questioningly, as if to ask whether it had thrown any light upon matters. But the look was not answered.

"Is your mother living?" he asked suddenly and brusquely.

She might not have answered Arthur, but she answered him. "No. She died in France—years and years ago."

Well—after all, that had not been out of the reckoning. He had half expected, so far as she was concerned, to find nothing more than a grave; and he was one of those who would be torn to pieces rather than show to a stranger a sign of sentiment or feeling. His life had been hardening him into iron and stone; and if the inmost core of his heart had not yet been petrified, its confines could not have failed to be. He himself thought it strange that he should, at the first moment of hearing it, have felt almost callous to such tidings. He did not know as yet into what sort of thing the purpose of his life had grown.

"In Paris?" he asked, as if he were merely asking out of the idlest curiosity, while Arthur, standing by, felt almost jealous that her stubbornness, proof against his eager zeal to serve her, should be broken down so easily—at least thus far—by this mere human bear.

"No—it was a place called Paray," she said wearily, as if too tired to resist questioning any more. "I come from there."

"Paray? It was there your mother died?"

"Yes—she left our home in the war time—so they tell me; and I had escaped and run back to fetch some bonbons; and I remember being found and given back by a German soldier to mamma. It is all like yesterday. Then the German soldiers went away, and mamma died, and Madame Jacquard took care of me. Mamma bade me keep the envelope, and I have kept it because she bade me."

"And your father?" he asked, still more idly. "Do you remember him?"

"No."

"So—you have no friends at all?"

"None."

"Then——"

But Arthur interrupted him. "But you have a friend," he exclaimed, "always and always. You have one, whoever you are. I have been thinking," he went on, turning to the man with the beard, all the chivalry in him on flame, and burning to be tried. "You have been a French soldier yourself, you say, and my father has been one too—it should go hard indeed with three men if any girl has no friends. I will write to him this very day, and whatever can be done for the very best, he will do. The only question now is—where is she to stay? Of course you can't keep her here—that's out of the question——"

"Nevertheless," said the man with the beard, "here she will stay. What can *you* do for the girl? It seems to me that you're a great deal too rich, and a great deal too young. And what do you know of her, and what are you likely to know?"

"I know that she is a woman," said Arthur, quietly. "And—as to that, what do I know of you?"

"As much as a man knows of himself—and that's nothing," said the man with the beard. He was wondering how it was that he had received the tidings of poor Lucy's death so calmly. In truth, he should have felt not wonder, but terror. For it is a terrible thing when a man, thinking he lives to find something, has come to live for the search itself, and not for its end; it is terrible just so far as madness is terrible, even though the two things may not be wholly the same.

Arthur feared for the girl left in such guardianship, though he hardly knew why. Instead of returning home that day, he sent a telegram, and wrote to his father to explain, frankly, why he felt himself detained in London. Whoever the girl was, circumstances had made him her knight for the time, and he mistrusted whether the girl had not made a bad bargain in changing the protection of Monsieur Jacquard for that of the Man with the Beard.

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### PART III.

THE days passed on; and whether Miraim's hurt had been less than had at first appeared, or whether her self-constituted surgeon had exceptional skill or experience in wounds and sprains, or whether she was gifted by nature with a special talent for recovery, it is certain that each day was a startling advance towards getting well. Her frame seemed to be, in truth, as elastic as it looked fragile, and nothing kept her back except her eagerness to press forward. Her surgeon had almost to restrain her; and he did so with a strange sort of tenderness, which became every day more and more incomprehensible to her.

Her surroundings were not strange to one who had been brought up among the strangest and most out-of-the-way nooks and corners of outer and lower Bohemia. Nor was it even noticeable, to one who had known poverty, that the poor should help the poor. The lowest levels of life are shifting sands where nothing is ordinary save the extremes of kindness and of cruelty, and where the unlikeliest relations under the unlikeliest conditions spring up every day. But there was more than all this in the behaviour of him whom she now learned to be John Smith, who got his living by copying music, and who must have had a wonderful genius either

for hoarding or spending, seeing what sort of living all his labours appeared to bring. For even the worst paid employment could not account for the more than miserly condition of his lodging. And yet, though the commonest pretence of comfort was utterly absent, there was no want of everything that an invalid can need: luxuries, even, were not wanting—for her. She was ashamed of herself for not being able to be ashamed enough of lying there at ease and rest, and of being unable to protest by a spoken word.

Protest was all the more impossible by reason of the meagreness of anything like conversation between them. Unlike Arthur, he made no inquiries about the life she had been leading with the Jacquards, nor about what plans for the future were open to her; and about himself he was absolutely impenetrable. Naturally enough, a man who had lost the habit of talking through all these years was not likely to recover it in a day, any more than one whose life was one long, slow, unbroken, unsleeping thought was likely to shift his course at the impulse of the first unlooked-for breeze. Perhaps, unknown to him, some hope of rest and relief was dawning upon him with the news that she on whom he had thrown the better part of life away was dead and gone: perhaps he had an unconscious dread of the thought of repeating the barren folly of making another life the centre and soul of his own. If anything like jealous love had driven him in the first instance to throw his life into the hungry sea of irredeemable blunders, surely he might sit down now and thank God that death had set him free. The main purpose of his life was surely buried: such unconscious love as had inspired it had certainly died long and long ago. Perhaps he felt that he might, at least, sit down and sleep, and feared lest any new chance might turn itself into a new duty. He was approaching an age when it is the strongest and most unrestful who begin to feel the most tired—for a time. At any rate, slowness of thought was not, with him, to be made up for by rapid decision or impulsive action. But Miraim, in her ignorance, could only surmise that, like all the dwellers in her life's country, his history was that of a cloud.

But where was Arthur all this while? Why had he not returned again? Well, in her life, men, especially young men, came and went and went and came, and nobody ever dreamed of asking whence or whither or why. It was right and natural, and she told herself she was glad that he did not return: but yet she could not help feeling a little disappointment in her heart that he had taken her so completely at her word. She did not think it was from him that all her comforts came. Young men, according to her theories of life, do not give young women something for nothing: he would at least have come if only to be forbidden to send or come any more. And yet, though she thus judged of Arthur, it never struck her that the Man with the Beard was giving for his own gain. He, at any rate, was not a man like other men, but the most complete contrast to her type of manhood as expressed by Monsieur Jacquard that she had ever seen. Arthur had reminded her a little of Count Adolf. But the Man with the Beard reminded her of nobody.

And so she used to lie and think, until she became so accustomed to the sight of his silence and the sound of his pen that, as her strength came back to her, her shyness faded away.

"I am quite well now," she said abruptly one evening, taking advantage of a moment's rest of the pen.

"No, you're not. You won't be for a week to come."

"Yes—but I am. See!" She leaped to the floor, and surprised herself by finding what little pain her ankle gave her. "Yes," she said thoughtfully,

as she sat down, "I *am* well—thanks to you. Yes: I have seen all you have done for me. I suppose it is because you are good, and not like other people. Do you want me to thank you?"

"No. You've got nothing to thank me for. I'm good—if it's goodness not to send a girl or anybody else out into the streets when she can't stand."

"I'm glad you don't want me to thank you—because I can't: I don't know how. And—please, let me think you *are* good. I want to think so of somebody—when I go away."

"Yes—when you go away." He wrote on. "Where shall you go?" he asked after a full minute, letting his pen move on as he spoke.

"Oh—somewhere. There are lots of places——"

"To go to the devil in. Which way shall you take there? I mean, what shall you do for a living? Have you thought of that while you've been lying there? Not that it's anything to me——"

Her face fell. "I hoped it would have been something to you—a little. I thought you would not wish to save a life without liking to know what happened to it after."

"I didn't save your life. I only bound up your ankle. Do you suppose a doctor cares about his patients when they don't want him any more?"

"I don't know."

"I do know, then. Still, I asked you."

"There are only two things I can do," she said sadly. It felt very hard, even for her, for whom nobody had ever cared, that he should care for her absolutely nothing: that he had cured her to get rid of her as soon as possible, as if she were a dog or a sparrow. "I can cheat at cards, and I can do conjuring tricks. And I am afraid that I can't do the tricks till my arm is quite out of pain. You are quite right, to care nothing what becomes of a card sharper."

"Yes—I thought I wasn't much out about the Frenchman," said he, as indifferently as if she had told him she was a milliner.

"But I can learn—I can learn anything. . . . Except how to thank you for——"

He laid down his pen at last, and turned round his chair so as to face her.

"Don't thank me. Thank God as long as you live for having escaped from that Jacquard, if it has cost you your right arm. But I'm a slow man, and there are a great many things that puzzle me, and that I've got to understand. There's no hurry for you to move for a day or two——"

"But I must. I can't be a trouble to you, now I needn't be ——"

"You won't be any trouble. Now that you're well enough, I've got a journey to make. It may take me two days—perhaps more."

"And I—my accident—has been keeping you?"

"Not much. A few days don't add much to ten years or more. Only I mustn't wait longer than I must—that's all. And," he went on a little more quickly, as if suddenly struck by a new idea, "If you go off at once, I don't see how I can get away even now. It's bad enough to leave my work; and if anybody calls about business there isn't a soul I can trust with a message."

"Do you—do you mean I can help *you*?" she asked eagerly.

"Of course you can—if you care."

"If I care! What shall I say? What shall I do?"

"If anybody asks for me, say I shall be back the day after to-morrow, at four. Keep any letters—not that I expect any. If a message comes

from Mademoiselle D'Alba—Mademoiselle Eugénie D'Alba—give this parcel of music to the messenger. Can you remember all this?"

"I never can forget anything."

"And that's all. As to my work, I must do as much of it to-night as I can."

"Can't I help you in that way?"

"In my work? No. You don't know how."

"Is it so hard? And you have not given me half enough work for two days. I can't lie thinking—thinking—all the time. Why should I not do a little in two days—if you show me how?"

"It took me months and months to learn," said the slow-minded man, with some contempt proper to the masculine and plodding brain for the feminine and flying one.

"But if I only wrote out a few bars, it would be something done."

"Well, you mustn't speak nor disturb me: but you may try to learn by watching. If I find it's all wrong, you won't have had time to make a very extravagant waste of paper." He took up his pen, and worked on at his usual snail's pace, while she sat beside him and gave her whole mind to every least point of what she saw. She was no musician, but staves and clefs were not wholly strange to her.

For the moment she felt almost happy. Only once did her attention wander. But it was after a terrible thought—What if Monsieur Isidore should take it into his head to come back while she was left alone?

Well, so soon as the Man with the Beard came back she would most surely go off to some secret corner of the world—any whither, so that she might at least find a grave beyond the reach of Isidore Jacquard. In two days, whatever might become of her, she would be free.

The very next morning, he who called himself John Smith, and who even yet believed himself to be Stephen Shaw, was in the city of York, inquiring for Mr. Carlyle.

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#### PART IV.

This time—at last—he found an answer. Mr. Carlyle proved to be a lawyer, whose office was as well known as the minster. As the clocks struck ten, he was in Mr. Carlyle's outer room.

He had to wait, of course, and, when he sat down under the great map of Yorkshire, felt at last like a man who had reached the end of a weary journey. He had done all, even, that he could expect for himself—more, he knew well enough, than he would have expected from any other man. He had never realised till a few weeks ago how unspeakably weary his barren search had grown. Now all was over, save this simple fulfilment of a bargain which could concern himself in no wise, and which so long a lapse of time had doubtless rendered merely formal—a simple performance of a promise, and nothing more. Had his promise been that he would go to York to be hanged, he would certainly have gone without a moment's doubt or hesitation: but he had not even yet, with all his experience, learned enough of the art of self-analysis or of the prudence of weighing circumstances to doubt the wisdom of delivering a letter some ten years after date

any more than the need of being hanged if a promise were the halter. As to Miraim—well, she was outside his duty: Heaven be praised therefor. He could not twist the letter of what he had called his duty into making himself her providence: and the spirit of his duty had died before it was buried. Happen what might, he had done with women—Heaven be praised again.

What was to become of her, then? He never answered that question: for he never asked it even. There would be time enough for that when he came back from York, and, with hands released from his last and simplest duty, could say to her, "Now do you go your way—I go mine." He had not thought of his own way yet—it was not likely he would think of hers. "Why should any man be fool enough to think of anybody's way before his own?" he asked, so far as on this score he could be said to ask anything. "Much good I've got by that—I'm not likely to try that over again." And yet half his feeling of relief came from the knowledge that he need not decide to rid himself of her until he pleased. Who can know one thousandth part of what he feels? Philosophers, perhaps—but even philosophers are not exempt from the occasional risk of stumbling over a theory and finding it made of earthenware instead of iron. Stephen Shaw was only a philosopher to the extent of having once doubted if he were he.

Nobody is ever like what we expect to find him. For no reason whatever, he had expected to find in Mr. Carlyle an elderly gentleman of the black-suited and white-chokered order, who might properly typify the conventional solicitor of a cathedral city. "Are you Mr. Carlyle?" he asked in some doubt of the young gentleman who received him—a mere lad, as it seemed to him, with a lively look and in an easy style of dress, who sent all his preconceived notions of Mr. Carlyle of York to sea. Ten years ago, if this were Mr. Carlyle, he must have undertaken to deliver the letter to a mere boy.

"I am Mr. Carlyle. Take a seat, Mr.—. I don't think I have your name?"

"No. I am only a messenger. I only have to give you a letter—nothing more."

Mr. Carlyle waited for the letter.

"But," said Stephen Shaw, "I promised to deliver it into Mr. Carlyle's own hands; and —"

"Well," asked the lawyer, a little impatiently, "haven't I just told you that I am he?"

"And I was thinking—How old are you?"

When a man gets into the way of following out one train of thought, without reference to how its sudden expression may strike others, he can hardly complain if he is misunderstood very considerably. It was early in the morning: but the publichouses had been opened for a good many hours.

"What on earth can you want to know that for?"

"Because I undertook to deliver this into Mr. Carlyle's own hands. And it struck me that, if you are he, it must have been addressed to you before you could possibly have been a lawyer."

"Oh—that's it? The letter must be pretty old in that case. I have been a lawyer, as you call it, five years and more."

"And this letter has been written for nearly ten."

"You mean to say you are bringing me a letter written ten years ago? What *do* you mean?"

"Yes—I have a letter which I promised to deliver to Mr. Carlyle of York. By some stupid blunder, I thought it was to a Mr. York of Carlyle

I had parted with the cover, and had confused the name. I only found out my blunder lately, and have not been able to come to York till to-day. Perhaps—is there any other Mr. Carlyle here?"

"Why, you must mean my grandfather! But—let me see this mysterious letter, any way."

"Excuse me. Where shall I find your grandfather?"

"Poor old gentleman—you can't expect people to wait for a post that takes ten years to come in. Why, he's been dead these three years. But—what can you mean by having parted with the cover? Come—out with your letter or your story. I am Mr. Carlyle of York now, to all intents and purposes. And I can't waste a whole day—though you may have wasted ten years."

"I've wasted more than ten years. . . . But that's neither here nor there. As to the cover, I had need of it—or thought I had: it was all the same then. But if you fancy I have looked at a letter that was trusted to me—I can only say I have done nothing of the kind. I reclosed it, and as soon as I had the free use of sealing wax, I sealed it up and wrote on it 'Mr. York, solicitor, Carlisle'—more blockhead I."

"Well—of course, that's as may be. But why didn't you put it in the post?"

"Because I had to deliver it into Mr. Carlyle's own hands, with my own."

"Well, mine are Mr. Carlyle's hands now. Hand it over, and let me see what the devil all this means. . . . Come, I was the late Mr. Carlyle's partner; I'm his grandson, successor, representative, everything that entitles me to deal with all his affairs. You undertook to give it to him, which means, now, to me."

"I suppose that is so. Here is the letter then. And now that is done at last. Good day."

"Wait a minute." He took from Stephen Shaw a flat, oblong paper box, ornamented with worn out gilding, tied round with string, sealed with wax, and addressed "Mr. York, solicitor, Carlyle." "Wait a minute—it may be of consequence, for aught I know." He cut the string and slipped the box open. "Well, this is curious," he said, after taking a few seconds to read the contents. "A letter from a dead man to a dead man. It's like the beginning of a ghost story." He read the letter again. "What was your name—when you were alive?"

"Is there any need you should know?"

"That's just what I'm hanged if I can tell you. Who gave you this to deliver to my grandfather?"

"Do you mean to tell me—that Dick Hope—is dead too?" Things seemed as if he were out-living his own story; as if Mr. Carlyle's jest about his being the ghostly bearer of a ghostly missive from one corpse to another was one of the many true words that jesters let fall.

"Yes: R. Hope; that's the signature, sure enough. And your name is——?"

He hesitated, strangely. There was no reason why he should conceal himself from a strange lawyer in a distant part of England, to whom his story was nothing. Indeed, there might be every reason, for anything he knew, why the bearer of this letter should give his true name, in the interest of his dead friend and comrade. Besides, his task was over; he might be himself once more, and the resumption of his own real name would feel like a return to his own identity. But then to speak out openly, as his own, the name that he had laid aside for so long required a conscious effort, such as always required deliberate intention with him—

and then there was still the unravelled mystery of his double. The same doubts put up their heads again that had risen that midnight when he had been compelled to doubt his own sanity.

"Of course, you needn't tell me unless you like," said Mr. Carlyle. "Any way I'm old enough to have learned that a name may be an inconvenience now and then. But I'll read you the letter, as you say you don't know its contents—and it's clear enough now that you don't know them. This is every word that's written, in pencil—'Ask the bearer his name. R. Hope.'—That's all: not a word more. And now perhaps you can tell me how the knowledge of your name—or of any man's, woman's, or child's name into whose hands this scribble might fall, could have concerned Mr. Hope or my grandfather."

"I don't know anything except that I promised Hope to deliver this letter. I have delivered it. But of course I will give you my name now. It is Stephen Shaw."

"And that tells me just nothing. Do you mean to tell me you can't make even a guess at what this means?"

"Not a shadow of one."

"Of course you can't—you wouldn't have come here if you'd had anything to hide. Well, it's clear enough that, whatever the answer is to this riddle, it's been buried with my grandfather. You've given the letter to his representative and I've asked you your name: and there's nothing left, that I can see, except to wish you good day. I suppose it's the same Dick Hope that was killed in the French and German war?"

"He was killed, then? I am sorry for that. He was a friend of mine."

"Then you ought to know more about him than anybody else—for he wasn't the sort to have many friends, according to all I've heard."

"I know nothing of Dick Hope," said Stephen, "but that he was the only friend I ever had, and the best and finest fellow to be found anywhere. What he may have done before I knew him, I never cared to know: what he was I do know—one gets to know pretty soon in war time of what stuff a man's made. As for prying into his past, I'd as soon have peeped into his letter."

"I own I should like to peep to the bottom of this riddle. I wish I could cross-examine my grandfather. I've heard him speak of Dick Hope often. He was the son of a man in this part of the world who'd made himself by making saws, or something of that sort—and he somehow went to the bad (I mean Dick did), and the old gentleman cut him off with a shilling, and left all his money to a lot of charities. Dick went off to the wars, and never turned up again—he was killed in the siege of Metz, or Paris, or one of those places. My grandfather used to say Dick Hope wasn't half as bad as they said—but he was an awful fellow about women, and I expect some woman or other got hold of him, and he went to the dogs after her."

"No doubt," said Stephen, half roughly, half sadly, thinking of the last talk he had had with poor dead Dick on the retreat from Clouzy.

"And that's all I know. Does that help you through the riddle?"

"No."

"Well, I won't destroy the letter. And you know absolutely nothing of your friend?"

"Nothing. . . . Of course you will keep the letter: that is yours. I only want the box back: it is mine."

"I certainly won't dispute your claim to that part of the estate," said Mr. Carlyle, wondering a little at Stephen's earnestness in reclaiming an old, broken scrap of cardboard. "It isn't even part of the document—

here it is, and welcome. Wait a bit though—I may as well see if it's quite empty."

"Oh, it's empty enough. There was nothing in it except what I gave you. I put the letter into it as soon as I had parted with the envelope, and never opened it again."

"Holloa—but there is though!" said Mr. Carlyle after a little search at the bottom of the bonbonnière. "Perhaps this 'll throw some light on the matter. No—it's only a photograph: Hope himself, perhaps. A good-looking fellow enough, any way. Just the fellow to get into a scrape about a dozen women. But I'm afraid it only makes the riddle harder. I give it up. Young men don't send their likenesses to other men's grandfathers."

No: the riddle was not deepened. It was made clear. The portrait was indeed of Richard Hope, and of no other: of Stephen Shaw's friend, comrade, and hero, in whom and to whom he had trusted his whole life and soul.

At any rate it was clear enough to Stephen Shaw. He knew well enough that anything this bonbonnière might contain had not been put in by his hands; that it must have been there when he received it from the child; that it must have been there at Préchac. He knew who Miraim was now, and he remembered the sudden signs of breaking down in Hope when he told his friend his story on the march. And his friend's, comrade's, hero's picture now spoke out, more plainly than in words, "I was the Man."

He showed no sign of being moved—that had long been past his power. But—so it had been Dick Hope himself who had seduced Lucy and had left her to die, while he had gone off to battle—like a coward. Like the most abject of cowards: he would not otherwise have trembled and turned pale when the sworn brother of Lucy and her only defender had spoken of revenge. Marriage was out of the question: had Lucy been Richard Hope's wife, her husband could only have said to her brother, "Be at ease: whatever wrong I have done, I have done none to her. She is my wife, and no man shall dare to dream or whisper that she could ever have been anything else to me." Instead of this he had lied. And there was only one way of looking at a lie and at a liar possible to Stephen Shaw.

And so this, too, was the man whose treachery and cowardice had made him waste his life and well-nigh destroy his brain upon a barren purpose. He must have been divinely unselfish indeed had he found this alone easy to be forgiven. Stephen Shaw still mourned that Richard Hope had died. He had robbed him of his revenge. He had no right to die till he had been called to account, and had made full answer, if not like a man, at least like a cur.

It was a bitter humiliation—a cruel disillusion. His only friend had been changed, all in one moment, into his only enemy. He had been welcoming rest from labour; and now, with every sinew of mind and heart upon the strain, he rebelled against this last in a chain of deaths which had deprived him of the power of at least wiping out all scores at one blow.—It was Richard Hope himself who had promised on a soldier's honour to seek for and help the more than sister of his friend and comrade and to exact vengeance for her, if need were, upon Carrel her seducer and deserter: and Carrel and Richard Hope were one and the same. That thought contained all things, and justified every pang of baulked revenge.

"So Richard Hope is dead in battle, you say?" he asked Mr. Carlyle, more calmly and quietly even than he had yet spoken—so much more that even the lawyer himself was struck by the change.

"Did you never hear how he died?"

"By sword or rifle, do you mean? No: I don't know."

"No: I don't mean that. I mean——"

"I'm afraid I've told you all of your friend that I can. But he had plenty of pluck—that I've always heard."

"May I keep the photograph? It belongs to the box, not to the letter—and he was my—Friend."

"By all means," said Mr. Carlyle—a little moved by his visitor's desire to possess a relic of an old comrade, which he mistook for natural sorrow. He had no means of translating the emphasis which Stephen Shaw's usually inflexible voice had managed to throw upon the word "Friend."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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